Accession Number
21766

Shelf Number
LQ1
P226

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
& COLLEGE
ΧΑΡΙΣ
EPHESIANS
2·8·10

From Nelson L.93

Received Feb. 1974

Nelson
1.93
T. Price Davies

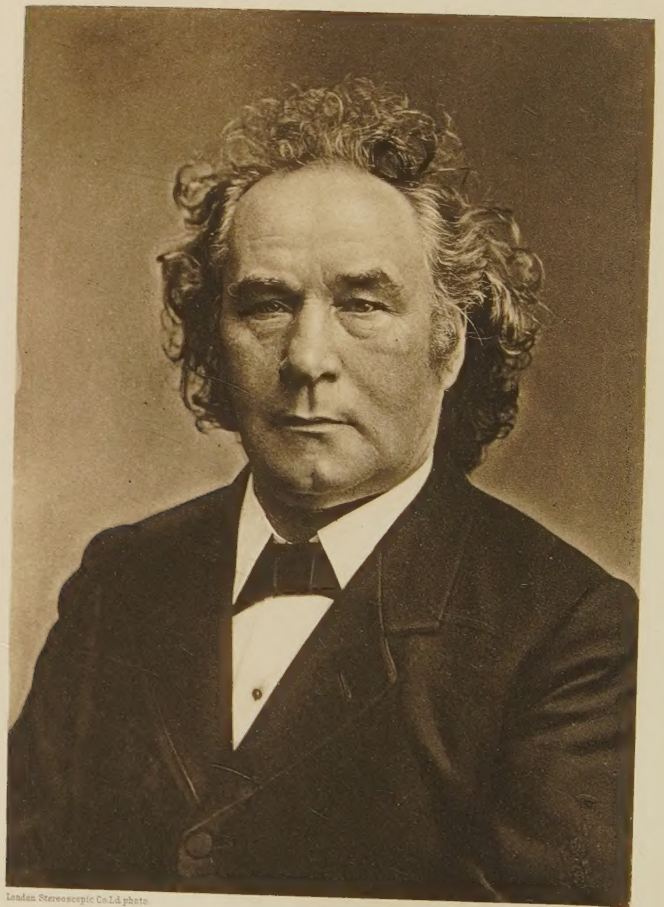
Seminary LQ1 P226 c.1
Parker, Joseph, 1830 110105 000
A preacher's life; an autobiog
3 9311 00073633 6
GRACE COLL/SEM-MORGAN LIBRARY

LIBRARY
GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/preacherslife0000jose

A . . .
PREACHER'S
LIFE . .



London Stereoscopic Co.Ld.photo. Walker&Boutall,ph.sc

Joseph Parker.

A PREACHER'S LIFE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND AN ALBUM

BY JOSEPH PARKER D.D
MINISTER OF THE CITY TEMPLE HOLBORN VIADUCT LONDON

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me'

FIFTH EDITION

LONDON HODDER AND STOUGHTON 27 PATERNOSTER ROW 1903

LIBRARY
GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

IF

THE REVEREND

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL

WILL ACCEPT THIS INSCRIPTION HE WILL ENABLE ME NOT TO REPAY BUT

TO RECOGNISE

MY LONG-STANDING OBLIGATION

ALIKE TO

HIS GENIUS AND HIS FRIENDSHIP

PREFACE

"Autobiography at least saves a man from the publication of a string of mistakes called 'Memoirs.'"—GEORGE ELIOT.

THIS book was not written on my own initiative. When it was suggested by an experienced Editor, and subsequently encouraged by a hopeful publisher, I instinctively fought shy of the idea, and for many reasons would gladly have dropped it. The suggestion, however, set me thinking, until little by little the impossible came within the lines of the partly possible with the result, good or bad, that the book is now in the reader's hands. Nothing material in the narrative has been invented or coloured. From beginning to end the story is unimaginative and authentic; purposely made the more so—at a considerable cost of literary interest—that I might contradict, at least by ignoring,

popular fables invented by imaginations at once undisciplined and unscrupulous. That some important things are omitted from the narrative is a simple necessity of the case. It is impossible for any man to write exhaustively even his own biography. When he has most carefully written the very first chapter probably nothing will strike him so affectingly as that he has omitted to record some of the principal things he sat down to write. I have studiously suppressed much of the sorrowful, the almost tragic, but not, therefore, the less spiritual and educational side of my experience, and this I have done on the ground that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and that encroachment on the most shrinking sensibilities is a trespass forbidden by all that makes life tender and sacred. Though the matter of this book is distributed under various divisions, it will be seen that the autobiographic line has in its own way been consistently maintained from beginning to end. The whole of the reminiscences could not be incorporated in a connected and dated narrative, not only

because I have not kept a diary,—often a dangerous and still oftener a silly practice —but because the most distinguished of the public men herein named were, unfortunately for me, in no way intimately identified with the development of my ministerial career. They stood apart, yet within sight. I saw them, heard them, conversed or corresponded with most of them, and have in severest literal terms told only what I personally knew of their way of doing things. I could not, for example, break Mr. Gladstone up into entries in a diary, and publicly parade him as a comrade, or a neighbour with whom I condescendingly lived on terms of equality, so I have given him a chapter to himself, strictly confining my remarks to matters which came directly under my own observation; thus, in this case as in others, preserving the limited line of autobiography. Disregard of facts would have enabled me to do a large fancy work of the antimacassar order, but on the whole most readers will probably prefer prose which is true to blank verse which is incredible.

"What I have writ is writ; would it were worthier." How many living men I would have delighted to honour, notably the men whom God has inspired to enrich me with sympathy and encouragement beyond all adequate appreciation. I would have inscribed their names upon my pages in jewelled letters; but for the moment I must, in consideration for themselves, protect them within the sanctuary of grateful silence. I know them well. Many a time they have made the wilderness blossom as the rose, and they have often been to me as fountains of water in unexpected places. Not a name shall fade. It is a poor amaranth that any snow can kill.

It so happens that I write this introductory note on Lake Leman, in full view of the towers made famous by the immortal Calvin. The August sun is blazing upon the historic pile. On the lake is the summer-craft of a life such as Calvin never dreamed, nor Rousseau, nor Voltaire, nor Madame de Stael, nor even Byron, all of whom banked that inland sea with unwithering blooms of genius. "The

old order changeth." A new and boisterous generation treads the sacredness out of old groves and temples and famed haunts. The tourist drives out the hermit. As I think of the great names and influences which gather round this Mecca of Theology, this Bethlehem of Dogma and Manhood, I cannot stifle the aspiration that the century soon to dawn upon the world may be the brightest jewel in the crown of modern history.

GENEVA, 1898.

CONTENTS

I

PERSONAL AND PASTORAL

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	EARLY MEMORIES	3
II.	SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS	20
III.	REFORMERS AND LECTURERS	46
IV.	LONDON IN SIGHT	64
V.	INNER LIFE	80
VI.	HERESIES AND HERETICS	115
VII.	PASTORATES	133
VIII.	LONDON MINISTRY	159
IX.	THE CITY TEMPLE	180
X.	AN IRREPARABLE LOSS	197

II

LITERARY AND CONTROVERSIAL

XI.	AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER	223
XII.	CRITICS AND THEIR WAYS	233
XIII.	CONTROVERSIAL REMINISCENCES	245
XIV.	MAD FOLKS MAINLY	262

III

AN ALBUM

CHAP.		PAGE
XV.	MR. GLADSTONE	277
XVI.	HENRY WARD BEECHER	311
XVII.	THOMAS BINNEY	331
XVIII.	DR. SAMUEL NEWTH	345
XIX.	STIMULATING PREACHERS	355
XX.	A GROUP OF RECOLLECTIONS:—	
	George Gilfillan	382
	Norman Macleod	388
	Joseph Barker	394
	W. G. Elmslie, D.D.	397
	R. W. Dale, LL.D.	404
	Professor Huxley	411
	EPILOGUE	414

BIOGRAPHY

Born at Hexham-on-Tyne, April 9th, 1830

First Sermon preached, June 1848.

Training and education up to 1850.

Married Ann Nesbitt of Horsley-on-Tyne, November 15th 1851.

Student-Ministry in London, 1852–3.

Ordained at Banbury as Congregational Minister, November 8th, 1853.

Became Minister of Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, July 1858.

Received the degree of D.D. from Chicago University, 1862.

Married Emma Jane Common, of Sunderland, December 22nd, 1864.

Chairman of Lancashire Congregational Union, 1867.

First Chairman of Manchester Congregational Board, 1869.

Became Minister of the City Temple, London, June 24th, 1869.

Commenced Thursday Morning Service, September 29th, 1869.

Chairman of the London Congregational Board of Ministers, 1882.

Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, 1884.

Chairman of the London Congregational Board (second time), 1897.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Six Chapters on Secularism, 1854.
Helps to Truth Seekers, 1857.
Church Questions, 1862.
Hidden Springs, 1864.
Wednesday Evenings in Cavendish Chapel, 1865.
Pulpit Analyst, 1866–70.
Ecce Deus, 1867.
Springdale Abbey, 1868.
Ad Clerum, 1869.
Job's Comforters.
The Paraclete, 1874.
The Priesthood of Christ, 1876.
The Inner Life of Christ, 3 vols., 1881–2.
Apostolic Life, 3 vols, 1883.
The People's Bible, 25 vols., 1885–92.
The People's Prayer Book, 1889.
Some One, 1890.
None Like It, 1894.
Christian Profiles, 1896.
Studies in Texts, 6 vols., 1898
Paterson's Parish: A Life-time amongst the Dissenters, 1898.

PERSONAL AND PASTORAL

CHAPTER I

EARLY MEMORIES

HEXHAM, though but a village in size, is historically and archæologically "no mean city." Its venerable Abbey, the hoary church of the parish, has outlasted the coming and the going of twelve hundred years. Then where were the jerry-built towns of yesterday's England? Before Syria was conquered by Omar, cowled monks were gathered on the banks of the Tyne. Before liniments and lotions for rheumatism were dreamt of, the old, old Tyne-folk were glad to have the quack surgeon walk nine times round the rheum-racked sufferer,—"Malignus obligavit: angelus curavit: dominus salvavit,"—the quack being enjoined by his books to "spit thy spittle on the joint, and it will soon be well with him." Years before the Council assembled *In Trullo*, the Abbey of Hexham claimed the right of sanctuary within the radius of a mile. Before

the Third Council was held at Constantinople, Queen Etheldrid gave the regality of Hexham to Wilfrid, the local head of the Roman Church. Fifty years before the sacred pictures were condemned by the Fourth Church Council, Trumbriht was consecrated first bishop of Hexham. Before Charlemagne had commended in the Council of Frankfort the veneration of sacred pictures, Acca, our glorious bishop, had embellished with lavish splendour the Abbey under whose shadow I was born. Before the *Filioque* clause was inserted in the Creed at the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, Ethelbehrt was the last bishop buried at Hexham. Am I not justified, therefore, in claiming to be a citizen of "no mean city"? A historical sanctity seems to cling to that Tyneside shrine, and to invest all its people with an unwritten, but indisputable, right to be in an illustrious line. There is an old-fashionedness about the most modern of us,—a weird kind of dour silence and reserve which means, being psychologically interpreted, that sleeping dogs should not be wantonly roused. The heredity that goes back but a space of twelve days may have a mushroom flavour, whereas the heredity which goes back twelve hundred years, and even then was venerable, covers all yester-

day's things with the shamefacedness of conscious inexperience. I know we did not always sustain the highest level of our history, but we comfort ourselves with the ghastly and humbling recollection that even Adam —whether of Moses or of Darwin—did not long sustain his best traditions.

The Englishman who was born in 1830, as I was, may be expected to have some knowledge of the Genesis of modern things, for immediately before that pregnant period social England was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. Feudal England, hearing a pistol-shot in the air, woke up and looked round sleepily and wonderingly. The night was past, and a white light glimmered on the eastern hills.

The piquant life lived in my father's house brought me into daily contact with a good deal that was going on—or had been going on within a short radius of years—in the bigger world. The best Radicals and Dissenters in the little town met under my father's roof night after night, and all the Nonconformist ministers foregathered round his hospitable hearth, the feast always being hot coffee and piles of buttered leavened bread; there, from

secular and from reverend lips, I heard that the British world might at any moment be enveloped in flames. Before telling how that was, I must make a note or two of childhood's memories, which, though trivial in themselves, I cannot now but regard as full of suggestion and rough forecast of many reforms and rearrangements. The solemn threat under which all children of my grade were brought up was, that if we did anything wrong we should certainly be sent to "Botany Bay." That was enough to make the stoutest heart quail and to blanch the faces of whole schools. Botany Bay, though known to be a geographical term, was a mystery to our young minds; and mystery, especially moral mystery, has played a great part in the education of the world. We heard of Botany Bay as more advanced minds might have heard of bottomless perdition. There was only one word more terrible to boyish miscreants than Botany Bay, and that appalling word was Van Diemen's Land. No boy not lost to self-respect could pronounce that word flippantly; indeed, hardly any boy could be persuaded to pronounce it at all. As boys—very little and very superstitious boys—we felt instinctively that Van Diemen's Land was a bad land, full of brimstone, and

full of unholy suggestion. When it was reported amongst us that the grandfather of one of the boys had actually been in Van Diemen's Land (whether at his own expense or not was a secret), our respect for the boy was rudely and visibly modified. But time softens all things, and some things are even sanctified by time. One of these things proved to be Van Diemen's Land itself. At a Methodist meeting in the north, the people had been singing a hymn in which the line "We are marching through Emmanuel's ground" occurs, and at the close of the hymn one good old man, whose emotion was in excess of his intelligence, fervently prayed, "Grant that when this life is over every one of us may have a cottage in Van Diemen's Land." Who can fully explain the laws of mental association? The poor man somehow got it into his head that Emmanuel's ground and Van Diemen's Land were practically one and the same thing, and thus already the minor prophets had unconsciously foreseen the better future of colonial civilisation and progress, and had hopefully baptised an old name into a new meaning.

All this time I was at once happily and sadly conscious of silently passing through a

deep religious experience. To me it has, if I may say so without being misunderstood, been always natural to pray. From a child I "felt after" God; I expected Him; I tarried for Him as for one with whom I had an appointment. I have never lost that feeling of expectancy and nearness. The idea of praying by the clock, or statedly, or seven times a day with my window open towards Jerusalem, would never occur to me, for it is my delight of delights to pray without ceasing. I would as soon think of breathing seven times a day as of praying seven times a day. Intermission is in other things, never in prayer. My boyhood was steeped in prayer. When I prayed in public I was often asked if I wrote my prayers and committed them to memory. Never! No sentence have I ever prayed from memory! I have let the eager and even clamorous heart say what it would to the condescending and ever-listening Father.

Far off in my boyhood I see two living figures that can never fade from memory. One was the Rev. Michael Singleton, and the other the Rev. William Airey. The first was the Roman Catholic priest of the town, who, according to local Protestant interpretation,

wickedly represented "the man of sin," "the mystery of iniquity," and various "little horns" in Daniel and elsewhere. Michael Singleton was, though personally benign, an official terror to all Protestants. And yet he did not look it!—that was the mischief of it! If we could have seen "the horn" we could have run away from it, or we could have thrown stones at it; but it was not to be seen. It might be up the man's sleeve, or in his boots, or under his suspiciously ample cloak, or inside his silk hat; the fact that we were talking about "a horn" did not for a moment affect our use of metaphor or our suspicion of possibilities. We were told by our protesting sires that the wickedness came in exactly at the point of uncertainty as to where the "horn" was. Mr. Singleton was the gentlest of men, with a smile that was itself a certificate and a fortune. Once the Roman Catholic priest spoke to me, and thus without knowing it he made an epoch in my life! Little by little it became known in the Sunday school, in which I was first a scholar and long afterwards a teacher, that I had been spoken to by "the man of sin," "the mystery of iniquity," and "the little horn" in Daniel; and some bitter Protestants eagerly looked in my face in expectation that blotches might at any

moment break out. Thus early in life I became a local "character." The dear old priest, seeing that my waistcoat pocket was bulging out, merely touched the protrusion, and paternally (in an ecclesiastical sense) smiled; and when I showed him a pocket full of cherry stones he looked as if he could have played at "odds and evens" and enjoyed himself as he used to do in his long-forgotten boyhood. But, again, just as before, that was where the mischief came in! That was the hypocrisy and the baseness of the whole thing! Local Protestants, who knew nothing about the toleration which is born of intelligence, declared that the poking of my little wallet of cherry stones was neither more nor less than the deeply calculated trick of the "mother of harlots," cunningly hiding her cruel purpose behind the smile of a false benignity. Local Protestants of a certain grade hated Romanism all the more that intellectually they knew little or nothing about it, except that Mr. Singleton said his prayers in Latin and lighted candles in his church when there was no need of artificial light. Some good people had even a prejudice against the Latin tongue because it was somehow related to the Papal religion. These prejudices are, when viewed from the

highest standpoint, of course very small and contemptible, but they played no unimportant part in the conviction and intercourse of a parish that was governed by instinct rather than by educated reason.

In striking contrast to Mr. Singleton stood the parish priest, Mr. Airey, a large, sleek, well-to-do Protestant, who took his Reformation stipend quietly, and diligently and literally obeyed the Act of Uniformity without an intellectual spasm or tremor of misgiving. Mr. Airey took the Church as he found it. No doubt there had been a "Reformation," for which he was in no way responsible, as could be proved by the favourite argument of an *alibi*; and beyond that proof he did not worry a physical constitution that took naturally to good food and sufficient of it. Some men, like some birds, are all feathers. Mr. Airey (though his relative was the Astronomer Royal) was a downy man—a living feather bed, an incarnation of the spirit of comfort. If Mr. Singleton had a smile, Mr. Airey had a voice. God has dealt to every man severally as He would. To one man He has given five talents, to another two, to another one. To the Roman Catholic priest He gave a smile, to the Anglican

rector He gave a voice, and each was superb after its own kind. In the matter of conducting funerals Mr. Airey stood alone in the county of Northumberland—the county for which all other counties were, in our estimation, created. To be buried by Mr. Airey was to have more dignity in death than the corpse had ever acquired in life. In our healthy town, hill-surrounded and perfectly ventilated, funerals were so infrequent that the sexton's wife once complained, "There had not been a living soul buried for three weeks." Thus it became quite an event to watch the large-bodied Mr. Airey, clad in dazzling cambric, with black shoulder-pieces, receive the funeral party at the church gate, and sonorously read, in the soft, sunny air of a summer afternoon, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Never were sacred words read more musically or in a manner more worthy of their divine dignity. The voice was large, rich, deep, and far-reaching. Though it was so clear and resonant, it conveyed no hint of effort or task. Infidelity itself, with its noisy clatter and sophistry, might have quailed under that solemn resonance. No heresy ever secured a voice so charming in its potency. That voice belonged to an established and patented orthodoxy. No modern theological

empiricism ever had the audacity to utter itself in such rich and final tones. *There* was Mr. Airey's power, and there was the best defence of his lofty and comfortable Protestantism. Mr. Airey had no occasion for the use of logic. Rhetoric did for Mr. Airey everything that he required. Those two men finely represented their respective creeds, and lived worthily of their widely divergent conceptions of things ecclesiastical. Personally, I belonged to neither of these local leaders. From beginning to end I have been a Dissenter; but I am bound to say, whatever humiliation the statement may involve, that local Nonconformity as I knew it was "nowhere" in the presence of such historical audacity on the one hand, and such dozing self-satisfaction on the other. Nonconformist ministers, with their eighty pounds a year, paid quarterly, and often in arrears, cut a very poor social figure when contrasted with men who had ample and assured endowments and dignities born of the certainty that they alone had the keys of the invisible kingdom. Yet the minister of the Church of Scotland, though as poorly paid as his Nonconformist brethren, was worthy of any company whose passport lay along the line of genius and learning and eloquence. Joseph Gordon was

entitled to take his place amongst the highest of his compeers; yet he had but fifty-seven hearers, thirty of whom were generally in doubt of what the eloquent man was talking about.

A significant circumstance occurred at this time, which will further show the atmosphere in which I was reared. A very self-contained and mysterious old man died, and on his florid tombstone, at the close of the usual facts, were engraved the cabalistic letters,

"R. I. P."

What did they mean? This was the question nightly raised at my father's supper-parliament. What *could* they mean? Dixon (to assume a few names) suggested that they meant that the deceased was esoterically known by his friends to be an old Rip. Thomson scouted this idea and suggested "Rest In Paradise"; whereupon Robson wanted to know if Thomson regarded the deceased as the penitent thief. Williams had no doubt in his "own mind" (a favourite, but really uncalled-for, expression of his) that R. I. P. meant "Resurrection Is Possible," a suggestion which met with no favour. Richard Watson had not spoken, but his

gloomy aspect was significant. Richard's was a morose piety, due rather to a sulky liver than to any hostile view of Providence. At length, and in a tone which such a liver in its sulkiest moods alone could either explain or justify, he said, "Blank atheism." "What do you mean?" was the instantaneous inquiry. He said, "The unholy meaning of the unholy letters is only too clear." "What is it, Richard?" "It is '*Resurrection Im Possible*.'" We were silent, but unconvinced. When from my corner of the sofa I said, on the authority of a schoolboy, that R. I. P. meant *Requiescat in pace*, it was decided unanimously that this was veiled or clandestine Popery, and that the "little horn in Daniel" might now fairly take its place amongst the fulfilled prophecies. The remainder of that night's coffee was drunk in the silence of angry sorrow, but it *was* drunk.

Meanwhile things were moving on outside all sects and all forms and all technical religion. The air was full of battle and smoke, and the muttering of thunder that had passed or other thunder that was getting nearer and nearer. "Men's hearts failed them for fear"; and what wonder when the word "Chartism" became the password of a

new social masonry! No man could exactly say what "Chartism" meant, for the new language had not then been fully reduced into orthography, etymology, syntax, or prosody. The word Chartism was more than a word; it was a volume—in fact it was the beginning of a library. In our little town a burly shoemaker, with a large white face and very waxy black hands, was suspected of being a "Chartist"; but his occupation, happily for the peace of the town, cast deep suspicion upon his good faith, and for a time arrested his revolutionary influence.

"He's nobbut [nothing but] a shoemaker," said a local baker who had no respect for the growing reputation of leather; but he was instantly reminded that what had begun with a shoemaker might spread until it got hold even of painters and carpenters, and probably it might go further still and fascinate the attention of auctioneers and corn merchants. The author of that reminder little knew that he was uttering words of prophecy, for in less than three months it was matter of common talk that a relative of mine, a local painter, of wild democratic ideas, had ostentatiously given up all religion, and taken unblushingly to "whistling on Sundays." Campbell was not

a common sign-painter, but a painter of Pack Horses, Dun Cows, and Black Bulls. And even further than that his artistic ambition carried him, for he painted my father and myself in oils, my mother declaring that my own likeness was "plain as plain," which for a mother was perhaps to be regarded as thoughtless rather than hard-hearted. This was the man who had wantonly taken to "whistling on Sundays." As a man of local fame, all his actions were more or less influential; so much so that several mothers whose boys had, for various reasons, bought boxes of paints, without knowing one colour from another, feared that, encouraged by Campbell's example, there might be an indefinite and portentous extension of Sunday whistling.

"He paints my pack horse no more," said the leading publican, who paid irregularly for two seats in the Independent Chapel.

"Never more shall he darken my doors," said a poetic stationer, who held strong opinions adverse to the payment of Church rates.

"It is enough to bring fire and brimstone on the town," said a Scotch packman, who was popularly supposed

> to have a way of making thirty-five inches look as if they were a yard—a miracle which he performed in the very sight of the maidservants he served, by some occult use of the first joint of his broad thumb.

These were the men who lustily shouted for "religious liberty all the world over," and who despised and defied the excommunications pronounced at her jealous altar by "the mother of harlots." They were perfectly sincere in their shouts for religious liberty, but it must be well understood that they alone (humble souls!) could define the beginning and the ending of such freedom as was acceptable to heaven. One local brewer, who lived on the miseries of the parish, took this matter of Sunday whistling very seriously.

> "A man may be overtaken in a fault," said he, "or he may be suddenly surprised into sin, but whistling is a deliberate act; a man cannot continue it without intention, and his very continuance of it proves that his sin is not a momentary lapse, but a calculated effrontery." The brewer employed long and emphatic words,

having become insensibly accustomed to their use in connection with the advertisement of his own home-brewed ales.

I knew all these men well. I am not writing fiction. They were honest men and useful citizens, and we must in common justice remember that their environment was not favourable to the large-mindedness and intellectual emulation associated with life in large and prosperous towns. It is said that men who live in little houses are apt to lead little lives. Without for a moment admitting this to be a necessity, we must all have seen how residence in little towns encourages narrowness of criticism and pettiness of prejudice. We must always remember that it takes many men to make all men. Is not variety essential to unity? I think I see a picture of it all in this Valley of Chamounix, where I indite this opening chapter—this valley of a thousand sunny visions; for in the meadows is the annual clover, and on the hills is the eternal snow. The oleander represents one world, and the ice another, yet the two worlds are one. By-and-by it may be found that parochialism and cosmopolitanism have each a special function to fulfil and express.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

NOW that I am within sight of the date on which what may be broadly called my destiny was fixed, I must bring into relation several biographical threads essential to the progress and unity of my reminiscences. I cannot in this narrative always follow the sequence of time, simply because some things occur eccentrically, but principally because I myself am, in some respects, as one born out of due season—not inside a dated calendar, but somewhere out in the open and hedgeless field. Mine is not the case of the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear; it is rather the case of a man going back again and again upon himself, and starting new lines from germs that had been left without proper recognition or seasonable culture.

On his mother's side my father came of a

yeoman Northumbrian stock, who set great store by the holding and the tilling of sunny acres. I was called after one of those local magnates. I well remember him coming to our house, alighting from his horse, and sitting at the fireside with striking dignity; and I specially remember his giving me some lessons upon the points of a horse, all of which I have scandalously forgotten. When he was reseated upon his mare I mentally remarked that never before had I noticed so long and so straight a nose. He openly, but unwisely, ridiculed all sordid shopkeepers and apron-shaking mercers, proudly holding that landowners alone were the genuine sons of God.

A relative of this landholder was a dainty little lady who often came to see my father, and who on dividend or annuity days always gave me half-a-sovereign, which I received with such a hang-dog look as to suggest that "the receiver was as bad as the thief." A wonderful little woman was the trim little lady, Betty by name —a most curious little person indeed. She would unfold a cambric handkerchief, and, like a prophet, read off the meaning of all the crumpled lines. Again and again she

has come to our house in the following circumstances :—

"Has anything strange happened?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because last night I saw a spark in the very middle——"

"Nonsense!"

"There's no nonsense about it."

"Well, spark or no spark, nothing has happened in this house."

"Then it has happened at my cousin's."

That something had "happened" was beyond doubt, else why the spark? why the cross fold at the left-hand corner of the handkerchief? why that tap on the top panel of the spare bedroom door when no visible person was within twenty feet of it? So she reasoned. And in truth my mother was every whit as bad—or as good. There was no end to the things that dear old woman saw: yet she did not appear to be looking at anything! The family eyes have never been externally large, but always large and keen in their inward relations and activities. I must in some degree take after these women—for I, too, see the wind, and the things that fly in it, and the

shapes that figure in it; and I, too, hear its moan, its cry of pain, and its glad upbreaking of the winter, that a highway may be made for the green spring and the red-lipped summer. I thank God for this inner vision, for it often makes solitude a very festival of joy. It was this introvision that led Dr. John Pulsford, the mystic, to describe me as "a pulpit clairvoyant or medium."

I can never be too thankful that I was from the very beginning drilled with the minutest care in the elements or rudiments of English and classical learning. With the whole force of my experience, neither short nor superficial, I would urge parents to ground their children thoroughly in whatever degree of learning they may be able to secure. When the rudiments are right, other things may to a large extent be left to come of themselves. There must, however, be no mistake about the rudiments. Children must be made familiar with the roots of words—so familiar that they can speak with confidence whatever they feel called upon to say. I say nothing to parents about making their children profound and expert classical scholars; my observations at this moment are limited to completeness and accuracy in the acquisition of rudimentary

scholarship. In regard to this my one watchword is *thoroughness*. Whatever children know, they should know it in and out, up and down, through and through. Upon this matter my father was, to my infinite advantage, implacably particular. He would have nothing scamped. His notion was that in building a house it was more important that the drains should be sound than that the drawing-room should be decorated. In all things he insisted upon postponing the ornamental until the essential had been completely mastered and secured. Whatever he himself knew, he knew as precisely as it could be known. This early drill has stood me in good stead throughout my public life. I have never had any need to confuse the termination of words as if I were uncertain as to their vowels. Some men pronounce the word sermon as if the *o* were *au*, or even an *e*, and as if they could not be positive of the real ending of the word. Some private letter writers have excelled in the trick of skilfully blurring a word when they were hesitant as to its orthography. Happily my early pastors and masters saw to it that I should know thoroughly whatever little I was entitled to profess in the way of knowledge. A friend, whose father must have been of a totally different type from

mine, once kindly took me to task regarding the pronunciation of a word. The incident itself is insignificant, but it throws an important light on the point upon which I have endeavoured to insist. I report the interview literally:—

> "Will you kindly excuse me if I call your attention to the way in which you pronounced a word twice in your sermon this morning?"
>
> "Certainly." This I said in a tone of infinite appreciation and gratitude.
>
> "I may tell you that I am very critical upon such points."
>
> "So am I," was my reply. "In fact, I am so particular that I shall regard you not only as a deacon, but a friend, if you will call attention to any error you may detect in my speaking. Pray, what was the word?"
>
> "It was 'propagate.'"
>
> "How did I pronounce it?"
>
> "You pronounced it 'prop*a*gate,' and you did pronounce it so very distinctly and emphatically that I could not help noticing it."
>
> "How would you pronounce it?"
>
> "It should be 'prop*o*gate.'"

"Thank you very much," said I. "I consider this most friendly. Never let an error pass without noticing it. I thank you heartily. Now look in the dictionary, and see me this evening."

My friend did look in the dictionary, and he did see me that evening. I make no record of what passed. The kind man is dead now, and has been dead for many years; yet the lesson remains, which simply is, Do be careful that your children should have more than a mere smattering of knowledge. Smatterers are great nuisances; they know half a thing, and expect the man to whom they are talking to know the other half. Public speakers, in particular, should be masters of the language in which they express their thoughts.

In connection with this incident I recall a letter I received some years ago from a country deacon whose epistolary style was most formal and pompous. He wrote to me for a reference in the matter of a young minister who was a candidate for a provincial pulpit. The deacon told me that the town in which he resided was notable for its in-

telligence, and that the "nuclus of an infant Church" had just been formed, and it was important that the minister should be a man of high literary culture. I replied that without knowing how wonderful an Athens the little town had become, it was probable that my friend would speak of a nucleus rather than a "nuclus," and that he would hesitate before he spoke of the "nucleus of an infant." The man who received my letter died soon afterwards, though I am not vain enough to connect the events. These are undoubtedly little things when considered in themselves, but they point to other things which are of solid consequence.

My first schoolmaster was, as to violence of temper, a fiend. When I made the acquaintance of the infamous Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, I immediately recognised a familiar figure. Squeers is neither overdrawn nor over-coloured in a single particular. My own early years were spent under the rod of a kindred tyrant. For sheer cruelty I have never known such a man. All day long he was thrashing one boy or another, and the heavier the hazel stick the better the tyrant liked it. Yet this man was a deacon in the Independent Church, and in his official

capacity he examined young people as to their views of the fundamental truths of the Christian religion! He was the terror of his own house, but quite a tower of strength in the chapel. That he was an able schoolmaster was beyond the shadow of a doubt, and that he had one or two favourites in his school, who knew nothing about the bite of his cane, only made his general cruelty more obvious and detestable. The great advantage of my attending this man's school was that he continued my father's discipline in the matter of condemning and punishing everything that looked like scamping. It was no use taking an excuse to him in palliation or explanation of superficial work, for he would thrash a boy for having a headache, and shut him up in the "black hole" (a large cavity under his desk) for pleading that the task was not ready because he had to "go an errand" for his father. I have reason to hate the name of my first schoolmaster, and I will not stain my page by reproducing it. If there is a world in which cruel tyranny is punished, I have no desire to witness the suffering to which he entitled himself.

A long-abandoned fad of mine for keeping diaries comes to my aid at this time. I may

say, perhaps once for all, that probably no one has commenced more diaries, and no one has finished fewer, than myself. What curious reading the diary of a boy is to the boy himself when he has become a man! Though my diaries have been long destroyed, here are some edited entries which exactly represent their spirit and purport:—

> Have sold my white mice and bought a squirrel. Old Whacker [the Christian schoolmaster] did not know that the little squirrel was tied up in my topcoat pocket and hung up over Bob Jackson's wallet. I was in such a funk for fear the squirrel should squeak.
>
> Old Whacker has been in a hot fury to-day. Tom Williams complained that Jack Ritson had called him a grasshopper, so Jack was called up and got thirteen from the hazel; but he took it as if it had been a lick o' treacle, and said to me when he sat down, wringing his left hand, "By George! I'm glad I didn't call him a hippopotamus"
>
> Ritson wants to borrow sixpence of me, to be paid back a little at a time.

Life has its compensations. During my slavery under this unnamed fiend I acquired a proud distinction. I hope that even those undesirable persons who are so anxious that other people should be modest will not be irritated unduly by my saying that at this rough period of my life I became known as "the champion marble player." It appears from general testimony that no one could stand before me in the matter of marbles. In marbles I was a millionaire. To this day (though all my skill is dead) I cannot see boys playing at marbles without feeling a strong wish to join them. If I must speak the whole truth, it should be clearly said that I do sometimes actually join them when they are playing in a nice shady corner and I am quite sure that the newspaper man is at breakfast. It is enough to cast a gloom on the whole camp of Dissent to know that the minister of the City Temple does even now like to take a hand at marbles, though he who, according to contemporaneous history, was the champion hitter has for many years unhappily been the champion misser.

My next schoolmaster was an enthusiast in his work. He was a born teacher. To be with him was part of an education. In many

respects he was a fellow-scholar with his own pupils. When a problem was somewhat beyond his solution he would take two or three of us to his lodgings and spend a few hours in thoroughly thrashing it out.

My third schoolmaster was a spirit of kindred quality, though of much wider culture. He was literally a "man of letters." I began Cæsar under my second schoolmaster, and under my third I went into Ovid, and Lucian, and Homer, reading the whole of them under the inspiration of a reverend teacher who was devoted to his calling. He was the strictest of disciplinarians in the matter of Greek and Latin. I well remember how each boy in the senior class had to stand out and repeat an assigned portion of Ovid or Homer in a distinct tone, and how suddenly he had to answer questions in syntax, and to find equivalent words which were beyond a merely literal translation. Our gentle taskmaster (whose very face was a benediction) believed not only in gerund-grinding, but in the literary discipline of paraphrasing an author as well as translating him. I still have a copy of my Ovid, in which, upon the margin of the "Metamorphoses," I have made the non-consenting poet say some wonderful things.

A good soul was the Rev. Joseph Walker, ex-Independent minister, lawfully married to a woman who ruled him with a rod of iron—a bulky, worldly, aggressive woman, who knew nothing about religion except what she gathered from books of extracts from "the pious Quesnel" and other celebrated men of their own long-vanished day. The master himself was often so deeply absorbed in his studies as to forget his scholars and his subjects; and they thanked him for it as for special favours, many of the junior scholars being able to arrange for fights in a neighbouring lane and to exchange confidences about football whilst he was cloudily explaining the function and responsibilities of the first aorist.

Here's my Diary as I now imperfectly remember it :—

> *Nov.* 7. Mr. Walker has been very cloudy to-day, all over. Wilson says that "the Missus" was rowing him after breakfast because the family prayer had not been "sufficiently personal," when he knew perfectly well that Lilburn was going to leave school without paying for two plates and a

flower-pot he had broken. She thought the matter might have been mentioned in prayer, as, she was sure, the "pious Quesnel" would have done. The poor master is quite dazed. He is not apt at reproachful prayer.

Nov. 20. In the French class to-day Gill Grant was asked by Mr. Walker to parse "Des beaux jardins" and "Des belles fleurs," comparing the two as to number and gender. The master forgot what he was talking about, and told Gill that Mrs. Walker would see about it.

Good Mr. Walker! He had no cane. He threatened no life. He made no boy unhappy. How, then, can I pass over his name without a kindly sigh that I did not "go for" his wife when I saw how she preferred "the pious Quesnel" to the man she had cruelly subdued?

I must have acquired some little repute in all the schools through which I passed—for the first man, whom I have not hesitated to describe as a fiend, used to seek my assistance in some of his official duties, and take me out on Saturday mornings to assist

him in his work as a land surveyor. I could assist him in some delicate calculations, and I had some little skill in measuring land and mapping out small estates. I became usher both in the second school and the third, receiving my remuneration partly in money and partly in instruction. I succeeded one of the schoolmasters in continuing the school from which he retired, and in pursuing my professional duties I was enabled considerably to extend the scope of my reading. My Saturday afternoons I employed in visiting a Dissenting minister, for the purpose of reading with him the Greek Testament. Thus, in one way and another, I was up to my twenty-first year undergoing a process of special discipline and culture.

I well remember the circular or prospectus in which I announced my succession to my former chief and teacher. I called the school Ebenezer Seminary, though for what reason I have no recollection; possibly because the schoolroom was attached to the Independent Chapel, and therefore was supposed to have about it an odour of sanctity, and to be worthy of a Bible name. I offered to teach Grammar, Algebra, Latin, Greek, and Book-keeping by single and double entry, the

prospectus concluding with the awe-inspiring words, "The conductor of Ebenezer Seminary does not undertake to supply his pupils with brains." This was frank on the part of a youth who was about nineteen years of age, yet the announcement enabled him to maintain an attitude of freezing reserve.

I may interrupt the narrative for a moment by saying that all the teachers, the whole four of them, did not receive more than a total of two hundred and seventy pounds per annum! My Greek Testament teacher had hardly more than thirty pounds a year, which was, no doubt, eked out by little kindnesses on the part of some of the neighbouring farmers. We must remember, however, that this was something like the rate of remuneration common in small towns about half a century ago. My painter-relative would have painted any man's portrait for two guineas, not including the frame; but this looks to me now as a huge sum, when I remember that I paid a penny a week for my first school, fifteen shillings a quarter for my second, and a pound a quarter for my third. I can say with the bishop who was asked whilst getting into a carriage what the Apostle Paul would think of riding in

such a chariot, and who answered that the Apostle Paul would say that things had greatly improved since his day. In the course of writing this paragraph I have come upon an extract from a letter of Southey's, written twelve years before I was born, which throws some light upon the then value of small sums of money. "We find Southey in 1818 expressing his satisfaction at becoming possessed for the first time in his life of the sum of three hundred pounds, which he proposes to invest in the Three per Cents. 'I have already a hundred pounds there,' he writes triumphantly; 'I shall be worth twelve pounds a year.'"

Before this experience in teaching, a very serious question had been tentatively settled under the parental roof. The great family question of the time was, "What is Joseph to be?" My father was a mason, both a working man and an employer, and it was felt to be natural that his son should take up his occupation. When I was fourteen it was decided that I should follow my father's trade and succeed him in the employment of a handful of men; but this arrangement was to be on the proud understanding that in wearing my moleskins I

was to serve my father only, and never to be the servant of any other man. There was pride! I was greatly sustained in my choice of a calling by being told that Dr. Cumming's father was a mason, that Dr. Kitto's father was a mason, that Thomas Carlyle's father was a mason, that Jay of Bath was a mason, and that Hugh Miller, the famous geologist and the brilliant editor, began life by being a mason. In fact, it was made quite clear by a dazzling array of names that to begin life otherwise than as a mason was to invite disgrace and make success impossible. The whole arrangement seemed also to have a classical flavour about it, for I had spent a long time over the Latin book which assured me that "Balbus is building a wall," "Balbus was building a wall," "Balbus has been building a wall," and that "Balbus would have been building a wall." I felt, therefore, completely sustained in my practical venture. But alas! within the year—one poor little grey year—I was ignominiously sent back to school, and thus the honest occupation of building lost its most promising ornament. The scholars received me with applause. *Balbus murum non ædificabat!* They had wonderful confidence in faculties of whose existence I was unaware.

Yet still the building idea haunted the parental mind, and that something might be done in that direction a private tutor was engaged to give me instruction in architecture. Mr. Glyn, my teacher, was very asthmatic and very fond of smoking. I remember well the drawing-board, the drawing-paper, the brass-headed nails by which it was attached to the board; and I remember too the case of instruments, the mahogany square, the bottle of Indian ink, and above all and most useful of all a large piece of indiarubber. What I owed to that indiarubber only richer eloquence than mine can tell! Whether it was the smoking of my tutor or my own mental incapacity, it must be said, as a matter of fact, that I became so confused about triglyphs, groins, and architraves, together with bases and pediments, that my bewildered mother, a woman of piercing insight as well as of natural tenderness, was really glad when Mr. Glyn disappeared from her table and her son was sent back to study more thoroughly the Æneid and the Iliad.

In 1846 or soon afterwards the most distressing intelligence reached our far-off town. As I have said, news travelled to

us slowly, so that the Chartism of 1837 probably reached us, in a kind of backwash movement, some three or four years later. Always remember we were far off and slow.

But this disastrous intelligence, what was it? I will tell you. A lunatic had suddenly developed in the town of Leicester—that metropolis of social dynamite. His name—at least, so we understood—was Miall, of whom personally little was known except that he was a minister and that he wore spectacles. It was reported of this lunatic that he was going to pull down all church steeples, and bury all bishops and curates under the ruins of their own belfries. We were told that this man had given up his ministry on purpose that he might pull down the churches and run away with the sacrament money. The alarm rose to a panic.

> "There'll be nee mair [no more] 'Resurrection and the Life' for me," said the affrighted sexton, who lived on the funerals of other people.
>
> "And poor Mr. Airey!" said the senior and intemperate bell-ringer.
>
> "And him with that fine voice," said a widow lady.

Thus it was in our quaking town! We found little by little that the Leicester lunatic had started some kind of society, which he called the "Anti-State Church Association." It was a new kind of machine, which took in bishops at the one end and sent them out mendicants at the other; and Miall made a profit out of the process. In the light of that hideous suggestion every Dissenter in the town was regarded. Every Dissenter thus became a robber. Feargus O'Connor was nothing where a burgling Dissenter came. But the sturdy Dissenters were unabashed. Their goods were taken from them and sold in the market-place in payment of Church rates. The senior Dissenter always put a notice of such sales in his shop-window. I remember one such notice perfectly. Here it is, as it was written with a quill upon whitey-brown paper:—

> "The old strumpet and her paramour have stolen another bed. The auction sale will take place at the market cross on Thursday at Twelve o'clock."

The language was strong, I admit. Nonconformity has now slumberously evolved

Tynehome, South Hampstead.

into milk and water sold in large bottles labelled "Charity." What wonder that Nonconformity is anæmic, and tottery on its shrivelling pins? When I first knew it, Dissent was full of purpose, and a force to be reckoned with; now it lives too much on statistics and apologies. Once, if so much as a beast touched its mountain, it was thrust through with a dart; now, Dissent hobnobs with the Opposition, and eats sandwiches in ecclesiastical picnics amidst the grieved solitudes of the Alps! Those sandwiches are not nutritious enough for Dissent to thrive upon.

But let me return to the market cross referred to in the above legend. The day of sale has come. The auctioneer is on the stump. Not a soul can be seen within fifty yards. The feather bed is in painful evidence. Now a loud laugh rises from unseen mockers; now the mockers disclose themselves; they come nearer and nearer to the apprehensive auctioneer; no policeman is to be seen.

"Blaze away, old hammer!" shouts a young Dissenter.

"What's the price on't, Billy?" [Auctioneer's classical name.]

"Who bids?"

"Mr. Airey and the churchwardens; nobody else."

"Gentlemen, I offer the bed at twelve shillings."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Going at twelve, if anybody will offer it."

"Going where?"

"Going to the best bidder, gentlemen: who may he be?"

"There's blood on't, Billy."

"No good Church sells other people's beds."

"Get away, Billy, and try to make an honest living."

Amid such execrations the auctioneer disappears, with the bailiff and the bed behind him. It was a proud day for the young Dissenters, kindling their rhetorical blood to fever heat, and setting them energetically to all manner of "demonstrations" and angry protests. "Billy and the Bed" was the headline of a rousing placard vehemently calling upon the inhabitants to "rise and rally!" I have noticed that alliteration is essential to a battle-cry. It must not be supposed that there were no alliterative cries

on the other side, and cries non-alliterative: "The Church in danger." "Dissent and destruction." "Dissent and dishonesty." "Robbers of churches." But the young Dissenting orators (always remember our youth) were far ahead. One of them roused the Dissenting soul to holy madness by passionately finishing a speech with:—

> "We're the sons of sires that baffled
> Crowned and mitred tyranny.
> They defied the field and scaffold
> For their birthright—so will we."

This was uttered by a man apprenticed to a wheelwright, who never lost a night's rest for any cause, human or divine. But he felt it all the same.

Results followed such sales by auction.

> "We'll form a branch of the Anti-State Church Association," said one.
>
> "Ay! twenty branches, and twenty more," said another, heedless of limitations.

So it was resolved. Would the lunatic himself come from Leicester if a meeting could be got up? How many of the ministers would attend such a meeting? The Wes-

leyan minister would not, for he remembered the expulsion of Rayner Stephens. The Primitive Methodist would come, but would not take any part. The man whose bed was stolen would take the chair, and the man who wrote on whitey-brown paper would entertain the speaker. In due time arrangements were completed, and the Independent Chapel was to be the scene of a worse than Ephesian uproar. The speaker's appearance greatly surprised the nervous section of the community. He was not dressed in scarlet; his head in no way resembled the head of Robespierre; and as for his "sleeve," not the sharpest eye could detect the hiding of a dagger! To the surprise of the younger section of the Dissenting public, the meeting was opened with singing and prayer. To the still greater surprise of the same observers, the meeting was further opened by the reading of selected portions of Holy Scripture: "My kingdom is not of this world," "Render under Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," and the like. Then came the speech! There was nothing in it about "hereditary bondsmen, know ye not," etc.; nor was there the slightest reference to our being "the sons of sires that baffled," etc.; and as for defying "the field

and scaffold," not one word was said; not even a furtive glance was wasted on the vicar, nor was the shadow of a hint given that any one intended either to wreck the belfry or steal the vicar's surplice, and nobody could justly think that even the vested interests of the trembling sexton were threatened. Everybody seemed to say, and some literally did say, "It was more like a sermon than a speech!" It was so. It was blessedly and instructively so. It was felt that the kingdom of God was at hand, and that Christ's Church, blood-bought and sealed with a seal, was as a holy Virgin waiting the coming again of her long-desired Lord

CHAPTER III

REFORMERS AND LECTURERS

IN the development of the new democracy many things occurred in the extreme north of England of which I was personally cognisant. The times were undoubtedly exciting. Sixty years ago news travelled slowly, and was, perhaps, somewhat affected by the medium through which it reached the residents of remote districts. I can hardly forget the dismay with which we heard that one violent speaker had declared at a great public meeting, known as a "torchlight procession," that for some reason or other, best known to himself, he would preach "Edinburgh into flames and Glasgow into ashes." Some of us could hardly conceive what a "torchlight procession" was like. We had read of the Lord George Gordon nocturnal demonstrations and uproars, but it was impossible for us to connect the name of a

Wesleyan minister with anything so scandalous and appalling. The name of the Wesleyan minister was Joseph Rayner Stephens. We did not mention the name either freely or loudly, but always in a significant undertone. Many of us had an inborn suspicion of men who had three names. Most of the people—say ninety-nine hundredths—round about us had two names only, and never showed any desire to have more. It would have been easy to persuade the less enlightened of us that the threefold name belonged to a set of ideas seditious and revolutionary. If Stephens could preach "Edinburgh into flames and Glasgow into ashes," what would he do with a tiny town like ours, a mere handful of chips that could be destroyed in an hour? Probably this man's name would have brought disrepute upon the whole body of Methodism if we had not been assured that he had been expelled from the Wesleyan Conference on the ground of the implacable attitude he assumed towards the Established Church. Even now the Wesleyan Conference is not a branch of the Religious Liberation Society, but at the time of Stephens it was almost a branch of the Church of England. Stephens was an out-and-out Dissenter, and the Wesleyan Conference blew him out of a gun, as if he

had been an ecclesiastical sepoy convicted of open mutiny. The Wesleyan Conference has repeatedly had occasion to use its expulsive apparatus. Stephens became so notorious for his violent adjectives that the admiring and grateful public insisted upon having his portrait produced at a popular price. This portrait was engraved and eagerly bought by the noisy and ever-increasing democracy. My father bought the portrait, framed it in maple, with an inner gilt bead, and hung it above a chest of drawers in the principal spare bedroom. There I often silently gazed upon it with wonder and awe. The man looked innocent enough in his black coat and white neckerchief, but, as in the case of the Roman Catholic priest, that look of innocence was the very point at which the wickedness came in. Here was a man who threatened to preach "Edinburgh into flames" and "Glasgow into ashes" if the Government withheld such and such rights from the working classes, and yet this wolf in sheep's clothing looked all over, from top to toe, like a Wesleyan minister accustomed to class-meetings and hymn-books! It was generally felt that the sedition of the man was infinitely aggravated by the impious pretence of the minister. One class-leader, who insisted that repentance towards God was

incomplete until it was followed by a penny a week and a shilling a quarter, remonstrated with my father for having the portrait of Joseph Rayner Stephens in his house, adding, almost with tears, "It is enough to poison your Joseph's mind." My father confidentially told me afterwards that this class-leader had offered to exchange the portrait of Stephens for the likeness of an early Methodist minister, hinting that he (the class-leader) would soon preach Stephens himself into flames, and even the maple frame into ashes. Surely, in the judgment of this class-leader, the latter days had come wherein foundations might give way in the night-time and violence might usurp the seat of righteousness.

No inhabitant of a great city can have the faintest idea of the alarms created by reports of the speeches of the leaders of Chartism. Imagine our seeing in print that on January 1, 1838, Stephens said that if certain enactments were put in force "Newcastle ought to be, and should be, one blaze of fire, with only one way to put it out, and that with the blood of all those who supported this abominable law." And this next door to our own little quaking town! There were griffins in those days! Stephens must have been a man

of ability, for he became so large a figure in current politics that when his arrest was ordered by the Government, and he was threatened with Botany Bay, or with solitary confinement in Van Diemen's Land, the chief of the Chartists declared that if Stephens were transported "the Government would have to drag the prisoner over the dead body of Feargus O'Connor." What self-respecting Government could face such a tragedy? Feargus O'Connor was then in the very zenith of his glory. He had not only a "land scheme" which fired the imagination of the populace, but he was at the head of the *Northern Star*, a newspaper which had the then unprecedented sale of sixty thousand a week. The "dead body" of such an editor must have been a formidable impediment in the way of the transportation of Stephens. Feargus O'Connor was a force to be reckoned with, and he knew it. A man may have a fine theory and be despised, but a man cannot in a loud and strident voice promise the freehold of solid land for next to nothing without securing a large and miscellaneous following. Acres are eloquent arguments. Even Abram took up his staff and went forth, not knowing whither he went, when he heard of "land" flowing with milk and honey of which he

might have the freehold for nothing, and his children—what we now call heirs, administrators, and assigns—after him for ever. Offer the working classes some abstract theory and they may laugh you to scorn; but offer the unintelligent section of them lands which they may sow and reap, without paying rent, rates, and taxes for the right to do so, and they will receive you with loud and unprofitable acclamations and "one cheer more," followed in all probability by a well-known couplet which always seems to have about it the flavour of an epitaph. Feargus O'Connor knew how to make poor men rich—at least in imagination; in his propaganda he had the advantage of the hopefulness of an Irishman, the voice of an avalanche, and the fearlessness of a bandit. Hundreds of thousands of excited men applauded him, Cabinet Ministers dreaded him, the Queen was uneasy when she heard of him, and Stephens knew that the dead body of such a man would save him from expatriation. Then the red light waned, the conjurer lost his wand, the idol of that infinite baby called the Public fell into low estate, but the noble-hearted democracy rose to the occasion and piled a national testimonial to the height of thirty-two pounds sterling to save this political Messiah from

poverty, but not, alas! in the long run from a private lunatic asylum. The redoubtable Feargus, who had intended to make a national monument of his dead body, found his way into contemptuous oblivion, silently taking with him his land scheme into the landless Land.

All this is now forgotten, but some of us can never forget the alarm and terror of the time. When we heard of midnight riots, towns set on fire, mills and factories of all kinds pulled down, and still the storm growing louder and louder, it would have been affectation to attempt to conceal the unspeakable horror which we felt. The vicar was so excited, though in a way compatible with the grateful drinking of sufficient port wine, that he preached a hastily composed sermon bearing, as he thought, upon the moral situation, probably taking some such text as, "These sought their register among those that were reckoned by genealogy, but it was not found: therefore were they, as polluted, put from the priesthood" (Neh. vii. 64). In the context he found much interesting matter referring to the children of Darkon, and the whole body of the Nethinims; but the churchwardens declared that he had added new terrors to the situation without knowing it, and some of

them suggested that he should publish the discourse in order to clear his own reputation. So hot and so sensitive were the times! One young man became so excited that he declared, not only on village platforms, but in going up and down the stairs of his own house, that he still was an Englishman and would die a subject of the Queen. He only knew Virgil through the medium of a borrowed translation, but anything was welcome to him that assisted him in expressing his patriotic indignation. For this reason alone he stunned his inoffensive mother by exclaiming, without notice or provocation:

> "Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
> And throats of brass inspired by iron lungs,
> I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
> Or half the punishment those crimes have met."

The broader history of Chartism is known to everybody; but its local influence, especially in out-of-the-way places, can only be known to those who lived under it. In my own little sphere the effect was palpable. One daring man proposed that the *Northern Star* be taken into a public news-room, and he was expelled for his insolence, the vicar and several persons of property ostentatiously passing him on the road as if he had lost any little character which he might once

have had. A well-known atheistic shoemaker set up a Sunday class of his own, and took for his text-books the *Northern Star* and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." This was the large-faced and discredited shoemaker already reluctantly referred to. He was hated by the banking respectability of the whole town—so much so, that when he was seen coming along the road, men of property either went to the other side, or, to their own inconvenience, suddenly disappeared into passages that had no outlet. Paine's "Age of Reason" was regarded by those who knew least about it as blasphemous and utterly wicked,—the same "Age of Reason" that Bishop Watson answered with an "Apology" that is now practically forgotten,—the very "Age of Reason" that some honest Christian preachers, whose mission it is to put down rationalism and unbelief, would not hesitate partially to commend. So goes the whirligig of time.

The whole town and neighbourhood was in one way or another seriously affected by Chartism and its cognate iniquities. Sunday schools hurled impotent thunder against it, ministers delivered courses of lectures upon it, vicars and curates shuddered over it,

mothers pondered these things in their hearts. At last there came a chance of our seeing a real live Chartist, a Chartist who had suffered for his principles, and who, metaphorically, took his chain along with him wherever he appeared in a public capacity. I can never forget the eventful day on which that live Chartist and his chain entered our expectant and nervous town. At this distance of time I may say that I slyly stole out of our back door, and went down to the railway station to see the terrible creature alight from the train. The train was two minutes off when I caught sight of its cloud of steam—the white pennon of democratic progress. "There he comes," said I to my own palpitating heart; "there he is. Is he first-class, or second, or third? How shall I know the man who has hazarded his life for his Chartist principles?" The man was known to be not only a Chartist, but an avowed anti-Christian. He had publicly ridiculed the Christian religion. Chartism and Atheism were often ridiculously confounded. He had denounced with violence the whole claim of Christ. The train stopped! That was the moment of agony! Out came a large, pock-marked man; a man with a swinging walk, and a kind of smile which divided itself between

hope and doubt as to the public reception in store for him. He had all the appearance of a man who knew that he was being watched. I thought I saw a blush of self-consciousness tingeing the pits which the small-pox had left. Yes, there he was! And I, at a safe distance, quivered with doubtful pride as I walked behind Thomas Cooper, the author of the "Purgatory of Suicides"—the man who had been long imprisoned in Leicester jail on account of his politico-socio-religious aberrations. As a Sunday-school teacher I felt that my momentary relation to this man cast some doubt upon my integrity, yet I was proud to walk alone behind the ex-prisoner, the *quondam* shoemaker, the genuine poet, the effective orator. So much of a hero-worshipper was I that I endeavoured to put my feet into his footprints, and to catch the swing of his noble walk. What a night my fellow young men had as they thronged the floor of the Mechanics' Institute! The lecturer came briskly in. His long hair fell upon his ample shoulders, and soon we heard a voice that proclaimed a man. The subject was Milton, and the body of the lecture was a recitation of the most of one book of "Paradise Lost." In its own way

the effort was out of sight not only the finest rhetorical exhibition I had ever listened to, but the finest I had ever dreamed of. I do not know what effect such a lecture would have upon me now, but I distinctly remember that at the time my best intellectual ambition was so excited that I registered an emphatic vow—which I never kept—to transfer the whole works of Milton to my ambitious but treacherous memory. When nearly forty years afterwards the venerable Thomas Cooper called upon me after one of my Thursday morning services in the City Temple, and spoke kindly of what he had heard, he little thought that when I was in my teens he had shed a new light on my life. Why did I not tell him this? Simply because the Thomas Cooper then before me was not the Thomas Cooper that I heard in my youth. As I have said, Thomas Cooper as I first knew him was an "unbeliever," if not an atheist, and I hold that there are circumstances in which a man should be a consenting party to his own resurrection. At the moment of his calling upon me, after the Thursday morning service, Thomas Cooper was an eloquent upholder of the faith which he had once sought to destroy. He was a humble believer in the infinite

mercy of the Christ he had derided, and it was no business of mine to revive a past which he himself would be only too glad to forget. I did not, therefore, tell him of my obligation to him; but I, unknowingly to himself, did something, though pitiably small, to relieve the embarrassment which befell him in his latest days.

It cannot be denied that such discussions and such lectures as I have described had a distinct effect upon the intellectual life of young men. Not, however, from clergymen or ministers did the young men receive the new intellectual wine. Clerical leaders have always been disposed to tell men to obey their pastors and masters, and to be content with that station in life to which it has pleased God to call them. The wisest heretical leaders have, on the contrary, told men to rise out of their inferior condition into a higher enjoyment and responsibility, but to effect their ascent by legitimate and honourable means alone. This is the nobler teaching. Before such teaching opposing sovereignties, hierarchies, and despotisms must eventually give way. The sovereign who wishes to save himself from deposition must live up to the doctrine that the best things

are always to come. Age must make itself young by sympathy, and aristocracy can only continue to hold its own by insisting that other people shall be assured of the rights and liberties that belong to them.

Sixty years ago, eighteen shillings a week was thought good wages for twelve hours a day. When wages went up to a guinea a week for the same hours it was felt that the working man's millennium had come! Once a pound a week was considered excellent pay for a miner, but in later times, to my own knowledge, a miner passed a fruiterer's shop in the north of England, and, being told that pine-apples were fifteen shillings each, he quietly told the fruiterer that he would take two of them, for which he paid on the spot. Forty years ago a cloth-weaver was paid under twenty shillings a week as wages, yet on a recent visit to Lancashire I found that if the shop-keeping middle classes wanted a picnic conveyance on a Saturday, they must speak for it something like a week beforehand, because all the conveyances were engaged by the mill-workers. These are not things to be complained of, but certainly they are things that ought to be accounted for. Feargus

O'Connor is dead, but O'Connorism was never so much alive as it is at this moment. Men may set themselves in one of two attitudes towards these social and economic changes: first, men may resent such changes with the result of alienation, distrust, and reprisal; or secondly, men may accept such changes and direct them with the happy result of co-operation, and harmony, and brotherhood. Statesmanship should study providential signs and cheerfully follow, at whatever temporary sacrifice, the mystic cloud which by many a sign indicates to vigilant men when the camp must arise and go if it would not fail of the Canaan of optimistic prophecy.

Thinking of Thomas Cooper's memorable visit, I am reminded, not in sequence of time, but in some eccentric way, of another visit to my native town quite as notable. It is a broad-browed man who, in my awakening imagination, is on the platform; the man is dark in complexion, large-eyed, with every sign of intellectual alertness. His hair is as long as Cooper's and falls as curlingly and amply over his broad shoulders. Nothing like him was ever heard by that provincial audience. I remember

well that the *élite* of the town were present—that is to say, the leading cheesemonger, the dainty draper and his daughters, and the principal barber, who shaved the suburban aristocracy and made comments in his own shop upon the meanness of big houses. The speaker suggested no man with whom we could compare him. Without action, without emphasis, without the faintest sign of taking any interest in his own speech, he held the little crowd enthralled for more than an hour. It was certainly not a comforting lecture. According to that lecture, society was wrong from top to bottom—the rich were fools, the poor were slaves, reputation was a lie, and social eminence was the acutest stage in the development of tomfoolery. According to that lecture Cosmos was infinitely worse than Chaos; the devil was a fiction, yet the world was soaked in devilishness; theology was a swindle, and deluded men delighted in the rehearsal of the knavery; the Church was an incubus, and the throne was only to be tolerated lest in its removal nests of noxious creatures should be brought to light. The lecture was denunciation without passion; its cruel satire without one relieving ripple in all its river of gall. The lecturer was

the frankest of men. John Ruskin himself was never franker, though he did certainly say some plain things to the people of Bradford. According to the lecturer I am now describing, the people before him were all fools, and he said they looked it without knowing it, and their supreme act of folly was to come out that night and pay for the luxury of having their follies exposed. The lecturer was honest from end to end if honesty means defiant contempt of your audience, and the assurance that the infatuated lecture-committee represented the very sublimity of idiocy. The long-haired lecturer, the man with the large, fine eyes, the man whose voice distilled vitriol upon the tingling ears of his listeners, was George Dawson, of Birmingham,—the same George Dawson who (quotingly) said that Henry Vincent mistook "perspiration for inspiration," the same George Dawson who condemned all eloquence as quackery, and then made a livelihood out of the iniquity he condemned. The young men were all fascinated by Dawson, some of them going so far as to grow their hair after the fashion he set, and to try the trick of condemning others as the only quack medicine that could recover the whole world of its fatal plague.

After many years—indeed, during his very last public visit to London—George Dawson was my guest. He had to lecture at the City Temple. Just before entering the lecture-room he turned to me and said, "By the way, what is the subject?" I answered, "Ill-used Men." "All right," said he; "go ahead." It was the same old sixpence, the same satire, the same ridicule, the same quiet banter and fun; and we all enjoyed it—enjoyed it to the full, enjoyed it the more keenly that the lecturer evidently did not care a button either for his subject or for his audience. But George Dawson was not the same man at home. In the house he was simple, gentle, kindly, and entertaining, loving all the children, and doubling the portion he gave to the girls. For many years he conducted a vigorous and unique ministry in Birmingham, and to my surprise a year or two ago I heard that the church he had so long maintained was bought by the Primitive Methodists! One can never tell into whose hands property may fall.

CHAPTER IV

LONDON IN SIGHT

WHAT my destiny was going to be was becoming clearer and clearer, and I marked the growing vision with thankfulness and yet with nervous apprehension. The secret hidden in my heart was that one day I would become a preacher of the Gospel. Everything pointed in that direction. It was a family anecdote that early one Sunday morning when walking with my father I was found standing at a gate with my index finger pointing to the sun, saying aloud to myself, "What are these arrayed in white, brighter than the noonday sun?" From that moment my father felt that I was to be a preacher, though then but a child of very tender age. I was always interested in great speeches, in parliamentary debates, in preaching, and in public meetings. In all these matters, as well as in others, there is an inborn instinct. One of my great

delights was to read the defence of the Irish seditionists of the time. I bought verbatim copies of the speeches of Whiteside and Meagher, and other orators, so far as they were available, and pinned them to the paper of my bedroom wall, and having committed them to memory I declaimed them aloud in my solitude to excited but invisible juries.

Somebody had told me that if I would read the Westminster Election Speech by Charles James Fox, I would know what use could be made of the English language alike in exposition and invective. With a lamentable lack of caution I went to the bookseller's and ordered the "Speeches" of the illustrious statesman. To my horror I discovered, when the bill came in, that the price of the volume —a large and handsome one, which another young man subsequently borrowed and never returned—amounted to no less than twenty shillings. For me that meant bankruptcy immediate and assets *nil*. But little by little I struggled through the difficulty and got all possible advantage (which was not much) from the Westminster speech, for which I had to pay so high a price.

Along with this reading of speeches there proceeded a somewhat copious committal of

poetry to memory, with the express intention of making capital out of it whenever I was called upon to face a public audience. In due time my opportunity came. A fruit *soirée* was one of the entertainments at the Independent Chapel. I had been invited to deliver a speech in connection with that autumnal event. For that cool September night I had made many preparations—notably, I had bought a red tie, and had secured a pair of plaid trousers, the order being given on the understanding that Henry Brougham, the future Lord Chancellor of England, betrayed his littleness by sporting that kind of toggery. It was understood that a popular barrister in the district always addressed the Court in the attitude of having one hand in his breeches pocket. That was enough. The young men who observed such little personal points of dress and attitude had no hesitation in conjuring up for themselves an oratorical future absolutely dazzling in glory. On that memorable autumnal evening I recited, to the evident delight of my audience, the scathing lines of the dyspeptic Cowper:

> "Where others toil with philosophic force,
> His nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
> Flings at your head conviction by the lump,
> And gains remote conclusions at a jump."

To whom this denunciation applied—probably to nobody at all—I have no desire to remember, but that it was spoken by me in good faith, though it may be with juvenile indiscretion, I have no manner of doubt. Never can I forget the offence which I gave to one honoured minister in a very luckless way. In public speaking he made copious use of pretty couplets; in the instance to which I specially refer his couplets amounted to twenty-seven in number. They looked like a complete bazaar of rhymes properly stalled out and ready for sale. When I was called upon to address the meeting, immediately after him, I wickedly deplored the fact that the only poetry I could remember was :

"Thirty days hath September."

That night I nearly killed a friend—not killed, perhaps, not killed, that is a strong word, but so stunned him that it took years—as it always takes a certain type of piety—for him to recover the shattering blow. I have since learned that it is always wise for public speakers not to make any comments upon their predecessors unless they can do so in the sense of appreciation and gratitude. *Cacoethes loquendi* seemed to have seized a

good many of my youthful contemporaries. A rather notable set of men they were, as may be imagined from the fact that one of them became a London vicar, another became preacher at a celebrated Inn of Court, another of them became proprietor of Doré's Gallery, and another raised himself to the position of the first mathematician in the county of Northumberland, whilst another, of merit less commanding, is writing this autobiography.

Many young men of my time began life as local preachers in connection with some branch of Methodism. They may not have been very brilliant, and they may not have developed into any remarkable social magnitude, but I never can regard them but with honour for diligently spending their days and nights in the acquisition of Biblical knowledge and in humble preparation for Christian service.

I have sometimes wondered whether all this early devotion to preaching, reading, and debating was not to be accounted for by the fact that there was no middle course open to youths of my class. Our course lay between God and the devil. I seriously

believe that if I had touched a card or a box of dice there might have been murder under our roof. This is a strong assertion, but I cannot substantially modify it. A pack of cards in the house! The very thought is blasphemy. Of course the word "theatre" simply meant the devil. All actors were hypocrites, all actresses were harlots, all playhouses led down to the pit of perdition. Woe to the boy who read a novel! This was the atmosphere in which I was brought up. Admit the narrowness of the environment, admit the absurdity and the injustice of much of the criticism, and it yet remains true that this moral temper and its consequent attitude have powerfully affected the middle-class life of England. It is the operation of this Puritan conscience—no doubt often blind and narrow—that makes it hard for Nonconformist England to take kindly to horse-racing premiers or to gambling princes.

The more popular of the young local preachers excited, as was to be expected, the envy and jealousy of inferior minds. One of these inferior minds, listening in company with myself to one of our foremost young laymen, excitedly said to me afterwards, in the confidence of an evening

LIBRARY
GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

walk, that he "would preach him any day for five shillings." We were always frank with one another in our interchange of criticism, so much so that if any one of us rose to a great height of eloquence the other man asked him where he got that climax from. The thought that it was the young man's own climax never entered even generous minds.

But I must hasten. At length the door opened, and opened not only in an unexpected but in an almost ghostly manner. I was sure there was a door somewhere and that it would some time open, but where it was, or how it would fall back, I had no definite conception. Without consulting any one (a habit of mine which has been both serviceable to myself and sometimes irritating to others) I wrote to a then eminent minister in London, whose name was familiar to me through the editorship of various religious magazines, giving him an outline of my life, frankly expressing my aspirations, and asking him if he could advise as to my future. To my surprise he promptly answered that he himself had such an opening for just such a young man, and that if I would come at once he could place me in his pulpit for three

Sundays, and would give me three guineas a week towards my expenses. For a moment I felt as if I had committed some inexplicable crime. I had asked a question, I had expected an answer, yet, so strange is human nature, no sooner was the great man's letter in my hand than I felt that all things were going round and round, and that I was being sucked down into the unfathomable by a swirling maelstrom. Here was destiny! "Now was the winter of my discontent made glorious summer" by this unseen London editor! What would the other youths think? What would the local minister say? I no longer moved through the town in the ordinary manner, but as it were by levitation, skimming the air about three inches from the pavement, and going through crowds without touching them.

How easy to say in one off-hand sentence that I went to London! But who can tell the agony that preceded and accompanied the simple event? The father and mother were disquieted beyond the reach of consolation, though proud enough, in a silent way, that their son had been thus honoured by a man whom they regarded as a kind of denominational god. I started from Newcastle-

upon-Tyne at a quarter past five in the morning in the parliamentary train, and arrived at King's Cross between seven and eight in the evening. How impossibly young and impressionable I was at that far-off time! Not one impression has faded. If I might make note of one above all others, it would be the indescribable moment when, just before the train started, my father put three hard-earned sovereigns into my hand. Immediately before the starting-whistle sounded I put out my hand for a final shake, and in the act of doing so I secretly returned half the money, and thus I landed in the metropolis of the empire with thirty shillings at my disposal! It was not much, but it was enough, more than enough, better than enough,—it was gold of the heart—treasure full of tears and love and sacrifice. I could tremble for young men who know nothing of the value of money. Perhaps I know it too well. I never had a penny that I did not work for. My critics have bestowed many epithets upon me, but I am not aware that the severest of them ever called me an idle man; it is therefore to industry that I owe every book on my shelf and every loaf in my cupboard. And industry, I secretly resolved, should return the thirty shillings with com-

pound interest. But how? When? The tale of my life will duly tell.

On my twenty-second birthday (April 9th, 1852)—how far off it seems this morning!—I found myself in Whitefield's Tabernacle, face to face with its redoubtable editor-minister, whose throat had (for me) providentially failed, and who therefore added an editorship to his pastorate, generously dividing his pastoral income with his young assistant. He does not bulk so largely in my imagination now, but no one can have any idea how great was the denominational influence then wielded by the ex-blacksmith, John Campbell. He seemed to be the totalised denomination! My father had taken in his magazines from the first—in fact, I have a bound volume of one of them in my study at this moment. I thought as I sat in the editor's dining-room on that memorable April night that I had never seen so imposing a personality. Behind that huge nose (quite as Roman as Wellington's) were battles and storms and manifold omens of power. The small, sunken grey eyes, under the thick thatch of his eyebrows, were active and penetrating. The wide, firm mouth was shut like an oven door. The voice was low,

woolly, and judicial. I found the great man kind and genial. He asked me what my first text was to be, and what subject I would take in the evening, and then, to my alarm, suggested that I should change the order of the topics, and finally announced that he would himself take the devotional part of the services. Once more things began to swim round and round. Remember, I was but twenty-two, and had probably never before been more than thirty miles out of my native town. Looking back upon the event is one thing, but realising it at the moment of agony was another. The centre of gravity was changed; Time took upon itself the complexion of Eternity; the first Tabernacle was again shadowing the hot sand, and a new Moses was looking out of its canvas door. (By the way, this is a happier allusion than I had at first supposed, for a favourite riddle in Dissenting circles was, "What is the difference between Moses and Campbell?" the answer being, "Moses made a Tabernacle in the wilderness, and Campbell made a wilderness in the Tabernacle.") From my rural environment to this metropolitan opportunity, what a transition and what a contrast! Think of it! The Tabernacle! Whitefield's Tabernacle! An enclosed wilderness! The

birthplace of my life-long ministry! The importance of the occasion acquires a new significance when I remember that at the very moment of writing these lines I have received an invitation, after a lapse of forty-six years, to lay the foundation-stone of Whitefield's Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, and the stone which I am invited to lay is none other than the identical stone which Whitefield himself laid more than a hundred years ago! Do events move in circles? Is not the stiff, straight line, the rigid perpendicular itself, without losing its hold upon the rock of prose, constantly moving up towards blossoming and poetry and lilywork? The universe is itself a circle on which the Eternal is enthroned.

Having fulfilled my three weeks' engagement, my senior asked me to continue my ministry from time to time until we could see how events would shape themselves. Two or three distinguished ministers had been invited to hear me preach and to consider my case, as being in some respects unique, with the result that they unanimously agreed with John Campbell that there was absolutely no need for me to go through any preparatory

course at one of our denominational colleges. I was advised to go through an abbreviated course of study at University College, London, and there, under a very bewildering lectureship, I studied mental and moral philosophy and formal logic. Bewildering, I must say (though to better pupils the lectureship may have been alike definite and brilliant); but when it came to writing Aristotle on the blackboard in Greek characters, Dr. John Hoppus showed, notwithstanding his large brown wig, that even Greek could be written legibly. I never saw Greek written in that artistic fashion before. My shorthand notes of this professor's learned lectures are in my study to-day, and are often looked at with curious interest. I may add that there was a link between Dr. Hoppus and myself of which he knew nothing, for the Doctor was a humble Sunday-school or Bible-class teacher in Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, when I was the junior minister at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Moorfields; not only so, I have preached to Dr. Hoppus at the former Tabernacle under the self-deceiving impression that he would not recognise in me the slowest and stupidest of his students. When I was ordained at Banbury I invited Dr. Hoppus to deliver the charge to the young minister,

which he would gladly have done but for the claims of his professorial duties. Dr. Hoppus was an enlarged and glorified edition of my third schoolmaster.

In this way I passed into the Christian ministry, and took my place amongst such men as Richard Watson, Jabez Bunting, Adam Clark, Morley Punshon, Thomas Scott, Richard Baxter, Andrew Fuller, Thomas Lynch, Robert Vaughan, and C. H. Spurgeon. If my brethren thus named were as satisfied with me as I was satisfied with them, our relationship must be accounted most happy and satisfactory. All my life long I had been training for the ministry: I had never been trained for anything else. When, therefore, young men refer to me as one who has made progress without the aid of denominational college training, they must remember that for twenty-two years I was undergoing special training of a still larger kind. On these matters men must adopt their own conclusions and work according to their own opportunities. There should be no alienation or bitterness as amongst the various grades of ministers. We are the servants of one Master, and should be animated by a common inspiration.

My career at the Tabernacle was vitally educational. I had the advantage of the most experienced pastoral oversight; I read historically and theologically under the direction of my most sagacious leader; at his bidding and under his advice I paid all his pastoral visits; he introduced me to various public and influential men; he heard me read my two sermons for the following Sunday every Saturday night, and then commended me to God in very rich and pathetic supplication. He sent me at one time as many as sixty volumes bearing upon the work of the ministry and the exposition of the divine Word. Long years after I contributed many articles to the publications which he edited, and in his closing years he sent me his last book, bearing the inscription:

"From the Author to Dr. Joseph Parker.
A Small Token of great esteem."

We had our conflicts and differences, but it is only fair to say that Dr. Campbell frankly admitted that he had made great mistakes. That our final relation was even happier than our first may be inferred from the fact that in the last letter which I received from him occur the romantic words, "I expect you and

your companion gem to dine with me" on such and such a day. Dr. Campbell had great faults and great excellences. As to his large intellectual capacity there could be no manner of doubt, and as to his deep evangelical convictions I have no shadow of misgiving; and for my own part it would be unpardonable to forget that he directed my opening ministry and comforted me in my first endeavours by many a generous benediction.

CHAPTER V

INNER LIFE

AT this moment I am writing in the Valley of Chamounix, and from my window I can see Mont Blanc, among whose silent fields of ice and snow I could surely find the solitude for which my heart pines, in view of attempting to tell something of that heart's life and faith. They are poor reminiscences that are confined to the limited and external. If I were to pass in silence what I may call the history of my soul, I should feel that I had been ungrateful to the providence of God and unfaithful to the inspirations which have formed and sustained my ministry during all the years of its course.

Eternal Spirit! help me now to tell how it was that I decided to give my whole life to the side of things best expressed by the name

of Christ and by the triumphant sorrow of His Cross.

I cannot remember the time when I did not in some degree know the love of God's only Son. From a child I knew the Holy Scripture, for it was the book most read in our house ; from a child, also, though sinning oft and sinning deeply, I have known somewhat of tender spiritual experience. From my earliest recollection I have found supreme delight in prayer—prayer in that large sense which implies intimate and continuous communion with God. From the beginning until now my highest joy has been in solitary companionship with the Eternal Spirit, my very heart going out after Him with ardent and tender desire. I remember the Sunday night when, walking with my father and a most intelligent Sunday-school teacher, I declared my love to Christ and asked Him to take my child heart into His own gracious keeping. The whole scene is ever before me. The two men, father and teacher, explained to me what they knew of the power and the grace of Christ, and by many loving words they tempted my tongue into its first audible expression of religious thought and feeling. It was a summer evening, according to the reckoning of the

calendar, but according to a higher calendar, it was in very deed a Sunday morning, through whose white light and emblematic dew and stir of awakening life I saw the gates of the Kingdom and the Face of the King.

From first to last I have enjoyed the consciousness of thorough steadfastness of faith in relation to the holy verities of the Christian religion. I have, like other growing and struggling men, had my fears and doubts, my momentary hesitations and scepticisms, my misgivings and periods of self-examination; but my central faith in the Triune God, in the Atonement of Christ, in the Deity of the Holy Spirit, in the immortality of the soul, in the inspiration and authority of Holy Scripture has never for a moment been shaken. These are the green pastures and these the still waters by which my soul has been nourished. In 1867 I wrote "Ecce Deus," in which I avowed my faith in the deity of the Son of God, and now in 1898 I repeat every word of that book with gratitude and unction. In 1874 I wrote "The Paraclete," an Essay on the Personality and Deity of the Holy Spirit, and on reading it in 1898 I subscribe it alike with hand and heart. I have never had so much as one momentary

doubt as to the Deity of Jesus of Nazareth. That holy certainty has kept all the other articles of faith in their proper place. Mine has been a ministry founded upon the conception of a Triune Deity,—a mystery not to be explained in sufficing words, but to be felt more and more as the largeness of human life and the depths of spiritual experience have been more and more fully realised. My relation to the Bible has never changed. That God has spoken to man is to me an unchangeable certainty, and that He has spoken more definitely and more authoritatively in the Bible than elsewhere is a conviction which never lapses. I early came to see that I have not to invent a Bible, but to read one; that I have not to fabricate a Gospel out of my own religious consciousness, but to preach a Gospel personified in Christ and written in the four narratives of His life. But for these central convictions my reminiscences would have to take a very different turn. They would have to record hesitations, doubts, speculations, intellectual adventures, and spiritual nightmares. Here and there I will now touch upon some of the chief points of my ministry, only protecting myself by the reservation that I make no attempt at a complete theological statement.

Personally I have accepted what is known as the Evangelical interpretation of the Gospel, because I believe that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, as evangelically interpreted, answers more questions, satisfies more aspirations, responds to more necessities, and supplies better motives for service than any other conception of the Kingdom of God.

That is my position. I am too well aware that there are special intellectual moods which can dispense with what is familiarly known as the Gospel of salvation by grace. But they are intellectual moods only; they are not moods of the whole man. No one mood can represent the totality of a complex nature. It is to my mind the very glory of the Evangelical conception of Christ's person and doctrine that it is equally strong at every point in dealing with the whole circuit of human necessity and aspiration. We do injustice to ourselves, as well as to the doctrine of Christ, by remitting the decision to any one faculty or any one separated set of faculties. The spiritual Christ is not to be tried at the bar of any one Pilate. He must be examined, cross-examined, impeached, defended, suspected, trusted by an infinitely larger and truer

criticism. Then, and not until then, can a competent verdict be returned. Pure reason is not sufficient, because the acutest feelings are vitally and deeply involved; nor is feeling sufficient, because reason is called to answer the greatest challenges ever addressed to finite understanding. Historical fact is too limited a basis, because the atmosphere is of as much importance as the literal event; and, on the other hand, imagination itself is too vague, unless it recognise and appreciate the divinely constructed framework of history. The spiritual Christ must be judged by the whole court of judges; and, thus taken in His totality, I repeat, He will answer more questions, satisfy more aspirations, respond to more necessities, and supply truer motives for service than any man who has ever claimed the supremacy of the ages.

I am aware that in receiving the Christ of the New Testament I am committing myself to the doctrine of what is called the supernatural. I object to the word. It is not in the New Testament. Christ never used it. The apostles never used it. Who invented the word "supernatural"? The New Testament word is "spiritual" as opposed

to "natural." That word we are bound to accept. On certain conditions we might occasionally use the word supernatural, but about all these toy-words we must be wisely cautious. Men invent such indiarubber substantives as secularism, socialism, agnosticism, positivism, altruism, and then challenge the pulpit to define its relation to them. The pulpit has a higher work to do. The Gospel has its own secularism, its own altruism, its own agnosticism; and if it stop to notice and rebuke vicious definitions, it only does so on its way to constructive and beneficent issues. The Gospel is a kingdom, not a conundrum. Yet, though we do not adopt the word "supernatural," we do not shrink from the use of all its best meanings and implications. The spiritual Christ is to us not a creature of time and space. He was slain from before the foundation of the world. Before man sinned, Christ atoned. The crimson of His blood gives a living hue to all form, all history, all character. But if we took a lower and commoner ground, we should plead that it is more modest to accept the supernatural than to reject it. To deny that there is anything beyond what we call nature—who is sufficient for this infinite

impertinence? What have we seen? What do we know? John Foster says that before a man can deny the existence of God he must have been everywhere, for in the place where he has not been God may dwell. It ought not to be difficult for any of us to believe that the supernatural is at least possible. Even arithmetic contemplates numbers for which it has no names. Even space enlarges itself beyond all our lines of measurement and drives us to the use of symbols. Even time adds age to age, millennium to millennium, until fancy is bewildered and overborne. In all directions the Known passes into the Unknown; and Unknowableness itself, wisely approached, constrains many minds not to a barren and dumb agnosticism, but at least to reverence, to wonder, and to expectation.

I believe that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary. I believe that He was begotten by the Holy Ghost. I do not idealise the birth of my Saviour. I believe the angel:

> "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

When, with Mary herself, I contend with the angel, and set my poor reason against his overpowering revelation, he gives me a reply which even reason itself can accept, in the gracious words :

"For with God nothing shall be impossible" (LUKE i. 37).

In whatever aspect we regard the incarnation of our Lord we cannot escape the presence and influence of mystery. From my own point of view, however, even reason should be more satisfied by the Evangelical view than by any other. This view carries back the whole mystery to God, and does so not in this case only, but over the whole area and movement of human history, as if all things were penetrated and ruled by a spiritual personality.

> "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "Abraham staggered not at the promises of God through unbelief." "Ah, Lord God! behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee!"

Our amazement or incredulity may be only a sign of our ignorance and littleness.

> "If it be marvellous in the eyes of the remnant of this people in these days, should it also be marvellous in Mine eyes? saith the Lord of hosts." "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."

Thus in the Evangelical conception, everything is carried backwards and forwards to God, who is the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End, the Reason of all things and Cause; and being such, I hold that the Evangelical conception can answer more questions, satisfy more aspirations, respond to more necessities, and supply better motives for service than any other theological conception that has sought the confidence of human reason.

The Virgin-motherhood of Christ invests His incarnation with those elements and features of grace and power, and spiritual fulness and competency, which constitute at once the majesty of His character and the security of His salvation. He who would make others immortal must himself be eternal. Yet he must at some point vitally

touch the alien race he would redeem; he must be in it, part of it, warmed by its blood, assailed by its temptations, smitten by its sorrow, chilled by its disappointments—yet, whilst receiving sinners and eating with them, being "separate" from them not by mechanical distance of superiority, but by the essential distance of Deity. His very words constitute a new language. The old words burn with new meanings. The words which Christ used as vital to the revelation of His meaning never change, cannot change, take no part in the mutations of etymology or the new settings of phraseography. Hear them, for they carry their own proof: God, Love, Truth, Peace, Rest, Bread, Water, Life, Light; those words stand for ever; they are original; all others are derivative, tentative, verbal grass that to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. The Virgin-motherhood —the miracle of the Holy Ghost—accounts for these words and all their relations and issues. We speak of the Holy Ghost as the gift of Christ, but there is also a sense in which Christ is the gift of the Holy Ghost. We must not depose the Spirit if we would read aright the messages of Christ. They are full of God, full of eternity, full of heaven. We must not be affrighted by the Fatherhood

of the Holy Ghost. It brings Him, as it were, visibly into the tragedy and agony of the human race; yes, visibly, for "he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; he that knoweth the Son knoweth the Father; I and My Father are one"—a sequence that would be blasphemy were it not established and glorified in eternity. If the Virgin-motherhood is true, all other miracles sink into comparative commonplace. It asserts the supremacy of the spiritual. It puts God in His just relation to the human race. Out of the dust, the flesh, the earth He moulded the Second Adam as He moulded the first. It is an undisturbed and argumentative continuity; it is a personality which heaven cannot contain; a stoop which amazes earth by its lowliness. And because of this, in all the wonder of its grace and all the loving solicitude of its anxiety, it is true that the Evangelical conception answers more questions, satisfies more aspirations, responds to more necessities, and supplies better motives for service than any other faith that aspires to rule the human mind.

The twofold nature of Christ—typified by the Virgin-motherhood — characterises the whole teaching and empire of the incarnation.

The twofoldness was not once for all, as in the memorable nativity of Bethlehem: it followed Him every day of His life; it coloured every word of His ministry; it revealed the glory, as well as the goodness, of every mighty sign. It trembled into speech in the anguish of the Cross. Everything Christ did was explicitly twofold, as was His personality. The dream-ladder, with its foot upon the earth and its head lost in the light, exactly represents the personality and teaching of Jesus Christ. The foot of the ladder, the beginning of the teaching, was always on the earth—always accessible, always strong in reason, always in accord with experience, always illustrated by daily life; whilst the head of the ladder, the full reach and glory of the teaching, went up into heaven, whence it came, the sublimest mystery of thought, the final point in aspiration. Neither the foot of the emblematic ladder nor its head must be regarded alone: in the one case we should be rationalists, earthlings, patrons; in the other case we might be mystics, sentimentalists, dreamers,—the ladder is one; the argument as well as the person is Immanuel, God with us. Thus we proceed from the Known to the Unknown, from the dark earth to the bright heaven.

The Evangelical preacher occupies no limited relation to human life and discipline. His subject is great, therefore he has no reason for being little himself. When I use the word discipline, I use a word which is strictly Evangelical. Discipline is the severest test of orthodoxy. It must be so if we look at the discipline to which Christ subjected all His disciples. His gate is strait and His road is narrow; the Cross is the badge of discipleship; right hand and right eye are to be nothing accounted of if they block the soul's way; "to-morrow" is to be protected from the ravages of anxiety; food and raiment shrink behind the claims of life and love; father and mother must not divide our Christ-loyalty. How different is all this from the notion that Evangelical doctrine is but a tender and slumbrous sentiment! It is an agony, a suicide, a crucifixion, an obliteration! The Christian has no will; he has, by the Spirit of God, willed to have no will; he has surrendered his will to Christ. The Christian has denied himself, renounced himself, parted from himself; he is dead to himself; he has no vanity to be offended, no pride to be abased, no self-pretence to be quenched. Yet there are Christians who are vain, proud, self-

considering—no, no, ten thousand thousand noes!—they are not Christians, they are the deadliest enemies of the Cross. What, then, am I never to be offended? Never. Am I not to cultivate the spirit of resentment? Never. Am I not to render evil for evil? Never. How often have I to forgive my brother? As often as he offends me. But is not this more than human nature can bear? It is. Yes, yes! it is, it is! But to no such miracle is human nature called. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It is too much for me; but my Lord can fill up the measure of my defect and glorify Himself in mine infirmity.

The discipline of Christianity proves the truth of Christianity. Do you think you are a Christian because you believe in the Trinity? Then how self-deceived you are! Christianity is holiness, purity, sanctification, loveliness of soul! Christianity is Christliness, Christlikeness. Christianity is not merely a scheme of doctrines, not merely a soothing and lulling contemplation: it is mortified flesh, crucified pride, sanctified will. The doctrine is no longer apart from the discipline, and the discipline is impossile apart from the doctrine, and the doctrine is nothing

apart from the living Christ, and Christ now lives in the power of the Holy Ghost. Because I believe in the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, Three in One, One in Three, I claim to be a Unitarian. Unity is harmonised and co-operative complexity. Unity is not loneliness. They who deny the Deity of the Saviour are not Unitarians, they are Solitarians; they know not the music, the peace, the rapture of unity.

The discipline which penetrates and rules all the springs of conduct has an effect equally direct and severe over the life intellectual. Christianity cannot tolerate mental indolence. It is important to notice this, because of the popular delusion that to be Evangelical in doctrine is to be feeble and outworn in mind. It is supposed that heresy alone is modern, original, progressive. Heterodoxy can sell its books. Orthodoxy can only advertise its sermons. This ought not to be so. Taken as an intellectual conception, nothing can be sublimer than the Evangelical faith: its God, its Trinity, its views of sin, its Cross, its mystery and glory of Blood, its spiritual revelation, its spirit of righteousness and consolation, its day of Judgment, its eternal life, its ever-

lasting punishment, and its final dominion over the total universe are not ideas that can be grasped by incompetence or lassitude of mind. Intellect can only realise every dimension of its magnitude or every pulse of its energy in the society and service of Him who is the Light of the World.

Where we find our doctrine and our discipline we also find our socialism. The socialism of Christ is universal. That distinguishes it from the alabaster altruism of parochial selfishness. Evangelical socialism says: "Preach the Gospel to every creature; teach all nations; God hath made of one blood all nations of men; God is no respecter of persons; in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him; there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? To us there is but one God . . . and one Lord Jesus Christ." If that is socialism I am in favour of it; it is world-wide, man-including, international, cosmopolitan,—big as the heart of God.

But there is another socialism which I

reprobate with indignation. It is the socialism that works for classes and cliques and clubs and petty local interests, whatever may become of the rest of the world. We can never be truly patriotic until we are truly cosmopolitan. For true cosmopolitanism we are indebted to the Evangelical faith—the only faith on whose banner may be read

> "every creature," "all nations,"
> "one blood," "one Father."

On that crimson banner I do not read,

> "England for the English,"
> "No Irish need apply," "Let the Armenians take care of themselves," "No intervention,"
> "Foreigners not admitted,"—

these are written on the black flag of the devil, not on the blood-red banner of Christ.

The Evangelical creed penetrates the individual soul, penetrates the life of states, and penetrates the genius of organised civilisation. It is the greatest of creeds—generous as the sun, inflexible as the geometric square, vast and tender as the love of God. This is the true Christian socialism.

But there is a socialism that is not Christian. There is a devil's creed that would boycott and starve a man if he claimed the independence and liberty of a man,—a creed that would drive the Chinaman out of California because he can work skilfully and live without wasting his wages,—a creed that would drive out the German clerk, the French artisan, the Italian waiter, because they can beat the English on English ground. That is not Evangelical socialism. Evangelical socialism would stir us to noble and generous emulation, saying to each country: "Work so well that no other country can compete with you"; "The palm be his who wins it"; "See that no man take thy crown." The object of Evangelical socialism is to get rid of the word "foreigner." It is a carnal word; it is stained with sin; the brand of Cain is upon it. In every sense, personal, social, political, we are to be "no more strangers and foreigners"; we are to be loving children in our Father's household. Every anti-Christian socialism is organised selfishness, and should only be named in the pulpit to be denounced and damned.

I have no intention, after fifty years' ministerial service, to give up the old Evan-

gelicalism. Before giving it up we ought at least to be just to it. Remember that the men who gave us the framework within which we conduct our ministry were believers in doctrines which constrained them to largeness and strenuousness of service. They believed that the Bible was the Word of God; they believed that men who died impenitently went away into everlasting punishment; they believed that Christ made an atonement for the sin of the whole world. These may be old-fashioned doctrines, but they created missionary societies, Sunday schools, hospitals, orphanages, and refuges for penitence; they gave every child a new value, every father a new responsibility, every mother a new hope, and constituted human society into a new conscience and a new trust. We cannot first sneer at the doctrine and then claim its infinite beneficence, nor can we borrow its socialism that we may quench its inspiration. Let us be very careful how we give up trees that have borne such fruit, and in whose leaves there has been such healing.

There is a preaching that is not Evangelical, and I fear lest it should creep unawares into nominally Evangelical pulpits. I honour

the Unitarian who takes the consequences of his own convictions, for he is undoubtedly honest; but I dread the knavery that takes Evangelical money and preaches Unitarian doctrine. There is a preaching that is negative, unsettling, destructive, full of untested theories and useless speculations and windy vanities. It is common to say that the blessing of God does not rest on such preaching, but I want to say that the blessing of man does not rest upon it. That is clearly shown by dwindling congregations and every other sign of indifference or even resentment. We need not say God does not bless it. Man himself will not have it. In such preaching there is nothing for him. In such husks the soul can find no satisfaction. The Evangelical faith, on the other hand, can say:

> "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a

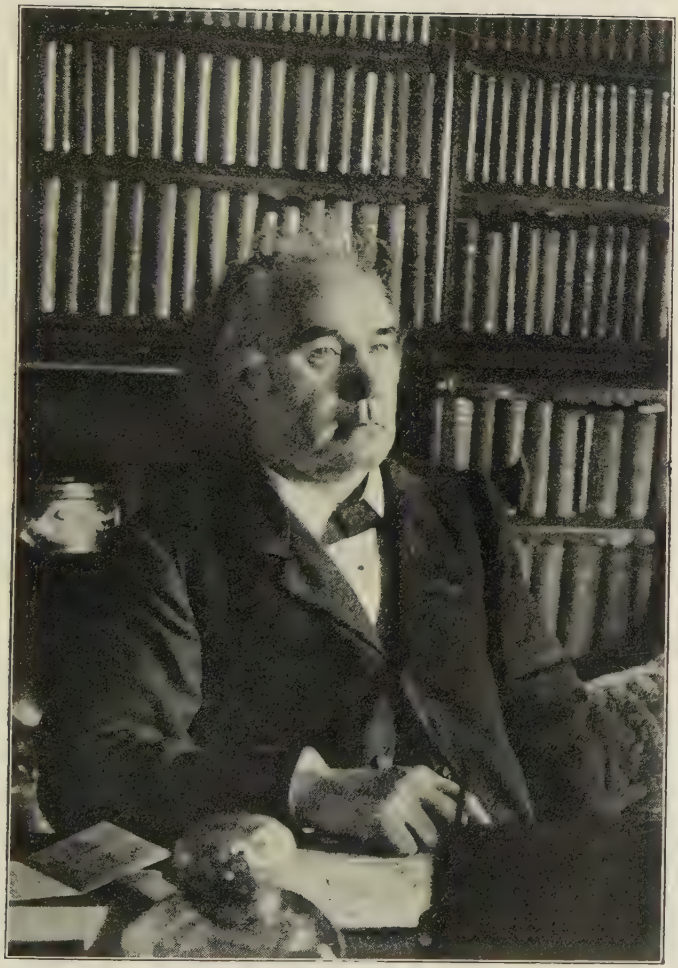
> robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."

That is the Evangelical faith when it fills and nerves the soul. What wonder, then, that broken-hearted and hopeless lives, and groaning captives, hearing of it and its messengers, should exclaim: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation," and that crieth to the whole lost world, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That is what is done by Evangelical preaching, and by Evangelical preaching alone; and because the Evangelical doctrine takes this wide sweep, penetrates life's inmost recesses, heals the soul's deadliest diseases, I boldly and lovingly claim for Evangelical doctrine that it answers more questions, satisfies more aspirations, responds to more necessities, and supplies better motives for service than any other doctrine that invites the confidence of man.

Never let us hold any faith which we are afraid to cross-examine under all the new and brighter lights which are said to come with the progress of education and intellectual freedom. Our faith must not be a mere antiquity, that is venerated simply because of its age: if it is worth keeping it is only because it is a present power—greater than anything that is around us, dealing directly with the whole mystery and outlook of life, subduing and chastening all things, and lifting them up to their right use and influence; it must be the one thing in which all other things cohere, and without which the whole fabric of life would be shaken down. Our faith is no faith at all, in any vital and saving sense, if it require to be kept from the cold, nursed, screened, and spared from all roughness of weather and friction: that is not faith. Whatever it is, there can be no doubt as to its utter uselessness in a life so varied, so mysterious, so guilty, so sublime in its possibilities as ours. We ought to know whether our faith can stand the wear and tear of daily life, whether it can answer the deepest questions of human reverence, or can only exact homage on the ground of a supernatural dumbness which holds the imagination in terror. We must not be afraid of our faith;

we must find out by every method open to responsible minds whether it can walk with the footmen and run with the horsemen of the age, and then, leaving all footmen and horsemen far behind,—weary and afraid,—can advance with noble mien, with a sovereignty which the soul instinctively adores, to rule the swellings of Jordan into infinite peace. Footmen and horsemen there be many, and for a time they seem to be able to do all the business of life's short road, but when they come within the sound of the rushing waters,—rivers that plunge into depths unknown, torrents that cannot pause to tell their secret,—they turn away in weakness and in much fear. I want a faith to which the darkness and the light are both alike,—the four-faced faith, the face of a lion, the face of an eagle, the face of a cherub, and the face of a man; I want a faith that can resist, with infinite reason, "the spear, the dart, and the habergeon, that esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood" (Job xli. 26, 27),—a faith akin to my soul, and that speaks a language I seem to have heard in some other world. What, then, is this thing called the Christian faith? Of what stuff is it made? What right has it to a place in the thinking of the nineteenth century? Is there any man-making nutriment in its

doctrine? Is it the terror of reason or its inspiration? Is it a little priest-guarded prison which bars in the reluctant mind, or is it an open firmament full of great lights and warm with heavenly summer? I for one am prepared to give it up if these questions cannot be satisfactorily answered—nay, if I cannot find the answer in the complete peace and sacred joy of my own heart. If my faith be outside of me, a ghostly haze in the air, it is but a superstition; it must be in me, part of me—yea, my very soul, my truest, holiest self. We cannot live completely and robustly in some other man's faith. Do, then, let us be strong at the centre of conviction, for weakness there is ruin in the whole exterior of the circle, and not only ruin in the matter of direct and useful action in general society, but the deeper ruin of the soul itself in continually taxing its ingenuity to reconcile its secret unbelief with its public dogmatism, in driving it to find in vocal emphasis what is wanting in spiritual certitude, and in scourging it to invent casuistries which may mitigate the vulgarity, but never lessen the sin of systematic falsehood. We bear the Christian name, we take wages for preaching the Christian Gospel, we expel men with whom we once held Christian fellowship, we appear unto men



Dr. Parker.

to be Christians,—but what are we when we enter our closet, and shut the door, and look into the never-spoken secret of the heart? "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." My ever-recurring question, forced upon me by the spirit of the age, is, How much are we to give up? It is possible that we may have to give up some things which we ought never to have cared for, and possible that we may have to exchange old words for new ones; but it is about a very different kind of surrender that I am concerned. Not that I view even the change of terms without some measure of anxiety, because the custom of change may establish itself before we are alive to the progress it has made, and because the spirit of change is so subtle that it only tempts the soul to do the next easy thing, and not to assail the whole line of faith and action at once. Meanwhile I am concerned about those innermost convictions which make us Christians, and those special inspirations which make us preachers. Christian faith is unchanged amidst all the change of human speech; and it may be partly because we do not recognise the fact that there is a providence of language, as part of the larger providence of civilisation, that we have allowed the Christian cause to be

dragged through many a controversy of useless words, instead of allowing its divine vitality to pass into all new and ampler forms of human intercourse. Possibly we may have been more anxious about the formal creed than about the spiritual faith, and have imagined that we could do by grammar what can only be done by prayer. The fact that the Faith was "once delivered unto the saints" is an infinitely larger fact than we suppose if we confine its expression to one series of forms and symbols. The faith could be delivered only "once" unto the saints; the "once" is not an assignable point of what we call time, —"a figure on a dial plate,"—but a spiritual necessity, because relating to an indivisible and immutable trust. Life was "once delivered" unto man. Reason was "once delivered" unto man. We, as Christians, and as Christian teachers, will save ourselves no small anxiety by remembering that the once-delivered faith is no more endangered by the enlargement of lexicons and grammars than the moral purpose of life is impaired by climate, or the supremacy of conscience is modified by custom or language. What is this once-delivered faith? What is this eternal Christian fact? There must be something in it: it has counted the centuries up to

nineteen; shall it go on counting and claiming all the centuries yet to come? We are entangled by it. The prosaic man unwittingly dates his letters from "the time that the star appeared in the east"; the agnostic keeps his day-books and ledgers by reckonings starting from the Bethlehem he ignores; our letters of friendship, our vows of love, our imperial edicts, our family records are dated from the time "when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king." The nineteen centuries are so many tributes to the power that created them. What, then, are we to do with the ideas which gather around this Christ,—not quiescent ideas, such as are found in mythologies and superstitions which are satisfied with the formal homage of contemplation, but energetic ideas, demanding the gold and myrrh and frankincense of complete and absolute consecration? Do let us be positive in our attitude; let our surrender or devotion be thorough. Christ can do better without us than with us if our allegiance be hesitant. His half-hearted friends are His difficulty; as for His enemies, He can break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Even Christ is nothing to us, in our

Evangelical thought and worship, but for the fulness of the Godhead that dwells in Him. We should strive after such conceptions of God as will humble the very intellect to which we ignorantly ascribe their origin. We ourselves are lost when we have lost the living awe, the trembling reverence which a vivid consciousness of God never fails to realise. Herein, too, is a saying true which is often narrowed and impoverished in its applications: "Them that honour Me I will honour." It is unquestionably of vital importance that every congregation should have large and clear teaching concerning the person and work of Christ, and in my judgment it is quite as important that we should be filled with an appalling sense of God's personality and presence,—a realisation which makes us silent, —so awful in spiritual grandeur that even Moses might say, "I exceedingly fear and quake"; so near that even Jacob might exclaim, "This is the gate of heaven"; so bright that even Paul, in referring to it years after its lustre had blinded him, might truly describe it as "the glory of that light." This noble and holy reverence would make intellectual flippancy impossible, and create an earnestness worthy of the altar which we serve, and so purge even our lawful

inquiries of every taint of intellectual conceit as to turn our questions into prayers. We must not be afraid, or ashamed even, of true Deism. It is irrational, not merely sentimental, to poetise the moon and ignore the sun which she modestly reflects. What is God to us? Does He live? Is He only an aggregation of sublime epithets? Or, do we live and move and have our being in Him? Do not let us trouble the mind with vain endeavours to define God; on the contrary, let us guard the mind against what may too narrowly be described as "intelligent conceptions" of God, for thereby we may not lift up our intelligence to God, but drag down God to our intelligence, and so become our own idolators. To think that it is in our power to think of God is to come under the influence of what may, without infinite watchfulness of the heart, become the most insidious temptation that can assail the human mind. The most intelligent conception of God would seem to me to be that God cannot be intellectually conceived. We feel after Him. He is recognised by the heart. Whenever He comes within the lines of Reason it is by a condescension so complete as almost of necessity to mislead Reason, as if the dewdrop should suppose it holds the sun which it only

reflects. We bow down before God. We cannot see God and live. God is great and we know Him not. A wonderful thing it was for any mind, supposing it to be but a finite thought, to introduce the word "GOD" into human speech. If we could think ourselves out of our familiarities back to beginnings, we should find in the introduction of this word something like a miracle in language. Once uttered, once written, it is immediately recognised as the word which the ages have been waiting for, and the mind is apt to imagine that it always knew the word, and that the word is part and parcel of its own quality,—a kind of ingratitude not unknown even in strictly human education and intercourse. Yet once suggested (we should say revealed), how strong are the commendations it brings with it! Truly, things do look as if they might have been brought about by a personal and sovereign Mind: they are so wonderfully made, so balanced, so rounded, so interdependent; so huge, yet so safe; so small, yet each cared for and fed as if it were an only child; so long-continued, too, age after age, that time has no more dial space to write figures upon that will tell all the tale of duration. Yes; now that some one has put into the mind the idea of God, we

cannot get rid of it. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Reason is not humbled by this confession, but ennobled by it. Reason itself says, "It must be so!" Reason takes off its sandals and lays down its crook, saying, "Surely this is holy ground!" Reason is a worshipper. Reason has seen space, and inferred the infinite; Reason has seen duration, and inferred the eternal; a voice has whispered into the ear of Reason the mysterious word "God," and Reason cannot silence the solemn music. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," but the world has not accepted the fool's speech. Crime has endeavoured to upset Law, yet is there infinite quietness in the order of creation. The heathen have raged and the people imagined a vain thing, yet has their rage died like a wind, and their pride been broken as a potter's vessel. Here, then, we stand. We accept the idea—GOD. We did not create it, we have tried to destroy it, yet there it is—a great light, a solemn darkness, a temple of mystery, a deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

I repeat that these great doctrines, espoused

with the absolute consent of mind and heart, have been to me as an inviolable sanctuary amid all the stress and tumult of theological upheaval and transition. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." I should account myself unfaithful and ungrateful if I could write my biography and leave out the very pith and blood of the story. I make no apology for the insertion of these personal spiritual experiences: they have ruled my whole life; they have been the comfort of my soul; they have been the stay and the inspiration of my ministry. I have companied with Him of Nazareth and Calvary in all holiest and tenderest love—love passing the love of women, ardent like an altar flame. I have never allowed my Lord to come within the lines of mere criticism. Does a man put up his wife for a bid in the market-place of impertinent opinion? Will a man allow cold criticism to vivisect the mother who bore him? As are some hallowed persons upon whom we will not allow unfriendly opinion to be passed, it is even so, only in infinitely higher degree, with the Lord who

on the cross bought me with His blood. I ask no man's mere opinion about Him. I will not listen to changeable, pedantic, self-satisfied opinion about my Redeemer, nor will I allow capricious opinion to put on and take off His royal crown just as fickle moods may come and go. I will gratefully listen to loyalty, to reverence, to passionate adoration, to simple and tremulous worship, but not to bluster, or to the garrulous conceit of intellectual vanity. Christ is not a picture to be admired; He is a Saviour to be trusted and served. Christ is not a problem to be intellectually solved; He is a Priest, a Days-man who can lay His hand upon God and the sinner—separated by an infinite diameter—and make them one by the power of His reconciling blood.

> My blessed One! Ever-adorable, infinite in strength and grace! Thou hast in Thine own way made me a minister of Thine, and set upon me the warm red seal which covers my whole heart. Daily let me kiss the five wounds borne for me in "death's agony"; daily show me Thy hands and Thy feet; daily let me shelter in the sanctuary cut for me in Thy

quivering side by man's cruel spear. Now that old age is creeping on, and the prick of the sickle is being felt on the outer edges of the standing corn, I would praise the Lord with loftier ecstasy and devote myself to His service with fonder love. How could I tell the story of my life and omit from my pages the wonders of His grace? Why sacrifice my gratitude on the altar of a spurious modesty? Be this the brightest of my reminiscences,—the only reminiscence worth preserving,—that the Anointed of God, the Christ whose atonement belongs to the eternities, so revealed Himself to my sin and my need in life's dark and troubled night, that I cried out with heartfelt thankfulness, "My Lord and my God," and then saw the Morning that cannot be imagined, and received the Peace that cannot be perturbed.

CHAPTER VI

HERESIES AND HERETICS

THOUGH my personal faith, as set out in the foregoing general indications of doctrine, is so intensely Evangelical, yet I have not been able to take a harsh view of speculative heresy in the case of certain honoured brethren whose minds have been more active and more aggressive than my own. Though I have entitled this chapter "Heresies and Heretics," I think we cannot be too discriminating in our application of these terms of stigma and discredit. Protestantism as well as Popery may have its own infallibility. What self-deifying man is there who can say that he has seen all God's truth, and that having seen it he can express the infinite sum in complete and final terms? What Church is there sufficiently omniscient to put down in words, which are themselves ever changing, the eternal and unchangeable

truths of God? Congregationalists have no creed in the technical and official sense of that term: indeed, they expressly repudiate adhesion to prescribed formularies. I have never subscribed a creed, and I never will. I would not subscribe a creed even of my own drawing up. Theology—in all its most living meanings—must be a personal inspiration if it is to be other than a burden to the mind; that is to say, the holder of it must have proved and tested it for himself, and must have solemnly felt that apart from it he would be without strength and hope in life. Though I would not sign a creed even if drawn up by my own hand, I am free to say that the following thoughts—purposely given in outline—have kept me at my work with a cheerful heart and constant hope amidst all the religious tumults of the time :—

1. Individual human life is too short for the solution of all mysteries. Such solution would, indeed, at once disennoble and disenchant the human mind. Mystery is as educational as Information.

2. The Bible proves its own inspiration by its knowledge of human

nature, its moral sublimity, and its infinite anxiety for the good of mankind.

3. The moral sublimity of the Bible enables me to accept its spiritual mysteries. It is saved from superstition by righteousness. Its Moses necessitates its Christ.

4. The mystery of the Divine Trinity is brought within the region of credibility by the mystery of the tri-unity of every human being. The Trinity of God is a mystery beyond present words, yet with a most holy meaning to the inner and silent consciousness. Reverence must exclude or control controversy.

5. Jesus Christ did something for man which man could not do for himself: He claimed to do this; this claim is wrought into the very tissue and substance of His speech;—He was therefore, at least by so much, more than man. Being more than man, I find no term which so fully and exactly represents Him to my mind

as the term "God." He is God to me. I might intellectually resent the mystery but for the moral sublimity of His character, which protects its possibility and its sanctity.

6. I do not understand the atonement. I humbly accept it because I deeply and unutterably need it. I have seen sin. My guilt and I have met face to face, and I have found in my own heart no answer to the tremendous charge. In the Cross I find what I need. I will not play the philosopher at the Cross. I will pray:

> "This all my hope and all my plea,
> For me the Saviour died."

7. I believe in the immortality of the soul. God created it immortal, but with the power of suicide because with the power of sinning. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." I do not know the meaning of the word "die" in this connection,—its awfulness makes explanation impossible. Intellectual conceit must be crucified when it asks questions which revelation has not answered.

8. I know of no thought or proposal or philosophy which covers so much ground, answers so many moral inquiries, and makes itself so immediately available by human necessity as the Christian faith. These doctrines are fruit trees. These doctrines admit of being spoken in all kinds of words,—words fit for little children, for ignorant minds, for high intelligence, for the weary and them that are ill at ease, and for those who dominate and lead in all the walks of life.

9. I know of nothing which can do human life so much real and lasting good as the religion of Jesus Christ; therefore I preach it with the energy of conviction, not unmingled, I trust, with the joy of experience. As a minister of Christ, I feel that the message with which I am entrusted is a message to the whole world, seasonable through all time, at home in all lands; an infinite message, which so grows upon the mind as to leave the impression that it can never be all delivered.

> Spirit of the living God, let Thy love burn in me "until the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

Within some such outline as this I have found rest and joy, and I heartily believe that it represents no inconsiderable section of what may now be known, in this grey sphere of time, of things ineffable and transcendental. This is not so much a creed as a faith. Much confusion has arisen in the Christian Church by the false supposition that "creed" and "faith" are the same thing. Creed can be expressed in terms—it needs no other help than a dictionary; but faith is a term which has hardly a place in the dictionary at all. Faith may be represented by eternity: creed by clocks and watches, almanacs and registers, and whatever else breaks up duration into measurable particles and pulses. Creed is weather, faith is climate; creed is geographical, faith is astronomical. Creed is a kind of mechanical power; faith is as the mystery and the almightiness of gravitation.

I have never been in favour of persecuting men for their religious and speculative eccentricities. But before holding any

heretic in honour I must know a good deal about the personal character and integrity of the supposed heretic. I have no patience with men who make a kind of holiday and recreation of intellectual infidelity. I regard them as a kind of grim toy-makers—mercers and hucksters in indiarubber dogmas and rubrics. Their vanity can find recognition in no other direction than eccentricity and audacity, and, rather than not be notorious, they are willing to lay the axe at the root of many venerable trees. I take no serious notice of such mountebanks and self-advertisers. It is altogether different with men of high integrity, broad culture, and sensitive conscience, the real seekers of the lost Sangreal. I would not, for example, have prosecuted a man like Dr. Robertson Smith, one of the finest scholars and one of the most reverent men to be found within the most attractive and progressive of modern Churches—the Free Church of Scotland. An awkward man, no doubt, possibly fitful and peevish in temper, perhaps abnormally nervous and excitable, yet a true child of God, and a scholar without many equals. I have discriminatingly read his books with profitable interest, because of their intellectual richness, their lucid and vigorous

English, and their reverent handling of things long regarded as sacred and unchangeable. As a Congregationalist, Dr. Robertson Smith would probably not have been libelled or prosecuted or otherwise specialised as an erratic thinker. This is true of Congregationalism. But Dr. Robertson Smith was not a Congregationalist; he was a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and as such he had given, in some valid and binding form, his assent and consent to certain theological dogmas. The Free Church of Scotland did not prosecute a person; it upheld and defended a creed. That is the point which is often overlooked in criticising the trials and persecutions, so-called, instituted by such organised bodies as Presbyterianism, Anglicanism, and Methodism. Organised bodies naturally have organised creeds. It would be a matter of infinite regret if men could be allowed to sign one creed and to preach another. This has been again and again pointed out in connection with the Church of England, and what is true of one Church is true of all Churches of the same kind. For my own part I do not believe in binding any man to a creed, though it is perfectly right to have a general understanding as to a common faith

National morality requires that a creed should be capable of being grammatically construed. No man can have the liberty of non-committal who has voluntarily made himself part and parcel of a great common doctrine or institution. It is worse than absurd to charge the Free Church of Scotland, or any other organised Church, with narrow-mindedness or love of persecution simply because it feels called upon to defend its own standards and traditions. May a man sign a promissory note to pay a hundred pounds and then claim his liberty to swear away his own signature? Commercial morality itself should suggest at least the propriety of religious consistency. Not even so great a scholar as Dr. Robertson Smith was at liberty to set up his personal convictions against the Church to which he had officially given his signature. The Church would say, "No man can serve two masters: take your liberty, but do not charge us with the responsibility of sanctioning views which we cannot accept; be an Independent if you like, but leave Presbyterianism without any suspicion of falseness to its own creeds." A man cannot be both a Congregationalist and a Presbyterian. The man who has signed a creed does not stand on the same ground

as the man who, for reasons of conscience, has distinctly refused to sign. The Free Church of Scotland does not attempt to prosecute me, simply because I have not given my signature to any creed which that Church is bound to uphold.

But is there no prosecution or persecution amongst Congregationalists? I am afraid to answer this interrogation in the negative. It is perfectly possible that the worst kind of prosecution or persecution may take place in Churches that are not organised. There is a persecution which is of the nature of boycott and ostracism and significant silence. Take, for example, the case of Edward White, who upheld consistently and most ably the doctrine of what was known as "Conditional Immortality." Mr. White was orthodox of the orthodox on every other point of the Evangelical creed; but because he held the doctrine that the soul has no life but in Christ, no immortality but in faith, he was for many a long year subjected to the meanest kind of distrust and boycott. I have letters from him in which he says that no one could form any idea of the persecution to which he was subjected some five-and-thirty years ago. He was not allowed to

enter any Congregational pulpit. He was laughed at and disowned, and yet before he died he was, without modifying a single opinion, Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. In his work entitled "Life in Christ" he makes brief reference to his early sufferings in the cause of his peculiar dogma. In the preface he makes quotations from Dr. Isaac Watts which unequivocally prove that Watts and he held precisely the same doctrine as to the immortality of the soul. Mr. White then says:

> "My reproduction of the same idea was nevertheless assailed on all sides as heresy, and the inevitable penalty for that offence in England has ensued in life-long ecclesiastical experience none the less painful because cheerfully endured in humble trust of the Highest approval. . . . It is inevitable, then, I regret to acknowledge, that even in a tolerant age this work, if regarded at all, should incur at present in many quarters severe reprehension."

When the tide began to turn and men began to offer public honours to him, Mr.

White wrote to me that he could now only be amused with the approbation which had been withheld so long and which had arrived too late. It is not necessary to say whether Mr. White was right or wrong in his conception of a certain doctrine, it is enough to point out that what is called "heresy" can be basely and cruelly persecuted even by bodies which make it a boast that they have no formal creeds. Prosecutions instituted by organised Churches must at all events be conducted in the light of day, and in a spirit of Christian honour; but persecutions in non-organised Churches may be conducted without those restraints and guarantees which are supplied by well-watched organisations. I know of nothing more pitiable in the history of the Christian Church than that men should learn nothing by the persecution and intolerance of earlier ages. Perhaps there is no object of observation more despicable than the attempts which have been made by non-organised Churches to extemporise creeds to meet unlooked-for and pressing emergencies. I remember an illustration in connection with the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Some members of that Union organised a "Conference" in which there was to be a great

deal of freedom and allowance in the adoption and expression of theological opinion. A kind of panic in the Congregational Union followed the institution and action of that Conference. Without following that panic in all its eccentric and foolish development, it will be enough for me to indicate the part that was taken by the brilliant Chairman of the year, the Rev. James Baldwin Brown. Few finer men than Mr. Brown have adorned modern Congregationalism. His intellectual virility, his moral dauntlessness, his heroic self-sacrifice marked him out as one of the true leaders of his Church—a Church which once ignored or despised him. Though Mr. Brown was the Chairman of the year, he could not honestly pass by the excitement of the times without paying special attention to it in his official address. Technically it may be questionable whether the Chairman should have touched upon a keenly disputed question, but Baldwin Brown was never the man to be limited by technicalities when his conscience was thoroughly excited. He denounced the panic. He called for charity. In a word, he was himself. Then came the criticism of those who had a resolution to move in favour of the orthodoxy of the Congregational Union. Many speeches were

delivered. Notably there was a speech by a man of singular spiritual excellence and ministerial efficiency, in which the speaker suggested, in the kindest and most conciliatory spirit, that it was well that a few "guideposts" should be erected in mountainous districts, and especially when there was "a little mist about." The figure of the mountain and mist was hailed with delight by the excited Union; that poetical metaphor was thought, indeed, to settle the matter for ever. There have always been people who have believed in "mists" and "posts," and such people had a high time of it during that memorable noise. The Union clapped and cheered and shouted, and the speaker sat down amidst the customary "loud and long-continued applause." But the unlucky figure was exposed in Mr. Brown's brilliant autumnal address. Never was more splendid reply given to an obvious misuse of pretty but worthless metaphor. "Yes," said Mr. Brown, in effect, "it is perfectly true where the roads are difficult and where there is mist in the air that posts may be of some use, but we must admit that the importance of the posts is infinitely reduced when instead of their aid we enjoy the companionship and the protection of a

Living Guide." Mr. Brown held that the Holy Spirit was the Living Guide of the Church, the promised Guide, the only sufficient Guide, and he contended that where the Holy Spirit was present we can well dispense with wooden posts. That was an overpowering reply. It lifted the whole question to a new level, and recalled the fainting faith of many to the grand fact that not to mechanical "posts," but to living spiritualities was the redeemed Church indebted for comfort and light and guidance. I have carefully considered the pertinence and value of many retorts, and I am free to say that I do not at this moment recall a single instance in which a retort was more direct, more pathetic, and more complete. In his first address Mr. Brown exclaimed, even whilst the Union was applauding him, "You know well that thirty years ago not a man of you would have exchanged pulpits with me." Anglicanism and Presbyterianism and Methodism may therefore comfort themselves with the reflection that the spirit of persecution and bitterest hostility is not restrained or extinguished by the mere absence of a written creed.

Chronologically the case of Thomas Toke

Lynch should have come earlier, though spiritually it is in its right place as following the case of the Rev. Baldwin Brown. Thomas Toke Lynch was the author of some of the most beautiful hymns in the English language. But he was suspected of heresy! The editor of a public-house newspaper discovered that Thomas Toke Lynch was not Evangelical! How peculiar are some of the instruments which the Devil selects for his work! That a public-house paper should become the organ of Evangelical Dissent was one of the finest feats ever accomplished by his Satanic majesty! Of what importance was the word of a Lynch compared with the word of a now-forgotten editor of the poorest trash that was ever issued from the daily press of London! Then followed another editor, whose unwise excesses and most ridiculous mistakes acquired momentary importance from the fact that he conducted "a religious newspaper." Frederick William Robertson, of Brighton, made some severe remarks about the religious journalism of his day, every one of which might have been repeated with emphasis in the case of the religious assailant of Thomas Lynch. The Congregational Union never offered Lynch an honour. Few, if any, were the pulpits

which Mr. Lynch was invited to occupy. Lynch was a heretic, and that was the explanation of everything! Yet who could pray like Mr. Lynch? Whose hymns were equal to his in verbal beauty, in pathetic quaintness, in subtle music? But Lynch was a heretic! The editor of a public-house newspaper said so! But fortunately for Lynch, as I have already said, this religious editor described "The Eclipse of Faith"—a most powerful defence of Christianity—as "another dart from the quiver of the enemy." These were thy keepers, oh trembling Orthodoxy!—these the men who held sundry metal "keys,"—these the Peters who had burglariously attached to their flimsy girdles imitation "keys" that would open nothing but the bottomless pit! Let us have faith in Providence and in the outworking of all God's numerous and intricate plans. To-day Lynch is honoured, and his assailants are forgotten or despised. That which is true and good cannot be put down. It may be misunderstood, undervalued, sneered at, and proscribed, but inasmuch as the life of Christ is in it, the "third day"—the day on which God ever shatters the enemy like a potter's vessel—will witness its resurrection, and will witness also the rout and the confusion of self-appointed

guardians of technical and artificial orthodoxy. In many a public trouble my life's wisest and dearest counsellor has told me,—I quote her own eloquent words,—that "destiny is stronger than intrigue."

CHAPTER VII

PASTORATES

I SETTLED at Banbury in the summer of 1853. In 1858 I went to Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester. In June 1869 I accepted the pastorate which I have since occupied in London. Banbury is the centre of an agricultural county; Manchester is the very heart of the manufacturing districts; London is a world in itself, and the city of London in particular is a world within a world. These settlements have afforded me an opportunity of observing every aspect of pastoral life. I know the little country home, I know the busy mercantile environment, I know the urgency and stress of the most absorbing city life. Under all possible conditions I have seen the working of Congregationalism, and having done so I have no hesitation in saying that two distinctly opposite pictures of English Non-

conformity might be furnished, each of which would be true, but neither of which would be complete.

During my residence at Banbury—that is during a period of five years—I had seven invitations to change my sphere of service. I could have gone thrice to London, to Coventry, to Leamington, to Manchester. The last invitation was the most unexpected and most surprising. My ambition had never gone beyond the little town of Banbury. My surroundings were all I could desire; my friends were warm-hearted and faithful. My recognition by other denominations left nothing to wish for. Banbury was, of course, what may be called a day of small things. My salary was one hundred and thirty pounds a year, my house rent amounted to six shillings a week, and my clothes did not require many wardrobes for their accommodation. When I asked my draper-deacon how much he would want for a black suit, he said if I did not object to a certain quality of cloth he could let me have a suit at a very moderate price; whereupon I answered: "Now remaineth black, shiny, and cheap; but the greatest of these is cheap." I got the suit,—I wore it,—I *remember* it.

To one aspect of my Banbury life I ought to allude, as it was made much of at the time. On every summer Sunday afternoon I preached in a large field locally known as the Bear Garden. I had grievously offended the lower orders of the town by a perhaps too vigorous description of the kind of people who, by word and deed, supported the practice of Sunday excursions. I cannot at this remote period recollect the epithets which I applied to the excursionists, but certainly they aroused the most remarkable and most uncontrollable excitement. Most assuredly I would not apply such epithets to such people in like circumstances to-day. But I did apply them, and I had to suffer punishment for the application. I was not to be allowed to preach any more in the Bear Garden. At all risks and costs I must be put down. Accordingly the local roughs (supported to some extent, I am afraid, by men of a much higher class) gathered in great numbers to howl and scream and hiss. There was no doubt about the temper of the opposition. The hatred was deep and intense. Sooty portraits of myself were strongly drawn on large calico sheets and waved in my face as I preached to the excited crowd. Then great shouts arose.

In a moment more the roughest of the gang rushed at the cart, which I used as a platform, and threatened to roll me down the hill. Every time I passed down the street I was liable to be hooted by little knots of people. On one occasion the crowd came to my house on a Sunday afternoon and shook the sooty calico against my window, and threatened to pull down the house. I was alarmed for others, but never for myself. I continued to preach in the field as if nothing had happened, and my Christian friends stood closely round me in all the uproar and tumult. In the end the Christian cause triumphed to such an extent that some who had assailed me with extreme vindictiveness were induced to hear me preach in quieter circumstances. I had reason to believe that not a few of the men were really honest, and that they were expressing a heartfelt indignation against a man who, as they supposed, had so grossly misunderstood them. To this day I never go to Banbury without having a look at the historical Bear Garden. On that very ground I hope some day to see a memorial Christian institution. Who knows to what high issues the wrath of man may be directed by an over-ruling Providence!

All the Banbury days were happy so far as they could be made happy by friendship and love and sympathy. The little old-fashioned chapel, hidden up an obscure lane, without schoolroom or vestry, became in due time too small for us; then with great enthusiasm we set about to provide more adequate accommodation. I refer to this comparatively trifling object because it will come up again in another relation. After about four years' residence in Banbury, I could boast of a chapel, a vestry, and a commodious schoolroom. What could any man desire more? To have all this at twenty-six years of age seemed to me all that heart could possibly wish for. A very happy life is the life of a country pastor. Its enjoyment is not to be measured by its wealth, but by its freedom, its fresh air, its leisure for study, and its remoteness from those exciting circumstances which constitute the peculiarity of life in the manufacturing districts.

It would be wholly unjust to think of a Christian minister as a man whose time and energy are consumed in the preparation of so many sermons in a week. A minister is something more than a sermon-maker. Consider—taking in a long-continued pastorate—

what ministers do in Bible classes, in the consolation of the afflicted, in the reconciliation of opponents, in the direction of inquirers, in advising parents as to the training and destination of children; consider how in many rural districts the pastor and his wife are the chief friends of the poor, cheering their loneliness, writing their letters to children far away, speaking comfortably to them when all other human voices are silent; add to this the negative service which they render in deterring unscrupulous men from oppressions which they would gladly perpetrate in secret, in encouraging burdened men to bear a testimony instead of being cowed into suffering silence, in showing contemptuous men how much can be borne by conviction, and how possible it is to be poor, to be snubbed, to be branded with social inferiority, and yet meekly and lovingly to serve the holy cause of Christ;—put all these considerations together, and magnify them by the affectionate appreciation of the people who understand their value best, and then say whether money is not well expended when it is devoted to the partial maintenance and comfort of men whose one ambition is to do good and whose reward is in the love of humble souls.

I have spoken of the pastor and his wife, and in speaking of the wife I recall the most delightful reminiscences. Without being a public slave, the wife can minister abundantly to the profit of the Church through the domestic comfort of the pastor; and I hold it to be the very cruelty of injustice—doubly infamous because done to a woman—which says that the pastor's wife does nothing for the Church because she does not appear in some public or official capacity. Does she do nothing who almost doubles the little salary by cunning uses of economy? Is she to be reckoned of no account who makes the hearthstone warm in the study at the expense of a little coldness in other chambers? Is she to be treated with indifference who persuades her husband that she is so well that she does not need a holiday, in order that she may not touch the shillings that would lengthen his, when, God knows, a breath of mountain air would make her young again? I accept Mr. Lecky's picture of life in a rural parsonage, and apply it, with obvious modifications, to many a Nonconformist minister's household. Speaking of the clergyman's wife Mr. Lecky says: "In visiting the sick, relieving the poor, instructing the young, and discharging a thousand delicate offices for

which a woman's tact is especially needed, his wife finds a sphere of labour which is at once intensely active and intensely feminine; and her example is not less beneficial than her ministrations."

At Banbury my labour was varied. For example, I preached in my own pulpit on Sunday morning, lectured in the Corn Exchange on Sunday afternoon, or preached in the open fields during the summer Sundays; in the evening again in my own pulpit, and during the week I had seldom fewer than three public services, one of them being in the open air in some neglected part of the town. I look back with peculiar interest on a small institution which I established under the name of a Secular Class. In conducting this class I endeavoured to teach the scholars something of grammar and Latin and history. One of the scholars became a solicitor in the north of England, another became secretary to a millionaire, and another was promoted to a considerable position in the metropolitan police force. During my residence at Banbury I published (1) "A Soldier's Retrospect," (2) "Six Chapters on Secularism," (3) "A Working Church," (4) "Helps to Truth-Seekers."

Whilst I was at Banbury I was offered a place in the office of a London lawyer, and I was promised by a distinguished city man my first brief on qualifying for the bar. This offer I declined. I was further offered the sum of fifteen hundred a year and my free Sundays if I would represent a certain literary and commercial enterprise. This offer I also declined. It was in my heart to be a preacher and to be a writer of religious books, and beyond this vocation I had literally no ambition. I can truly say in the fear of God that I have never been tempted by any pecuniary offers of opportunities. When I went to Banbury I never asked what the salary was. When I went to Manchester I did not make a single inquiry about money. After being fifty years in the ministry, I can truly say that I am not fifty shillings the richer for any preaching outside my own pulpit.

Banbury! The name lingers in my grateful memory not only for what it was in itself, but also because it is typical of country ministerial life. To live and die in a rural pastorate is no discredit to any man, whatever his faculties may be. The true pastor is a member of every family in his charge. He

is no childless man,—no houseless wanderer. He is respected, loved, trusted. He knows the family in its most sacred relations, and ministers to it not only in the pulpit, but at the fireside and at the side of the grave. New ministers may be popular, but old pastors are appreciated for their very venerableness. I had to obey a voice that called me from my rural work, but the quiet domesticity of the obscure service has a charm which I never wish to throw off.

To my great surprise I was invited to preach a Sunday or two in Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester. I never was more coldly received in my life. I was the guest of a millionaire provision-merchant, who never uttered a word of sympathy or appreciation regarding my services. One of the deacons —Mr. Kershaw, M.P.—bluntly inquired how long I had been at Banbury, and there our intercourse ceased. Having preached two Sundays, I was told that the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, was unable to preach on the following Sunday, as he had promised to do, and I was asked whether in the circumstances I would remain and preach the Sunday-school anniversary sermons. I had been extremely annoyed by the want

of recognition on the part of the deacons, and I am afraid I showed some sign of resentment, certainly I displayed no particular anxiety to continue a work which had been so completely ignored. Whether any better feeling supervened I do not at this moment remember, suffice it to say that I remained a third Sunday amongst the Congregational millionaires of Cavendish Street Chapel. It was a cold atmosphere. Every man seemed to be looking at me over the top of a money-bag. Some of the people seemed to be paralysed or stupefied. Altogether the experience was unique and memorable. What was my surprise on the last Monday morning of my visit to hear the millionaire provision-merchant say, "You must have noticed that your ministry has produced a deep impression upon our people." I replied, in effect, that I had observed nothing of the kind, and that I was utterly dissatisfied with the reception that had been accorded me, and inclined never to set my foot in their gothic sepulchre again. In the course of a few weeks, however, an inquiry was addressed to me whether I could receive a deputation from Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester. By this time my Banbury salary had risen to a hundred

and fifty pounds a year, and my rent had advanced to about eight shillings a week. The deputation came in due course, bringing several memorials and appeals from the Sunday School, and from the young men and others. I was told that the people were ready to receive me, and that the sphere was one of unsurpassed importance. Dr. McAll had been pastor of the church, and he was succeeded by Dr. Halley, and now I was desired to follow in that remarkable succession. Having heard the statement of the Manchester men, I made this reply:

> "I thank you for waiting upon me and presenting this cordial invitation to become your minister, but my present circumstances utterly forbid my acceptance of your terms. Within the last year or so my people have built me a chapel, and in doing so they have incurred a debt of something like seven hundred pounds. Whilst that debt remains, I remain. If I had found it here I could have left it, but in a certain sense the debt was incurred on my account, and until that debt is removed I

must stand by my people, who have done so much for my comfort."

The deputation thanked me for my reception and my answer, and then withdrew. I thought nothing more of the matter, but went to my work with a deeper devotion. Banbury was the dearer to me from the fact that I had been again invited to leave it. This was the seventh invitation I had declined. In about seventeen days a telegram came asking me whether I could receive another deputation from Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester. I replied in the affirmative, and the deputation came. I was informed that the Manchester people were prepared to pay off the Banbury debt if I would consent to accept the invitation to Cavendish Street. I replied that I could not give an immediate answer, but I would lay the matter before my Banbury deacons and friends. My position was thus completely altered. There could be no longer any doubt on my part that the Manchester people, though so sullenly silent at first, were interested in my ministry. I called my Banbury friends together and made my statement. Their answer affected me not a little:

> "It will be the darkest day in our life when you leave us, but we have no doubt that God intends you should remove to Manchester."

They gave me a handsome clock, a beautiful solid silver tea-service, a handful of gold, and two massive silver ladles. Thus we parted,—my first pastoral love and I.

In Manchester I had great opportunities and great encouragements in all departments of my work. Cavendish Street Chapel was then probably the finest architectural edifice in English Congregationalism. It provided sitting accommodation for sixteen hundred and sixty-six. From the floor to the point of the roof the chapel was eighty feet high. Perfectly magnificent school buildings immediately adjoined it, the whole property having three costly frontages. There were probably not fewer than fourteen hundred children attending the Sunday School, whilst, in Lancashire fashion, institutions of all kinds abounded in connection with the Church. One deacon was a member of parliament, another was a knight, another was the senior surgeon of the city, and another had declined to stand as a parliamentary candidate for a

borough which was at his disposal. Eight other deacons drove their carriages, or were otherwise men of substantial position. And I was only twenty-eight! I had never been in a gold mine before. "One thousand" was the unit of this new speech, and I had left behind me a humble salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year!

I never knew what my salary at Manchester as the pastor of millionaires was to be, but when the first quarter became due I found that it was four hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum! Yet Cavendish Street was known as the carriage-road to heaven! No pastor of the church had received more than five hundred pounds, I question whether any had received so much. But if I could so preach as to let the sittings, my salary would go up in proportion. As a matter of fact, I was enabled, in the providence of God, to let the sittings and to surprise the deacons by the result. I was not indebted to the millionaires for one penny beyond their usual seat rents, so that no man how rich soever was burdened by my ministry.

During my residence at Manchester I wrote (1) "Hidden Springs," (2) "Church Ques-

tions," (3) "Ecce Deus," and (4) "The Paraclete," besides a considerable number of fugitive pamphlets and magazines. Here also I conducted (1) *The Congregational Economist* and (2) *The Pulpit Analyst*. At Manchester I founded Cavendish College, which afterwards became the Nottingham Congregational Institute. I served as a member of the Lancashire College committee, as chairman of the Lancashire Congregational Union, and as first chairman of the Manchester Congregational Board.

With regard to my increased salary I had no difficulty in disposing of the money. Though I have never had any family of my own, I have never been without opportunity to serve the families of other people. During the latter part of my ministry in Banbury a great family trouble befell me. Whilst I was at home I was my father's book-keeper, and I assisted him in making his estimates for the erection of all sorts of local buildings. My father was quite unable to do this for himself, though as a builder, both practical and theoretical, he was a man of the largest capacity. The calamity which befell me was, that through inability to manage his own book-keeping, and what may be called the

literary side of his work, my father was unable to maintain his financial position. Though a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity, he was overborne by circumstances, and he succumbed to the inevitable. In these distressing circumstances I did what he himself would instantly have done if the case had been mine instead of his. I instructed local friends to get together all the accounts and to state the exact amount of his liabilities so far as it could be ascertained either by advertisement or otherwise. Then my life-task was set! I had to repay the thirty shillings paid on that memorable morning when I left the North to make my experiment in London. I had to repay, according to my ability, every penny that had been expended upon my education and outfit, and now I had to face this heaviest of all my responsibilities. I had a secret purpose in my heart which I never could have accomplished upon my small Banbury salary, but which I did accomplish to the full as soon as larger opportunities occurred. I paid off every penny of the liabilities, and thus redeemed the name of a just and honourable man. During my last visit to my native town I conversed with two of the leading Nonconformist inhabitants, one of whom said, "Your father was a great man."

and the other said, "He was the most open-handed man I ever knew." I make no boast of having done an act of justice, but I do thank God for the opportunity of showing a filial and a grateful spirit. Other men, I suppose, have also their family troubles, to which all expression is forbidden; they will know how to sympathise with my struggles, my silence, and my resolution. I have had the greatest possible sorrow outside my own walls, but, thank God, inside those walls I have never had other experience than that of profound rest and unutterable joy.

It never entered my mind that I could leave Manchester. What could any man desire more than some two thousand regular hearers, one of the finest buildings in Nonconformity, and one of the greatest cities in the country! To my unspeakable surprise, on October 22nd, 1867, I was invited by a deputation from the Poultry Chapel, London, to consider whether I could not come to the city, sell the Poultry Chapel, and with the proceeds put up a large building in which the Gospel might be preached. I was simply stunned. After making inquiries as to the London case, I returned to Manchester, and on March 11th, 1868, I declined the invitation.

How I stood with my own deacons in Manchester will appear from the subjoined letter, signed by every one of the office without a single exception.

"Cavendish Vestry,
"Manchester, *Nov. 7th*, 1867.

"Dear Pastor,

"We have this evening taken into our earnest and prayerful consideration the communication which you received from the Poultry Chapel, London.

"We desire to express our high appreciation of the truly honourable and straightforward manner in which you received the deputation, and the Christian candour and delicacy with which you replied to them, and to thank you for the early communication you made to us in reference to it.

"We congratulate you most sincerely upon the honour implied, and could we see that your removal to London would be beneficial to the cause of God we would, at whatever sacrifice, bow with submission to the will of Providence. Considering, however, the position which you now occupy in the north of England, the great and daily increasing influence you exercise in the denomination, the great want which is now felt of those high qualities which you so pre-eminently possess, looking also at the work you are now doing as Pastor of Cavendish Chapel, and the various institutions connected therewith, we cannot conceive of any sphere of labour in which you can render more true service to the cause of Christ.

"We believe you were guided hither by the hand of God. The success of your ministry is clear; and there is abundant proof that His presence has ever been with you.

"Looking, therefore, at the whole matter in its broadest aspect, we should consider your removal from Manchester as a calamity to the Church and to the denomination, and personally should regard it with profound regret.

"With the strongest assurance of our cordial and hearty support in the future, and expressing our sincere affection and esteem both for yourself and Mrs. Parker, we sincerely trust that you will continue to labour amongst us in this large and important district.

"Praying that the blessing of the Most High may rest upon you,

"We are,

"Dear Pastor,

"Yours Faithfully."

I can never forget the great meeting of the Church and congregation which followed. Specially memorable was the thrilling speech of John Rylands, the millionaire. At the conclusion, a resolution in the sense of the foregoing letter was moved, seconded, and carried enthusiastically with one dissentient, who was loudly laughed at. The next day I received a letter from him in which he said his heart wished me to remain at Manchester, but he could not ask me to make the sacrifice involved in declining so remarkable an invitation to London.

This was most gratifying, and I regarded it as settling the matter. I felt that on the

whole it was much better to sustain a sphere of extensive and undoubted usefulness than to undertake the great movement which was contemplated by the Church at Poultry Chapel; in the one case there was a certainty, and in the other there was risk. A ministry adapted to the North might not be adapted to the South; and the building of chapels is, in the best of circumstances, fraught with many perils. The Manchester people were perfectly unanimous, and the Manchester sphere was in every respect worthy of any minister's whole strength. On the other hand, the case of the Poultry was by no means destitute of attraction. A great metropolitan chapel was proposed; the main work was to be preaching the Gospel. I should get rid of many duties which have always been irksome to me, such as taking an interest in various societies, attending committee meetings upon subjects that never touch my solicitude, visiting seat-holders who require unreasonable attention, and many other duties and exercises which fall to the lot of every provincial minister. That invitation to the Poultry was declined on March 11th, 1868. On June 10th, 1868, I completed my tenth year of ministry in Cavendish Street Chapel,

and on that occasion my friends presented me with seven hundred guineas, accompanied by an illuminated address in the following terms :—

"Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester.

"The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., having this tenth day of June, 1868, completed the tenth year of his ministry in connection with the above Chapel, the Deacons, Members, and friends hereby express their high appreciation of his ministry, and their strong attachment to him, which has been greatly enhanced by the noble and Christian course adopted by him when invited to the pastorate of the Church assembling in the Poultry Chapel, London. Uninfluenced by the prospect of worldly gain, he declined their unanimous invitation, believing that the glory of God would be promoted by his remaining in Manchester. In consequence of such decision, a large meeting of the Church and congregation was held, when it was decided to make such arrangements as would give substantial proof of the gratitude felt by all for the great obligation under which they were thus laid.

"In addition to that arrangement, the hearts of many were constrained to a fuller expression of their Christian love, and with this testimonial would beg Dr. Parker's acceptance of a purse containing seven hundred guineas.

"This gift is presented with the earnest prayer that the Divine blessing may continue to rest upon him and the work in which he is engaged, and that both he and his wife, for whom they cherish the warmest Christian affection, may be long spared in their midst."

In accepting this handsome present I made the following remarks, which were much applauded :—

> "Let us be quite clear as to the meaning of this gift. If any man has given a single penny to this testimonial under the impression that it is to be regarded as a detainer, or is in any way to buy my service or bribe me in relation to the future, I earnestly beg him to withdraw his contribution at once. Please to understand that I hold myself at perfect liberty to leave Manchester to-morrow if I see that it is the will of God that I should remove. On this distinct understanding alone can I touch the gift which you offer me."

I repeated the assurance in order that there might be no mistake about it. After the chair had been vacated, one of the deacons, who had kindly spent much time and trouble in the matter, specially congratulated me upon the above remarks, and said, "I for one shall take care to remember them." Thus the chapter ended, and we all set ourselves hopefully and energetically to work.

Another and most important chapter now opens. On March 11th, 1868, I declined the invitation to the Poultry; on June 25th, 1869, that invitation was renewed. A formal call was presented, signed, in the name and on behalf of the congregation, by every one of the deacons. In that call the following words occur:—

> "The basis being the avowed intention of the Church to embrace the earliest appropriate opportunity to sell the property and erect a noble structure on the best available site that can be obtained."

The Church at the Poultry had been zealously endeavouring for fifteen months to realise their heart's desire to find a man to lead the important movement which they had in view; no stone had been left unturned; honestly, as in the sight of God, the friends at the Poultry had, as they assured me, sought a pastor and leader. They returned to me with the inquiry: "Does this failure on our part mean anything? For fifteen months we have been working without any result. We feel that we must once more put ourselves into your hands;

we believe that God intends you to come to London." Immediately upon receiving an intimation that the invitation would be renewed, I named it to one of the Cavendish deacons. On hearing it, he said: "If I were in your circumstances I know what I should do. But don't appeal to your congregation for another opinion; keep the thing quietly to yourself, and when you have come to a decision announce it." Acting upon this advice, I kept the matter from almost every one in Manchester as long as I possibly could. How much I underwent during the time of almost silent suspense can never be known. I longed to take my friends into my confidence as I did in the first instance (and as I now believe would have been wise), but I was kept back by the earnest counsel of my first adviser—a man of the highest standing in Manchester. When the matter pressed for immediate decision I was determined that there should be no difficulty as to the testimonial referred to, so I went to all the principal givers, and their advice as to my course was, to my surprise, singularly unanimous: one and all, they either counselled me to accept the invitation or otherwise gave me to understand that they themselves would do

so were they in my position. Since my settlement in London they have generously cheered me in many ways, and shown their unabated interest in my personal and ministerial welfare. Their visits, their letters, their messages, their gifts have been peculiarly prized by me in my new circumstances as illustrative of their confidence and approbation. Never can the kindness of my Manchester friends be forgotten; its memory will abide with me through all labour and all sorrow. May the God of heaven bless them, and give them all the good desires of their heart!

CHAPTER VIII

LONDON MINISTRY

MONDAY, May 19th, 1873, was a great day in my history, for on that day Thomas Binney laid the Memorial Stone of the City Temple.

The scene on the site was very animating. A noble marquee covered most of the ground; banners and trophies adorned the canvas, through which the sunshine shed a genial blessing; and many hundreds of sunny faces filled the tent with a still gladder light. A more representative audience probably never assembled upon a similar occasion. The following list will give some idea of my meaning:—

Rev. Dr. Binney; Rev. Dr. Allon; Rev. Dr. Raleigh; Rev. David Thomas, of Bristol; Rev. Eustace Conder, M.A., Leeds; Rev.

J. C. Harrison; Rev. Dr. Macfarlane; Rev. Professor Newth, M.A.; Rev. G. W. Conder; Rev. Edward White; Rev. Samuel Minton, M.A.; Rev. T. W. Aveling: Rev. Clement Dukes, M.A.; Rev. A. F. Muir, M.A.; Rev. R. M. Davies, Oldham; Rev T. G. Horton, Wolverhampton; Rev. F. Stevenson, LL.B., Reading; Rev. E. Paxton Hood; Rev. Thain Davidson; Rev. Dr. Geikie; Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.; Rev. J. S. Russel, M.A.; Rev. V. Ward, Hythe; Dr. Underhill, chairman of Baptist Union; and a very large number of other ministers and students. There were also present during some part of the day, Mr. Deputy Fry; Mr. Deputy Lowman Taylor; Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P.; A. J. Shepheard, Esq.; J. F. Lockwood, Esq.; Andrew Common, Esq., J.P.; A. Fysh, Esq., Melbourne; A. Humphrey, Esq., Washington; and hundreds of others. About seven hundred seats were provided, so that a good deal of the discomfort usually inseparable from such ceremonies was avoided. Not fewer than two thousand persons attended the service, and so far as we can learn not one discontented voice was heard.

Before calling for the first hymn, I said:—

"The church which is now in course of erection upon this site is a church of the Congregational faith and order. We are sorry that we are not a little farther from the ancient episcopal church of St. Andrew, from which we are separated by something less than thirty feet. You have the distinct assurance of those who are directing the affairs of the City Temple that no effort has been wanting on our part to secure an equally eligible site elsewhere, and that all our efforts in that direction have failed. I cannot now enter into particulars, but it will suffice every Christian man to know that we are here in no spirit of sectarian hostility; on the contrary, most cordially do we unite in saying, Grace, mercy, and peace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. I think it right to make this brief explanation at the very outset of our proceedings, so that all friendly strangers may be relieved from wonder and perplexity as they observe our nearness to another Christian edifice. If I refer to the fact that at an early period of our

> entrance upon this site some difficulty arose as to our probable interception of the light admitted by one of the windows of the adjoining church, it is to do myself the pleasure, and to do others the justice, of saying that the difficulty was adjusted without the expression of one word which either party has the slightest reason to regret."

The first hymn was given out by the Rev. W. Grigsby, of Whitefield's Tabernacle, after which the Rev. Dr. Raleigh invoked the divine blessing upon the engagements of the day. The second hymn was given out by the Rev. and most venerable Edward Mannering, after which Mr. James Johnston, the honorary secretary, read a list of contributions, amounting to considerably more than six hundred pounds, which had been most kindly furnished by the ladies, and also a document which was to be enclosed in a bottle to be placed under the Memorial Stone. Mr. Johnston was specially introduced as a gentleman to whom the Church is under the deepest obligation, not only for the largest subscription on the congregational list, but for indefatigable and

most devoted attention and service—a statement which was properly received with unanimous cheering. I then introduced Mr. Deputy Fry in the following terms, which were much applauded:

> "I have now very special pleasure in calling upon our honoured friend Mr. Deputy Fry to take an interesting part in our proceedings. I cannot call upon Mr. Fry without saying how deeply we have been indebted to him for sympathy and counsel in times of peculiar embarrassment and trial. Besides this, the worthy deputy seems to have a prescriptive right to be identified with all the improvements which take place in this immediate locality; you will understand what I mean when I tell you that Mr. Deputy Fry was chairman of the committee under whose direction the Holborn Valley Improvement Act was administered, and that he laid the foundation-stone of the viaduct itself. What Mr. Fry has kindly undertaken, at our repeated and most urgent request, to do he himself will now explain."

Mr. Fry then proceeded to present a silver trowel to the Rev. Thomas Binney, who, on ascending the platform, was received with enthusiastic cheers. After a few words of personal explanation, Mr. Binney proceeded to lay the stone in a most workmanlike manner, to the great delight of old and young, who rewarded him with loud expressions of approval. Mr. Binney showed himself throughout the day to be the right man in the right place. We never knew him in a happier mood. He has always been pre-eminently the minister of the city. Other ministers have worked long and nobly there, yet not one of them would hesitate to assign the well-deserved supremacy to Mr. Binney. As soon as Mr. Binney had "well and truly laid" the Memorial Stone, the Dedicatory Prayer was offered by the Rev. Henry Allon, D.D. The third hymn was then given out by the Rev. R. M. Davies, Oldham. Immediately on the conclusion of this hymn I delivered the following address:—

> "It has been suggested that as the minister of the church whose memorial stone has just been laid, I ought not to be altogether silent on this important

occasion. I hardly know how to act upon the suggestion, as the circumstances appeal so strongly to personal feeling and personal purpose. On the whole, I have thought it well to treat the occasion *domestically*—a decision which I hope presently to justify. There is, of course, a strong temptation to take a wide outlook upon the great questions which agitate all sections of the Church, and to state how they present themselves to an observer who occupies a Nonconformist standpoint. There is also a strong temptation to resent the impertinence of certain men who have undertaken to put down the Church with a sneer, and to set the Cross of Christ amongst the antiquities of an imperfect civilisation. Other temptations, equally urgent, also importune the mind; yet I have thought it best to tell you frankly why, as a Church and congregation, we are here; and what, being here, we intend to make of our opportunities and advantages. First of all, however, I must fervently thank Almighty God for the favours of a lifetime which have this day

culminated in a manner which fills me with astonishment and hallowed delight. I see the good hand of God very distinctly, and therefore must pause awhile in reverence and thankfulness. In the next place, I wish to offer special thanks to all the fathers and brethren in Christ Jesus who have this day made myself and my friends glad by their presence and sympathy. We shall remember your kind answer to our request, and it shall cheer us in all the remainder of our labour and anxiety connected with this building. I am unwilling to leave the expression of our thanks to a later period in the day; for, whatever may be done then, I feel that *now* I ought to say that we thank you most gratefully in the name of our common Lord. For some reasons I am glad that my ministry is, God willing, to be exercised in the centre, rather than in the suburbs, of London. The City Temple will be emphatically a *city* church. In removing from the Poultry Chapel we were at perfect liberty to choose any locality in the city or out of it for our new church.

There was absolutely no limitation. We wish this to be clearly understood, that we may not seem to be acting under compulsion. We resolved to do what, I trust, you will generally approve—we resolved to remain in the centre, and to seek a constituency amongst young men, housekeepers, travellers, strangers, and poor people who cannot afford to leave the back streets of the city. Having decided the general question of locality, the special question of a site next came to be considered. This inquiry perplexed us not a little. We availed ourselves of the best mediums of advertisement. Inquiries were made in all directions, and everything was done that a deep sense of Christian stewardship could suggest or approve. The question arose, Shall we seek a site in a second-rate street, which strangers will have some difficulty in finding, or shall we build upon one of the main thoroughfares of the city? Shall we keep behind, or shall we move to the front? If we go to a back street we shall have money enough and to spare, and we can dismiss all anxiety as to labour

and payment; if we go into a leading thoroughfare we shall have to pay a great price for a suitable site, and we shall be bound to put up a building worthy of the character of the neighbourhood. In that event we shall probably have to ask for subscriptions from the Christian public, as well as to contribute liberally of our own means: what, then, shall we do? This was the question before us. We did not settle it hastily. The difficulties were obvious enough. We had not a rich constituency of our own to appeal to. We felt all this; and then quietly, yet hopefully, we resolved to occupy one of the most conspicuous and best-known sites in the city of London, and, in view of all difficulties, to put our trust in the might and love of God. It is under these circumstances that we meet you to-day. We are working for you as well as for ourselves. We are not working for one special neighbourhood. We are not surrounded by terraces, villas, and crescents. We are in the great city, and here we set up a standard for truth, liberty, and progress, as these terms

are understood in Jesus Christ. With fifty thousand pounds at our disposal we could have made things comfortable for ourselves. By going into a suburb of London we could have erected a handsome structure for twenty thousand pounds, and endowed it with thirty thousand pounds: we need not have troubled ourselves or our friends for a shilling. Instead of this, we resolved to spend the whole sum we had in charge, and several thousand pounds in addition, in one great enterprise, not unworthy of the history of our principles or of the position which Free Churchism will be called to occupy in the years that are at hand. Under these circumstances you will not allow the cause to fail. You will say, This is a general rather than a particular work, and we must do what we can to bring it to a successful completion. Merchants who are making their fortunes in the City will feel that a movement like this has special claims upon them; they go out of the City themselves, but what of the multitudes of young men who are left behind in

LIBRARY
GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

City lodgings? Large employers of labour in the city of London go away to their out-of-town residences, but what of the men who must remain near the scene of action? Visitors to the city of London should help us, inasmuch as they require temporary religious homes, and we propose to offer them one in this building. In short, this effort presents a wide appeal for support; and we believe that appeal will not be presented this day in vain. If to-day we can raise, clear of all expenses, the sum of three thousand pounds, our anxieties will be at an end. The amount is not large. Whatever is promised to-day may be paid at once; may be paid at twice; may be paid in four instalments. I should like it to go forth through the press that this day the whole sum required was furnished, and that we are left to pursue the great spiritual ends of our holy vocation without anxiety as to the payment of every man's due. We ourselves, who are specially identified with the work, would do more but for the fact that we have to meet the

very heavy expenses of the intermediate services Sunday by Sunday. As you are aware, we have no chapel to meet in. We hire a public hall in the City for our Sunday morning service, and we hire Exeter Hall for the Sunday evening service. The expenses of accommodation, of advertisement, and of such help as is required, are very great, beside the risk which we run of losing many old friends who are unable to follow us about from place to place, and whose loss means the withdrawment of considerable influence and support. Happily, we are not allowed to mortage the chapel property. We are working under the direction of the Commissioners of Charity, and they will not allow us to leave any building debt to be paid by our successors. Our duty, therefore, is clearly defined, and nothing remains but for us to do it with all energy and hopefulness. We believe that the work is worth doing. We are, in reality, building less for ourselves than for the generations to come; and, seeing that we are deprived of the opportunity of leaving

them a debt as an appeal to their generosity, we must endeavour to leave them an example of devotedness which will be a perpetual challenge to their Christian zeal. Should I be spared to enter upon my ministry in the City Temple, I shall, in the strength of God, be faithful to those vital and glorious doctrines which are commonly known amongst us as Evangelical. Upon those doctrines I shall utter no uncertain sound. The more I look into them the more am I assured of their scriptural soundness and their adaptation to all men, in all lands, throughout all time. This is my testimony as a sinner saved by grace; and what I have known and felt and handled of the word of life myself, I shall lovingly and energetically declare to all who may come within the influence of my ministry. I hold that all men like sheep have gone astray—they have turned every one to his own way; there is none righteous, no, not one; all are dead in trespasses and sins: as, before God, man is born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and there is no health in his soul.

I hold that there is no escape from this condition but one, and that is by the teaching, the sacrifice, the atonement, and the whole mediation of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, God the Son. He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. He died, the just for the unjust, and His blood alone can cleanse from all sin; His Cross is set up for the whole world; His love goes out after all men in vehement and importunate desire. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should turn unto Him and live. I hold that the new life—the life that is heavenly and eternal—is the work of God the Holy Ghost. By His mysterious and gracious ministry we are born again. Not only have we new views, new habits, new impulses, we have new *life*, and the proof thereof is to be seen in our pureness, self-sacrifice, and charity. I hold that the Bible is the inspired and authoritative revelation of the will and love of God, and that in it, and in it alone, is to be found, not a merely rudimentary outline of religious

truths, but the essence of the ultimate theology possible to us in the life that now is. These things I hope to teach in the church now in course of erection upon this site. I believe them with my whole heart. To them I look for the nourishment and comfort of my own soul, and to them I shall constantly direct the attention of all who hear me. This I say in the name and fear of God, upon whose good Spirit I rely in making all vows respecting the remainder of my ministry. I desire to teach all these holy truths in charity. I care nothing for mere uniformity in our methods of statement, provided we are true in our loyalty to God the Son and to His Cross. Every man must be left to his own way of putting the truth. Every man may have an accent more or less peculiar to himself. What of the individuality of the accent, if the speech be the universal language of the redeeming love of God? There is no cruelty so savage, so malignant, so diabolical as that which seeks to destroy the usefulness of a Christian minister by suggesting

suspicions of his orthodoxy. If a brother has in our judgment made a slip, if he has caught what we may believe to be an imperfect view of any doctrine, let us invite his confidence, let us ply him with the best arguments of our learning and faith; but for Christ's sake let us be careful how we speak the word of sectarian condemnation, or in any degree usurp the supremacy and prerogative of God. Such suspicions are sometimes lightly suggested, yet they grieve and wound the hearts of good men. Anybody can repeat them. They can be whispered where no defence is possible. They can be reported on hearsay; and yet all personal responsibility as to proof may be declined. There is no cruelty so damnable! "Thou shalt not steal" —thy brother's Christian reputation! "Thou shalt not kill"—thy brother's true, brave heart. I thank God for bold men. I thank God that some men amongst us are more speculative than others. If they go out from the ark of our common security and rest to explore the conditions of things beyond, and if they return because

the dry land is not yet visible, let them be welcomed back again with confidence and love. Our strength is in our charity. There is, indeed, a time to condemn and avoid, and we shall know when it has come not because of some peevish excitement of sectarian prejudices, but because our hearts are afflicted and broken over the loss of a brother who has forced himself beyond the influence of our entreaty and care. Casting myself upon the love of God, I trust to preach in the City Temple the Gospel of salvation by Jesus Christ alone. I am more and more persuaded that every sermon should draw its whole strength, alike of argument and pathos, from the Cross of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Christianity is something infinitely higher than a mere controversy within the limits of logical analysis and pressure. It is God's appeal to the lost heart. It is the voice of His holy, passionate love. It is the majestic, yet most condescending and tender pleading of Justice and Mercy. Christianity must be preached in its own spirit. We preach it best when we feel it most.

When we cease to be mere controversialists and artists, when we feel the bitterness of sin and the infinite preciousness of the Cross, we are best prepared to turn our learning and our varied ability to the highest advantage. But without such feeling, genius and culture and power are utterly without avail in the sanctuary. I believe in the permanence of the institution of preaching. I rejoice in the growing power of the press, yet I have no fear of its rivalry as respects the pulpit. The living voice can never be superseded. It has a work to do which is peculiarly its own. It sets truth to music; it lowers itself to suit the drooping heart; it hastens, it lingers—it soothes, it alarms—it stimulates, it persuades—as no other organ or instrument can. Jesus Christ said, "Preach the Gospel," and never has the gracious command been revoked. It is our authority, our encouragement, our strength. We build this house that we may fulfil that command, and we cannot doubt that in honouring the Word of Christ we shall receive many tokens of His blessing. As to the uses

to which the City Temple may be put, I can but indicate my own feeling. We shall gladly show the most ungrudging hospitality to all sister Churches and to all Christian societies that have earned puplic confidence. To all Christian denominations I would offer a platform on which to plead the cause of God the Son. The Home Missionary Society and the Foreign Missionary Society I would welcome with most cordial love. I would not use our large space and conspicuous position for ourselves alone. Whatever advantage we have belongs to the common body. Consider this place a central home. It is not our private ground; it is *our Father's house!* It is in my heart to make a collection in the City Temple for every chapel of our faith and order built in London which may require the sympathy and help of the Christian public. It is in my heart to throw open some part of the premises nearly every day in the week, and to provide Bibles for passers-by who may be glad of a few minutes' rest and quietness. It is in my heart to meet students here from time to time, that we

may talk together of the best ways of doing our beneficent and most glorious work as preachers of the everlasting Gospel. It is in my heart to invite representatives of all sections of the Christian Church to meet here in earnest and friendly conference respecting matters which concern the various interests of the Kingdom of Christ, that we may know one another better, and understand that under all our differences there is a heart true to the crucified Son of God. It is in my heart to make the pulpit of the City Temple a terror to evil-doers, a tower of strength to all who are honest and pure, and a light to all who are asking the way to the truth and love of God. Lord, make me bold in Thy cause; deliver me from the spirit of the hireling; help me to speak the word of Thy judgments, and to breathe all the sweet promises of Thy love; specially help me to show that the Cross of the Son is the only hope of hearts that are dead in trespasses and sins! To these words I need not add. I thank you for your presence and help, and pray God to bless us all with the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER IX

THE CITY TEMPLE

THE following report of the speeches at the luncheon provided at the City Terminus Hotel is taken from a newspaper of the date :—

"The Déjeuner.

"A cold collation was served at the Cannon Street Hotel, to which about three hundred sat down: Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., presided, supported by the Revs. Dr. Parker, Dr. Binney, Dr. Thomas, Dr. Allon, E. R. Conder, Th. Marzialls; Dr. Underhill, etc.

"The Chairman: My dear friends,—I am very glad to find that it is thought, by those responsible for the conduct of these proceedings, that the custom of drinking toasts is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. We all feel that it would

be very pleasant to have an opportunity of testifying that feeling which is, I may say, always paramount with Nonconformists especially—a hearty, loving allegiance to the throne—by singing a few verses of the National Anthem.

"The National Anthem having been heartily sung,

"The CHAIRMAN said: My dear friends,—I am not sure that any apology will be needed from me for occupying this position. I am here because Dr. Parker and his friends requested that I would take the chair. In performing the duty thus devolved upon me, I very gladly utter a hearty Godspeed to the enterprise which has to-day received its formal and distinct commencement. I am here as deeply interested in the prosperity of the City. I have been all my life largely connected with its trade, and interested in all that is connected with it. I confess to a feeling of great regret to see one after another of our places of worship moving out of the City. It would seem as if some of us had been behind Dr. Parker, and had caught him just as he was getting out over the Viaduct. He has gone away as much as he could, and still be in the City.

It seems as if some influence had altered his design— and it is not a slight influence that would alter Dr. Parker's intention, for he is a man who chooses to think for himself, and to act in accordance with the dictates of his conscience; however, some influence has stopped him on the Viaduct. One is thankful to feel that the future meeting-house, or Temple, is clearly adapted to the necessities of the City. There is a very large population, in spite of what any one may say, which still sleeps in the City of London. In my own house of business, out of three hundred employed, over a hundred live there continually; and it is so in many houses. I am thankful that there should be within reasonable walking distance a place like this, which will be, I hope, a power for good. I rejoice in all efforts which show the power of principle. I hold it to be the best kind of anti-State Church teaching, while endeavouring to uphold our principles, at the same time to show the power of Nonconformity—that we are not looking externally for that help which we ought to provide. We have had our difficulties, which we look upon as discipline, but we pay our own way and manage our own affairs, and it will be a blessed day for England, notwithstanding

a recent decision, when that principle shall be forced on the House of Commons by the manifest power it is exercising all over the country.

"Rev. Eustace R. Conder said he had been asked by Dr. Parker to be present to address a few words of encouragement, but he felt that country brethren like himself would rather themselves derive encouragement from what they witnessed that day. He rejoiced in the testimony which had been borne that the whole power and value of Protestant Nonconformity consisted in their spiritual life. He was glad that the old flag of Nonconformity was to be nailed to so respectable a mast, in one of the main entrances to the City, and he trusted that it would float here until it was taken down for another flag which would float over all the other Churches alike.

"Rev. J. Thain Davidson said he regarded the invitation which he had received to be present on this occasion as a compliment, not so much to himself as to the branch of the Christian Church with which he was connected—the English Presbyterians; and who, he trusted, would, ere long, be found

working as unitedly with the Independents as they did in America. He looked upon Dr. Parker as the Ward Beecher of the English pulpit; his influence in the City Temple would always be great, as he would always have a large clerical auditory.

"Rev. S. Minton regretted that he was the only minister of the Established Church present on this occasion. One of the most un-Christian sentiments he had ever read was one recently uttered in the House of Commons, that all other Christian Churches were to be regarded by the Church of England as hostile. He had been a minister of the Church of England for thirty years, and in his first parish he took the chair at a meeting in the Primitive Methodist chapel. He was led to this feeling partly by recoil from the feelings of ecclesiastical exclusivism, of which he saw so much at Oxford. With all his heart he would say to his Nonconformist friends there assembled, "For my brethren's and companions' sake I will seek to do thee good; yea, for the sake of the Lord my God I will wish thee prosperity."

"Mr. Henry Wright said he felt, whoever was absent, he must be present to express

his hearty sympathy with Dr. Parker in the great work to which he had set his hand. He was born very near the city of London, and had had very much to do in his early days with its commerce. Whether Dr. Parker was about to erect an edifice of the right size he could not say; whether that building, which was intended to hold two thousand five hundred people, would be full or not, would depend not so much upon its appearance as upon the power manifested within its walls. He believed that Dr. Parker had the power to attract, and the power to feed those whom he attracts with wholesome food. There was among Nonconformists too great disregard about the onward progress of our own denomination. He honoured Dr. Parker for the honour he was conferring upon their denomination by erecting such a building. and he felt it was the duty of all well-wishers to society and well-wishers to the city of London to join as he did most heartily in wishing Dr. Parker Godspeed.

"Rev. Dr. BINNEY said forty years ago he laid a stone and delivered an address which became so celebrated that when asked to officiate on this occasion he thought he had

better let well alone; moreover, he thought that Dr. Parker, as minister of the church, ought to deliver the address to the people on this occasion Dr. Parker was a fellow-countryman of his own, and in Northumbrians there was generally the raw material of power. There was a great deal of power in Dr. Parker; but as he had not been so long under the sweet, softening influences of the South, sometimes there had been sayings and doings of Dr. Parker which had a little struck upon his ears: but he felt such confidence in the man, such a belief in his principles and worth, his earnestness, sincerity, and truthfulness, and in the power which God has conferred upon him and out of which will come mighty issues, that he felt inclined to take his stand by his side. Dr. Binney then read a somewhat lengthy extract from a paper written by himself twenty-five years ago, in which he had sketched the characteristics desirable in a minister, and which he thought were supplied in the case of Dr. Parker. There was another reason why he was there that day. He thought that a great deal more than was at all called for had been made about that Corporation grant. From the first, both by writing and speech, he had told his friend Dr. Parker that he wished it had not been

done. Under the circumstances, the present exigencies of the controversies of the times, he wished that it had not occurred. There were times when it would not have attracted any observation, but at the present crisis it might have been as well not to have given this opportunity to their opponents for remark. The act being done under the influence of the feelings and motives which prompted it, he thought it was going too far to make such a terrible piece of work about it. He remembered in old Stepney Meeting how proudly Dr. Fletcher used to look at the four columns presented by the States General of Holland. Not only did Dr. Fletcher see nothing inconsistent in his roof being sustained by the States General of Holland, but he regarded it as something of which to be proud. He (Dr. Binney) looked upon this gift of the Corporation from a very different point of view from that in which it was regarded by some people. He connected it with the past history of the City. There was something very interesting in the thought that the old Poultry Chapel stood on the site of a gaol in which John Bradford and other martyrs and confessors were confined. There was an interesting indication of the change of the times in the change of the edifice built upon

that site. He looked upon this gift of the Corporation as a similar indication of the change of character of the times. After the period when Nonconformists were put in prison, there were still forms of petty social persecution; among the rest was the Corporation and Test Act. In the early part of the last century, when the Corporation of London was building the Mansion House, the Common Council, and, he supposed, the Court of Aldermen, passed a resolution that the fines of those persons who would not serve the office of sheriff should go towards the erection of the Mansion House. He would not say that this was done purposely by the Corporation; but it was the fact that about that time a very great number of Nonconformist godly men were elected to the office, and, refusing to prostitute a sacred ordinance in order to qualify themselves to hold it, had each to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. Those sums went to the erection of the Mansion House and that beautiful room the Egyptian Hall. He never knew how it came to be called the Egyptian Hall, except it was from that particular circumstance, which bore so close a relation to the exactions of Pharaoh. He did not know whether it was very pleasant for

Nonconformists, when invited by the Lord Mayor, to feel that they were going into their own house. When some members of the Corporation, looking back upon these exactions, offered this peppercorn of acknowledgment as a kind of *solatium* to their conscience, he hardly knew how they could well refuse their friends, the Corporation, that satisfaction. He had great pleasure in being present to express his brotherly interest in Dr. Parker's effort, and his hope that God's blessing would rest upon his labours in London.

"Rev. D. Thomas rejoiced that this building was to be erected in the city of London. Young people from the country never needed faithful preaching more than they did after spending a week of dissipation in the metropolis. He knew as a matter of fact that members of their Churches had got no good, but harm, by a stay in London. He hoped that those London ministers who have a high reputation would remember that they ordinarily have among their hearers a number of young persons who are at that time exposed to special temptations, and would have a word in season for such. In this way they would be doing an amount of good the

full value of which they would never learn in this world.

"Rev. G. W. Conder joined in congratulating Dr. Parker on the event of the day.

"Rev. E. White testified to his great and growing respect for Dr. Parker's honesty of character, which was being applied to the exposition of the Sacred Scriptures. Dr. Parker appeared to be possessed by an overpowering desire to know the meaning of God's Word, and to spread abroad that knowledge. Mr. Martin's recent address was likely to make a salutary impression, not only upon the Dissenting press, but on a good many Christian people, in guarding them against too sweeping generalisations as to the spiritual condition of others. He rejoiced to think that the Lord was their Judge, and he questioned whether He would not, in looking at a Mahommedan, judge the man inside. When Nonconformity began, it was not a political movement, it was a spiritual, religious, and theological movement; it would be an evil day if they made the political aim of religious equality take precedence of Christ's glory. He felt the thrashing which they had had in the House of Commons. The minority

of thirty less ought to teach Nonconformists a lesson. If ever he wrote a book it should be upon the superstitions of Dissenters. Why could not they have had a printed form of prayer that day which everybody could have read if they could not hear? Our religion should not consist in protest against somebody's mistakes, but we should have the right thing in our Churches.

"Dr. UNDERHILL, as representing the Baptist denomination, agreed that Nonconformity was not so much a political position as the assertion of the crown rights of the Redeemer in His Church. With regard to the Corporation gift of the pulpit, he should be inclined to criticise the opinions of their friend and father, Mr. Binney; but he rejoiced to feel sure that from that pulpit there would go forth no uncertain sounds as to the great and solemn truths essential to the soul of men and the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. He rejoiced that the Independents were about to have this Temple; the Baptists had for many years had such a building in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

"Rev. Dr. PARKER referred to several letters he had received from friends unable to be

present—Mr. Bergne, Dr. Halley, Mr. Hadfield (who sent fifty pounds), Mr. E. Baines, and specially regretted the absence of Dr. Spence, his honoured predecessor at the Poultry. He expressed his obligations to the newspapers; not a single penny had been spent on advertisements, yet all the newspapers with which they had communicated had taken very kind notice of this Memorial Stone meeting, and drawn more direct attention to it than would have resulted from any form of advertisement. He recognised this as a most valuable contribution to the engagements of the day. He rejoiced that they had had Mr. Binney, who was a king of men, to lay the Memorial Stone:

> 'Tis a rich, rough gem, deny it who can,
> The heart of a true Northumbrian.

And if he wished to pick out a typical countyman, he would not choose Lord Eldon, Lord Stowell, or George Stephenson, but would be content to have the whole thing settled by the stature, the capacity, the influence, the majesty, and the force of Thomas Binney. He thanked the friends connected with the late Poultry Chapel for the liberal assistance which they had rendered, and the gentlemen who had taken part in the day's proceedings.

He felt stronger and younger for the speeches. As Mr. White had said, he wanted to know what God in His Bible means; and when he concluded that he had caught the meaning, it was unkind and unjust if anybody spoke of him on that account harshly, ignobly, or disdainfully. If a man had made a mistake in his interpretation of the meaning, he would have him talked to nobly and fraternally, not sneeringly and with undervaluing expressions. One result of the carping criticism to which he had been thus exposed had been a gift of one hundred pounds. The friends at the Poultry would not have needed any aid but for the large expense which they were weekly put to in respect to places of meeting, and he trusted that the three thousand pounds required would be contributed previously to the opening of the building.

"The CHAIRMAN said he should be happy to give two hundred pounds towards the three thousand pounds and he believed if the ladies would call on business men in the City, as suggested by Mr. Willans, there would be a disposition to recognise the claim.

The proceedings then terminated.

The following are some of the letters referred to :—

From Rev. John Stoughton, D.D.

"My Dear Dr. Parker,—I am sorry that there is no chance of my being with you on Monday, so I send a line to express my congratulations. May you have a good day and enjoy God's blessing. Should my life be spared I hope to be disengaged when the Chapel is opened, and some day, should I not be too old, I may, I trust, occupy *your pulpit.*

"Yours very truly,

"John Stoughton."

From Edward Baines, Esq., M.P.

"Dear Dr. Parker,—I had hoped to attend the laying of the Memorial Stone of your 'City Temple' on Monday, though I feared I should not be able to be with you at the Cannon Street collation.

"I now find, with regret, that I shall be absent from town on Monday, and therefore unable to attend either. Will you accept my sincere wishes for the prosperity of your great undertaking and for the continued success of your ministry; and, as I see that

sums of five guineas will be laid upon the stone, will you accept my humble contribution with the rest.

"I am, dear Dr. Parker, yours truly,

"EDWARD BAINES.

"THE REV. DR. PARKER."

From W. R. SPICER, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I regret to say that I am obliged to be out of town on Monday, which will prevent my being with you on that day.

"I trust you will have a large attendance and warm sympathy in your new and interesting undertaking.

"As the Temple is to be a City Church, you must be good enough to put our firm (Spicer Brothers) down for fifty pounds. With best wishes,

"I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

"W. R. SPICER."

From REV. DAVID THOMAS, D.D.

"I should much liked to have been with you, to have joined in the festivities and congratulations of the hour. Few men in the history of the world have had opened up to them such a sphere of influence and

usefulness as that on which you are entering. Long may you live faithfully to occupy it!

"DAVID THOMAS."

What has been done in the City Temple from first to last others must one day relate. What hath God wrought! To Him only be all praise! *Te Deum Laudamus!*

Elliott & Fry photo

Walker & Boutall, phs

Emma Parker

CHAPTER X

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS

ON January 26th, 1899, I entered upon my old age, for at 9.30 that night the life of my life, the heart of my heart, ascended to the right hand of God. In her fifty-third year EMMA JANE PARKER died into the life immortal. Take her for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon her like again. This is the calm judgment of those who knew her best. Her stature, her grace, her high-bred ease, her living smile, clearly typified the uniqueness of her soul. She was at once the sweetest and the stateliest flower in the garden, the very making of the garden, as we came to know when the Lord plucked her and left the garden waste. How old was she? Emma was born on June 20th, 1846, and she went up on January 26th, 1899; but these figures give no idea of her age. Years made no impression on her unfading youngness. Her life

was a child's smile—a spring dawn—a morning salutation. The dew itself was never fresher, the aurora never brighter. In her coffin she was young, in her shroud she was the tranquil image of Victory.

I saw Emma in her noble father's house when she was little more than sixteen. She married me before she was nineteen. We companied with one another full thirty-four years, and they seemed but thirty-four days for the love I bare her. All the years she was young, strong, blithesome—the very genius of hope and song.

If I had to sum up her characteristic quality in one word I would choose the word Health, using it in its broadest sense, including body, soul, and spirit. As to the body, we had no doctor for a quarter of a century; as for her mind and heart, her imagination and will, no hint of disease could be even suspected, much less discovered. Emma lived above moods and whims, imaginings and prejudices, jealousies and envyings. She had indeed no relation to any of them. At school she was known as Fresh Breeze, in our home she was known as Sunshine. Her oft-frequented Beachy Head well represented her whole personality,

for there the reviving air of the moorland interbreathes with the exhilarating air of the sea, and the wedded winds are rich with the incense of wild flowers, million-fold, shy and sweet beyond the imagining of dreams.

Intellectually? Clear and strong in a high degree. How was it expressed? Henry Ward Beecher said, "I never met a woman except my own mother so strong in reason." Her teacher of classics said, "I never saw the irregular verbs knocked about in this way before." To one of the Revisers of the New Testament she repeated chapter after chapter of the epistles in Greek. Her German tutor certified, "She has a thoroughly critical knowledge of the German language." Her French teacher said that three months' residence in France would perfect her in the use of that dainty tongue. Her Italian professor refused his fee because of the delight which her proficiency occasioned him, and her German singing master was equally enthusiastic and generous. At one point she regarded herself as quite a failure: "I have not the least memory for poetry," she would say. We once asked her to try to learn a short piece, but she smiled sceptically at the suggestion. She could remember grammar

and criticism, argument and exposition, but poetry, never! She was sure of it, and we were sure of the contrary. And for once, only once, we were right. She stored her memory with the richest poetry of the English language, and held the largest audiences enthralled by her dramatic recitations of Tennyson, Browning, and innumerable other writers. Her public recitations gave Emma manifold pleasure, especially (1) the pleasure of the intellectual excitement, and (2) the pleasure of increasing the funds of many deserving charities.

Probably the recital of these facts will be regarded as proof enough that her intellectual life was copious and energetic. But the half has not been told. Our house is full of her oil-paintings and water colours,—portraits, flowers, landscapes, and bits of Alpine rock and forest. For years Emma led the singing in the City Temple. For a considerable period she regularly reported my sermons in a weekly journal. She translated a story from the German of E. Werner and published it in two volumes. She reviewed books and wrote stories. Above all, and last of all, she published a bijou volume of poetry under

Drawing Room at Tynehome.

the title of "Summer Sonnets and Other Verses," which has been received with favour unanimous and emphatic.

Domestically? The whole house is a decisive reply. The house is in very deed the creation of her genius and taste. She chose it all, arranged it all, and prized it all. We loved our home. I cannot yet leave it, for it is hers, and will be hers for ever. She touched everything and gave grace and value to what she touched. I find her everywhere like a light, shaded, but quite visible to the looking heart. Domestically? Yes. Whose dainty stitching could compare with hers, women themselves being judges? From a child Emma was a model needlewoman. It is one of our little anecdotes that when she was but four years old she was surrounded by her Darlington relations as she sat on a stool showing them the first handkerchief she had hemmed. The friendly critics were of course paralysed, and so was the little woman who thus received her first hosanna. The first time I saw Emma she was sewing in company with her Martha-like mother, and within a few months of her last illness she was practising knitting in view of her

old age! Emma, the brilliant, knitting, was a sight to break the heart! Domestically? Look at her household book-keeping for an answer. To some people book-keeping may come easy, but to Emma it came as a mystery and a burden too much for the endurance of flesh and blood. It was the balancing that broke her down and made her weak as other women. Great in languages, in music, in painting, in argument, and in stitching, she was simply nowhere in balancing her household books. She was never wrong in the pounds; it was an odd fourpence or an occasional sixteenpence that drove her to distraction. "What can I have done with that fourpence?" Yes, indeed, what? Then I was suspected of having made way with it, or mischievously hidden it, or secretly invested it; but when all these suspicions came to nothing she wisely entered the fourpence under the irresponsible and much-lying item of "sundries."

Here I am reminded that from an early period Emma was able to make little sums of money, but never able to keep them. Herein she was her kingly father over again, for without exception he was the

best-giving man I ever knew, unless, indeed, my own father alone excelled him. But I am speaking of Emma's early prizes. Once in walking with an uncle great beloved, something or other which was perhaps only one field off she impetuously described as "miles away." Her uncle, who was always critically accurate, said, "Now, if you will tell me what figure of speech that is I will give you sixpence." In a moment she answered, "Exaggeration," and she got the money. "Exaggeration" is a long word for a little girl of ten to know. On another occasion Emma was walking with the same uncle—a man devoted to the love of books—when he said, "Now, which would you like to have as a little present—a shilling or a book?" It was a critical moment for the girl. After a pause she shyly answered, "A shilling." Many a time in referring to this incident she said, "I knew that in choosing a shilling instead of a book I was falling in Uncle Robert's estimation, but I really wanted the shilling to make presents to my brothers." One of these brothers, the next in age to herself, is at this moment erecting a worthy memorial window to her honour in the Sunderland church in which he lovingly serves as one

of the deacons. Thus our little "presents" come back to us in forms of noblest appreciation. Emma's heart always devised liberal things. "I put a sovereign in the sacramental box for you, my dear, this morning," said I on returning from the City Temple during her last illness. She smiled her sweet young smile and said, "That was not very much." Always her way! I never proposed to give a sovereign to anything without her saying, "Give two." Thus she continually enlarged my ministry and brought down upon it the richest blessing of God. I can never forget the delight with which after hearing James Chalmers, the apostolic missionary of New Guinea, preach in the City Temple, she said on reaching home: "My dear, I would not have missed it for the world. You must send that man a hundred pounds, and send it at once." To my shame I confess that I compromised for fifty, but some day and in some way and to somebody I must pay the balance for her sake. She shall not blush for me in the presence of the angels.

In Emma's unfolding life I could not fail to trace the influences under which she came during her happy schooldays. For eight years

and a half she attended a school in Darlington presided over by two Quaker ladies, Jane and Elizabeth Proctor, whose names she held in grateful and reverent affection. Emma often said that she loved the Quakers, and that she was sure they held an honoured place in the religious history of the world. During her eight and a half years' school residence at Polam she was brought under the stimulating influence of many public lecturers who visited the thriving and enterprising town of Darlington, notably George Dawson, Henry Vincent, John B. Gough, Elihu Burritt, together with such visitors and speakers as Mazzini and Orsini, both of whom stayed in her father's house and both of whom wrote their names in her greatly treasured album. Kossuth wrote: "May your stars be bright, and may your destiny be propitious! Darlington, May 23, 1856. L. Kossuth." Emma was then a month short of ten years old.

After eight years and a half at Polam, Emma proceeded to Middlethorpe Hall, York, to continue her education. She was the only Nonconformist in the school! Whenever the name of Oliver Cromwell came up in history, all the girls darted glances upon her as if something terrible might at any moment

occur. One of the more tender-hearted and sympathising girls—a girl evidently destined to a work amongst the heathen—delicately approached her with the inquiry, "Emma, do you believe in God and Christ, as we do?"

The girl's voice trembled as she put the solemn question, but Emma's voice did not tremble in reply. She merely said, "As *we* do," and then significantly smiled.

Entering heartily into very varied public relations as the wife of a Congregational minister before she was nineteen years of age, her judgment, her feeling, and her tact were subjected to no ordinary test. It is doing her memory but the simplest justice to say that the test never placed her at the slightest disadvantage. Rich and poor alike accorded her the fullest confidence and admiration. On the day of her burial one beneficiary remarked with overflowing emotion, "After all, it is we poor folks who will miss her most." Could Emma have heard this testimony she would have desired no higher eulogy. She lived to ease the burdens and dry the tears of others. That she was often defrauded by unworthy applicants she well knew, but she always said, "I would rather be taken

in ten times than neglect one worthy case." January was her favourite month for helping a certain class of needy and struggling friends. It is the London month of "sales," when great "bargains" are mistakenly supposed to be possible. Accordingly to the "sales" she diligently repaired, always returning with dresses and ribbons, mantles and bonnets, bodices without skirts and skirts without bodices, and many other articles which I dare not attempt to name. This was for poor Mrs. A, and that was for poor Mrs. B, and the other was the very thing for poor, shivering Miss C, "for it makes my heart ache to see her this wintry weather in a thin, unlined cape."

"But," I would say, "if these people are so very poor, how can they afford to pay for the making of such dresses?"

Emma smiled. I was but a man. "Do you suppose," she would say, "that we are going to give away unmade dresses? Of course we shall pay for the making—of course."

Who can estimate the influence of such a woman upon my public life? Think of the continual inspiration, the ennobling graciousness, the summer-like brightness and joy!

Never a complaint, never a murmur, never an unworthy criticism. Surely God sent this holy and most tender heart to reordain me day by day to the apostolate of Calvary. For this richest of Heaven's blessings I would without ceasing thank God with an overflowing love. Emma was my pastor at home. She had the gift of healing in a marvellous degree, combined with an equal gift of insight, the whole life adorned and sanctified by a modesty steadfast and incorruptible.

"You have a wonderful gift for acquiring languages," I would say.

"Nothing of the kind; anybody could do it who would take pains."

"Take pains! That is what she did in all her work. Emma read every word of Macaulay's History, every word of Froude's History, every word of the German Bible, every word of the French Bible, and every word, preface included, of every book sent her for review. As for the current literature of the day and the best fiction of the olden time, she practically knew Scott and Dickens, George Eliot and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, by heart. Emma was a great book-buyer. "People ought to encourage authors,"

she frequently said, and to the letter she was true to her creed. She kept a book-register, in which she carefully entered the date on which she began a book and the date on which she finished it; and few things of the kind more gratified her than to meet a friend with whom she could discuss books which they read in common. From all this it might be inferred that my wife would be a severely critical hearer of sermons. Yes and No. Yes, if the preacher wittingly or unwittingly tried to palm off a fallacy; No, if the preacher delivered a noble message in a sincere spirit. Emma was my best hearer, whether approving or disapproving. Many a new idea I have taken to her without bringing it back again. An idea needed to be more than novel if she was to accept it; the idea must at least be rational, and true to the higher experience, if it was to be approved and utilised. As to orthodoxy, she cared nothing if it could not vindicate itself at the bar of present intelligence and scholarly criticism. It was nothing to Emma if an idea was merely old; she quietly pensioned it off with a proper and regularly paid amount of respect, and insisted that it should never stir out of the Almshouse which bears the legend, "It hath been said by them of old time, but——"

About the hundred and seven days of her last illness my heart will not permit me to say much. Wearier and sadder days for me were seldom passed by mortal man. But during the whole time no complaining word passed those sweet and eloquent lips.

"What a mercy, my dear," said I, "that you have no pain!"

"My dear," said she, "there has been nothing but mercy."

This was the spirit in which she lived and died,—no, not died,—say, rather, ascended. Her sick-room was turned into a garden of choice flowers by many tender and generous hands. Day by day the fragrant flowers came. Day by day the gates of the higher garden opened more and more widely. Day by day the wilderness encroached upon my own withering life. Through all the weary days Emma encouraged me to go on with my work.

"You will preach to-morrow," were almost the first words she said on returning to consciousness after the surgical operation she underwent on that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday: November 12th, 1898.

"If you wish it, my love."

"Certainly."

I preached—at what cost of heartache can never be known.

A hundred and five days, a hundred and six, then a hundred and seven,—and the end! My heart breaks as I think of it. "Keep me —hold me," were her last words; then the panting, succeeded by the long breathing—then the lessening respiration—then less—then heaven!

In that dark hour I became almost an atheist. How could I be otherwise,—my chief joy taken from me—my only joy—the joy that gave gladness to everything else—the joy that made holy work a holy sacrament? O the Gethsemane bitterness! the Calvary solitude! I had secretly prayed God to pity me by sparing her, yet He set His foot upon my prayers, and treated my petitions with contempt. If I had seen a dog in such agony as mine I would have pitied and helped the dumb beast; yet God spat upon me and cast me out as an offence,—out into the waste wilderness and the night black and starless. "My feet had wellnigh slipped." Then a cruel voice said: "Renounce Him! Defy Him! He forsook His own Son on the cross. Hate Him, and join us, whom He derides and torments as devils!" My soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death. In that anguish I heard another voice say, "My dear, all is well;

the mystery will be explained. Even at sixty-eight your work has hardly begun." I knew her tone. It sounded clearly in my soul's soul, by which sign I knew that this radiant daughter of God had seen the beauty of the King. From that hour I was enabled to take up my ministry and to do the divine bidding with a warmer zeal. God help me, and God help all stricken souls!

Who could live with a wife so gifted, so spiritual, and so childlike, and live with her four-and-thirty years, without being deeply affected by her holy influence? As I thought of our unbroken and ever-ascending home-life I have often been reminded of the words: "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; but the redeemed shall walk there." There was always with us "One like unto the Son of man," so that never once were we conscious of solitude or incompleteness of joy. Yet who could be so lively as Emma when surrounded by congenial society? She talked, she sang, she recited, she told anecdotes, she exchanged repartee, and in every way made herself, without effort and without encroachment, the centre of every circle that welcomed her. For this reason she was distressingly

missed by friends and admirers in every station of life.

"In Edinburgh," said one friend, "many of us felt that by Mrs. Parker's removal we had sustained a painful personal loss."

"I have been so struck," said the wife of a professor, "by the kind references to Mrs. Parker made by many shop assistants in Hampstead; they seem to miss her so much."

"We had all learned to love her," wrote the excellent and gifted wife of Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh.

After leaving a friend's hall in Yorkshire, one of the daughters appropriated the soap with which Emma had washed her hands, another insisted upon occupying the chair she had sat upon, and a third seized her towel and would let no one else touch it. These are little things, but they mean much.

"I think," said I, in banter, to a Scotch lady, "when I visit you again I will come alone."

"Then never show your face at our door!" was the quick and warning reply.

In every possible form of expression this feeling made itself known. How otherwise can we account for the marvellous demonstra-

tion of interest and affection which marked her illness and interment? Day after day three people spent hours in merely opening the letters which poured in upon us. We received letters, messages, wreaths, flowers, and telegrams from all sections of general and professional society; for example, to name only a few contrastive or representative instances,—from the Bishop of Calcutta, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. George Grossmith, Canon Benham, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, the principals of seven Nonconformist colleges, the President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, Lady Henry Somerset, Ian Maclaren, the Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the President of the Baptist Union, the President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, the Council of the London Congregational Union, Dr. Alexander Whyte, Dr. Marcus Dods, Dr. McLaren, Canon Barker, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, many Members of Parliament, as well as resolutions from county associations, free councils, Congregational Churches, in addition to telegrams and letters from Rome, Grindelwald, Nice, Finland, Toronto, Cape Town, Virginia, New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and the Transvaal.

These are but typical instances of an inexhaustible list. The value of such condolence is, to me, in the fact that it arose out of deep personal appreciation of Emma herself. Two friends, quite strangers, sent their cards from Aberdeen, bearing the significant and grateful words, "We heard her sing." As for the friends at the City Temple, I dare not trust myself to speak of them in detail. Their love was beyond expression. The flowers, the fruits, the visits, the prayers, the tears, how could I write in fitting terms of love so tender and exquisite! The deacons of the City Temple simply surpassed themselves. They loved her,—that explains it all! Words would only weaken any expression of my over-flowing affection for colleagues who have made our home a song and our ministry an unceasing delight.

Our loved ones come back to us in many sacred memories—pictorial, musical, social. It is wonderful how the past becomes thus specialised, and, as it were, set in expressive miniature. There are mountains, low or high, in every grateful retrospect, to which we lovingly revert in recalling our shadowy yesterdays. In many a sacred picture

Emma revisits the memory of my desolated heart, yet I hardly know which of the pictures I value the most. I could not part with one of them. When Emma was but a girl I saw her whirl round her father's large drawing-room (at that time unfurnished) in a lonely dance, whose natural grace and poetic fire recalled the figure and the sweep of Ayacanora's heroic and graceful movement. Then I see her on her wedding day, December 22nd, 1864, a bride sweet and pure as if new-come from heaven: a dream, a song, the "sound of a grand Amen." Then I see her as the central figure in many a pastoral scene, notably presiding over meetings of poor women (mothers' meetings), opening the simple conferences with prayer, then reading to the poor women, or telling them stories, or singing songs, or delighting them with recitations. Quickly the vision changes, and I see the gentle creature nursing the sick night and day, and waiting on them with a patience and a skill worthy of the best training in the best school. One scene I noted without her knowing that I was looking on. Her father had died in our house after a long and most painful illness. I never saw a kinglier face as he lay in his coffin—the

face of one who had fought and won. Suddenly I heard a heart-breaking sob proceeding from the room where he lay. Quietly opening the door of the bedchamber, I saw Emma kneeling beside the coffin, her hands clasped, her breast heaving wildly, her voice choked with sorrow. Truly she was praying before a most holy altar, and getting quick answers to the cry of her soul. I closed the door a better man and a better minister for the sight I had seen. From that hour Emma was more than ever precious to me, for was she not a priestess who through Christ had power with God? One of the most pathetic incidents was the preparation for the press of her charming little book, already referred to, "Summer Sonnets, and Other Verses." She corrected the proofs on her death-bed. The one thing in literary occupation which she disliked above many was the irksome task of correcting proofs, but not a word or a comma or an apostrophe escaped her watchful attention. She saw the book completed, and with her own hand, sadly weakened and tremulous, she inscribed copies for friends who had in many ways sympathised with her literary efforts. With what bitter sorrow I watched her! How I hastened

out of her sight lest my flooding tears should disturb her! How quick she was in detecting even on a smiling face the traces of newly-dried sorrow! Oh, the pain of it all! the agony—the Gethsemane!

When the hour of separation came I had quickly to decide on the adoption of one of two courses: either to take up my work at once, or abandon it for ever,—abandon it and sink in despair! "Begin at once," was the instantaneous and emphatic judgment of the family circle. I stood at her grave on Monday and I stood in the pulpit on Thursday of the same week, preaching from the text, "And none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

EXTRACT FROM EMMA'S WILL.

"I particularly request and direct that at my death those who love me will put on no sign of mourning, but that they will think of me as promoted to a higher school, where I shall meet my Lord and know even as I am known.

"*Feb.* 1*st.* '88."

And on January 30th, 1899, as we wended our way to Hampstead Cemetery, Fortune

Green, there was not a vestige of black clothing to be discovered. A more beautiful picture was never seen under such circumstances. The open hearse, the crosses, the harps, the crowns, the garlands, all made of the richest flowers that love could select and gold could buy, constituted a summer in January—a heaven quite near at hand. No "mourning," — darksome, pagan, hopeless; no "weeds of woe"; but when the richly-treasured casket reached the bottom of the grave there went forth from that saintly crowd a sob as of orphanage and as of life made desolate. In that heart-breaking moment I entered on my old age, and owned with bitterness that death had won a battle with as strong a love as ever fought the last enemy.

What the outcome is to be we may not even ask. God has handed to me, after fifty years' service in His Gospel, the cup of misery, and He stands over me until I drink its very dregs. May not the unbeliever mock and the reviler ask me to join the ranks of resentful hostility? I must wait and wonder and keep silence. God has driven me into the dark path, and for the moment has handed me over to the cruel tormentor. My faith is undergoing the agony of crucifixion. To

what end I know not. Not a gleam of relieving light can find its way into the secret cave of such lonely distress. Life seems now —perhaps only for a moment—not worth living. I have lost my other heart. My soul's treasure has been stolen. I am poor indeed. Tears are to me day and night as my meat and my drink, while they say continually unto me, "Where is now thy God?" Now and again her own clear voice says to my spirit: "Hope thou in God. Do not cease to work. A little while and the light will come; and again a little while, and out of the cold river you will pass into God's own bosom." Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. I am so lonesome, so desolate, so helpless.

LITERARY AND CONTROVERSIAL

CHAPTER XI

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

A GLANCE at a page at the beginning of this book, the page entitled Bibliographical, will show that mine has been a busy pen. I ought, therefore, to have something to say about books and publishers, and this I wish to say in all civility and gratitude. I have also done a good deal in journalism—that is to say, in magazines and newspapers and reviews. I have never seen any inconsistency between preaching the Gospel and writing it. I admit, however, that anonymous journalism presents many temptations to an active and undisciplined pen. What an opportunity for revenge! What a chance to take another man's vanity down a peg or two! A guinea so earned must be a guinea of special value. But do editors pay as little as a guinea for an article? They used to do. Even to-day

some papers with which the private apartments of angels are or ought to be garnished get out of their obligations by paying half a guinea a column for literary matter. On the other hand, literary matter has gone up very materially in value. There are editors who scorn the policy of accepting the cheap and worthless kind of drudgery. Literature, even in some departments of poetry, was never so well paid as to-day. The old order of mendicant editors is fast dying out, and honourable gentlemen are taking their places. I am persuaded that journalism will never do itself justice until all articles carry the names of their writers. Then we shall know exactly their value and their influence. We shall then get rid of the pompous and misleading "we" and come down upon the rock or the swamp of individual authority. An article would lose nothing by the open signature "John Stuart Mill," or "Thomas Henry Huxley," or "Edward Bouverie Pusey." On the other hand, there is an anonymity which hardly conceals the identity of the unnamed author. Who could hesitate to say this is by Thomas Babington Macaulay, and this by William Ewart Gladstone, and certainly this is by Mr. Jonkins, and that by his sister-in-law the Hon. Sarah Wilkins?

Real power needs no secrecy, nor can secrecy conceal inherent weakness.

Even publishers must submit to be variously appraised and classified, as the stars themselves have been scheduled under high apostolic sanction. For the purposes of this reminiscence it may, for the moment, be sufficient roughly to distribute publishers, like authors, and even like preachers, into good and bad, ignoring the shades and tones which indicate, without offensive invidiousness, professional plus and minus quantities. Life would be greatly simplified if all men were definitely good or bad; it is amongst the mixtures and modifications that criticism goes astray, and especially at that sensitive point at which it becomes uncertain whether a man should be categorically voted black or white. That there are good publishers is an established fact; that there have been bad ones only imagination at its worst could seriously deny.

As a rule, what does the young author expect of his publisher? Expectation is the measure of disappointment. But expectation is the young author's forte! Weak in a thousand points he may be, but at the point of expectation he is every inch full-grown. Naturally the young author expects

his publisher to bring him at least fame and wealth, with all that is implied by those glittering terms. Naturally, too, the young author supposes that he confers a favour upon his publisher by allowing that servile personage to undertake his business and forward his periodical cheques. The young author feels that as he came into the world with great talents, Providence can never intend that he should go out of it with great disappointments. Vain, in the coxcomb sense, the young author can never be; but there is another and superior vanity before whose altar he may fall,—a very pale and shadowy consciousness that the keys of a literary kingdom have been handed to him by its invisible master. He would not say so for the world, but he feels it all the same; saying it would be conceit, but feeling it is genius. How can such a man be just to his publisher? What circulation could satisfy such ambition? What cheques could realise such dreams of gold? The publisher, on the other hand, works in a more limited world,—a world of discounts, false dozens, scale advertisements, secret profits, commissions too shadowy to be discerned by the naked eye, job-lots and remainders, together with mysterious editions

for the colonial market, and expensive arrangements for securing copyrights that yield the author no return. How can a budding author, every bud tipped with the crimson of genius, follow the arithmetical hocus-pocus of the sordid side of authorship? He could detect a false quantity in a pentameter, or offer a suggestion to an outworn Milton, but how could he ever persuade himself that thirteen is twelve, or that he is bound to pay seven-and-sixpence for an advertisement for which the publisher paid two-and-threepence with two and a half off for cash? This would be much too great a strain even for a prose-poet.

From another point of view the publisher may, in the first instance, be of greater consequence than the author—may, in fact, be the employer and patron of the aspiring but unknown writer. Clearly the publisher may at first be better known than the author, and may, in that sense, be his creator, running the historical risk of not being gratefully remembered by the very person he has created. Suppose, for example, that I see advertised a book with some such title as "A New Sphere for the Dream," by Jeremiah Jonkins. I naturally think it must be erratic

or worthless. The title is insane. The author is unknown. The price is seven-and-sixpence. But on looking further down I notice that the publisher is Murray, or Blackwood, or Longman, or Macmillan, or some other eminent house. I then take a different view of Jonkins and his "Dream." Why? Because these firms hold high positions in the publishing world, and each name is a guarantee on the part of the writer. How many times would Jonkins have to be multiplied before he resulted in a Murray? But Jonkins may make only ten pounds by his book. Is that a fact? Yes and No. He received only ten pounds in money, but he may have made a friend and a client of the publisher; he may have prepared the way for his next book; he may have begun his fame! But if the publisher's name had also been Jonkins, how then? Then the circulation of the "Dream" might have been confined to the Jonkins family, for one unknown Jonkins can seldom lift another into fame and a balance at the bank. Thus the publisher must be taken into account, and it is but fair that his commission should be determined by his well-merited influence. It is not only absurd, but unjust, to say that one publisher is as good as another. Through one house a book may acquire reputation, through

another it may end in bankruptcy. Do let us be fair, even to publishers. In every other department of life we pay for experience and reputation, why not in the case of publishers? The village doctor charges five shillings a visit; the West-end doctor expects two guineas for an interview and a prescription, yet the higher fee may be the cheaper of the two. Mr. Briefless may go into court for a guinea; Mr. Brief may want fifty, and Mr. Brief may be the cheaper man! It is practically the same with publishers. In all departments of life we must pay for ability and standing.

The skill of publishers in declining MSS. is almost pathetic in its tender expression. The delicate terms in which medical men express themselves have often been commented on, but I am not aware that publishers have had their deserts in this respect. They have created a special literature for their own use. "Whilst recognising the ability of your work——" Need we read further? "We regret that we may have nothing in the line of your work——" Enough! "If your work had come under our notice six months ago, we might——," No doubt. Archbishop Tait used to instruct his chaplain, in answering a letter of a certain well-known sort, to say,

"Tell the man he is an ass, but tell him *kindly*." What a discriminating publisher the genial Archbishop would have made! In the case of literature, however, the fortune-seeker finds an intermediate reward in Sir Walter Besant's comforting assurance that "literature is property." Probably; but what is literature? I have (happily in imagination only) twenty essays or articles in my desk which twenty publishers have declined. Each paper I value at five shillings, (and dear at the price); am I therefore at liberty to credit my estate with a dormant asset of five pounds? Dare I offer it to my landlord? I respectfully assure him that it is "property," yet, having no literary instincts, and believing more in advertisements than in leading articles, he stiffly says that he must have his rent in a more commercial and negotiable form! But even this dilemma is not without its compensations, because it is always left to me to stamp on the prejudiced stupidity of publishers and landlords who fail to see that my obscurity is depth and that my feebleness is self-control.

Perhaps the best way of testing the real value of a well-known and efficient publisher is to do without him. An ambitious and

disappointed author has sometimes been brought to his senses by this painful process. Publishing is not the virginal simplicity which it casually appears to be. It means capital, sagacity, experience, opportunity, and the confidence of the trade. Of course it does seem unreasonable and even unjust that in the case of a ten-shilling book the publisher should make a profit of seventy pounds and the author should receive a cheque for two-and-twenty. Undoubtedly the figures have an ugly look, especially in the eyes of the mortified author. On the other hand, if the author had dispensed with the publisher, the printer and book-binder might have made a bankrupt of him and ruined his literary career. These ghastly possibilities ought to be faced. In the former case the author incurred no responsibility, and received twenty-two pounds in cash; in the latter he ran into debt and filled his house with nine hundred volumes which nobody cared to read. From this point of view the efficient publisher is clearly indispensable, and it is from this point of view that the publisher has a right to be regarded.

On the whole, therefore, I am of opinion that Barabbas was not a publisher, or if he did belong to the book craft he was an im-

pecunious publisher of minor religious books—a man who persuaded incompetent writers that they should look at the "great good" they were doing and not at the commercial aspect of their missionary labours. In that case Barabbas may possibly have done a contraband trade in a way that justly brought him to the gallows. Even in the religious world there are publishers and publishers. I have known more than one publisher pay handsomely, even lavishly, for writing of a religious order. In only one instance have I heard of real meanness by an obscure "religious" publisher in the provinces, and that was in the case of an exceptional Scot who had been deeply corrupted by long residence in Christian England. To take him as a type of "religious" publishers would be not only unjust, but ridiculous. On all such points we must not too readily take the opinion of disappointed authors. As a melancholy matter of fact there are "religious" books that will not sell. I am told that even "poetry" is often laid at the Beautiful Gate of the temple asking alms of them that enter therein. Publishers know the taste of the market, and may be relied upon not wilfully to reject books that may possibly secure the attention of the public. Self-interest is one of the guarantees of genius.

CHAPTER XII

CRITICS AND THEIR WAYS

WE are familiar with Sterne's bitter denunciation of criticism: "Of all the cants that ever were canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy is worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." But as Sterne died a hundred and twenty years ago we may wonder whether Criticism has made for itself any better reputation. The young writer should remember that the first criticism his MS. has to undergo is inflicted upon it by a professional "reader," whose business it is to report upon it to the publisher who employs him. The "reader" is the "ghost" of the publisher's office. He is supposed to be a man of large reading and competent judgment in literary matters, and to be always on the outlook for literature which his master can turn to account. Thus at the very first the unknown writer has to undergo a

very perilous process. The MS. may fall into the hands of the wrong man—a strong enough man in many directions, but in this particular instance the very worst man that could be appointed to the critic's chair. Even so small a thing as the author's handwriting may ruin the prospects of his book. One of the greatest printers in England showed me an MS. in his office hardly a word of which I could make out. If it had come to me for judgment I should have condemned it as bearing evidence of a most disorderly mind. In every respect the penmanship was as bad as it is possible for penmanship to be. When, however, I was told that it was the penmanship of Lord Brougham, of course it settled itself into legibleness and betrayed evidence of singular energy and originality. But a man has to make himself a Lord Brougham before printers can afford to bestow the necessary care upon him. Take "The Crossing of the Bar," in the handwriting of Lord Tennyson; who can read it with fluency? Who has time to spell out the peculiar caligraphy? Of course, when it is known that the penmanship is actually Lord Tennyson's, the task of deciphering it becomes as fascinating as the solution of a puzzle. In one of the "Diary Notes" we read: "I have sent 'Gareth' to

press this morning. The MS. is so ill written that I expect much confusion." When a man is quite sure that he is a Tennyson he may write as he pleases, but until he has proved that point he ought to come before the "reader" with a fair and tempting copy of his poem or story. Horace Greely wrote an illegible letter to a friend, who, utterly unable to decipher it, skilfully turned it to account by showing it as a free railway pass, not only without anybody being able to contradict him, but without being able to contradict himself, especially in view of the fact that the famous editor was a railway proprietor and director, and might have given such a pass to a friend. A young aspirant should not imagine himself to be a Horace Greely simply because he writes an execrable hand, which nobody in these busy days has time to make out. Dean Stanley wrote in a way which left you in utter mystery as to whether he was coming or going, or sitting still, or falling asleep. Whether he remained "Yours truly, tartly, terribly, or testily," no living man could definitely say, though "truly" would probably be chosen as most agreeable to the receiver's natural feelings. The point of penmanship is of little consequence where reputations have been secured, but it is of distinct importance

that young writers should give the professional "reader" no unnecessary trouble. I have no doubt that professional "readers" could excuse themselves in many instances for condemning MSS. on the ground that they could not read them. On the other hand, it is wonderful what crabbed and cabalistic writing some "readers" are able to decipher.

It would be interesting to know how many mistakes, as to the value of MSS., have been made even by experienced "readers." In recent years a comparatively unknown writer was offered, after many a disappointment, ten pounds for a batch of related articles, which, happily, he had self-respect enough to decline. Within twelve months the said articles, published in book form, secured a circulation of more than fifty thousand. One of the most widely read books of the last ten years was rejected by "reader" after "reader," yet when it fell into the right hands it rapidly made a fortune for both author and publisher. To my personal knowledge an amateur in a department of practical science was offered a few shillings for an elaborate compilation of scientific facts and experiments. He was only a working man, but such confidence had

he in the value of his compilation that he borrowed a few pounds to bring out the book on his own responsibility, and within three years I know that he made a profit of five thousand pounds. I enlarge upon this point to cheer some hard workers whose efforts have hitherto ended in failure, and to point out to some critics that they, with all their expertness, may miss a "flood" in the "tide" of offered MSS.

On the other hand, it would be interesting to trace the successes and real influence of many "readers." As a rule their estimates are just. Some editors are themselves "readers"; that is to say, they most generously criticise and suggest even where they cannot accept. Take the remarkable instance of Charles Dickens. What pains he took with the MSS. offered for insertion in his magazine! How he re-arranged the material, discriminated the characters, pruned verbal excesses, and set the whole situation in a clearer light! Think of the infinite patience of the man, and of his inexhaustible good-nature! To know what Dickens was in this respect compare his biography with the memoirs of other literary men, such as Carlyle or Lord Tennyson. These great men

did nothing for amateurs and aspirants, whereas Dickens discovered men to themselves and cheered them with inspiring words. He would take a story in pieces, and show how much better the parts could be related, and point out what situations admitted more careful and ample treatment. And this was done by a man whose pen was perhaps the busiest in the world. Such service must be traced to that irrepressible benevolence which made Dickens in many respects the supreme philanthropist of his time. Many official "readers" have generously done, to the extent of their ability, what Dickens did on so large a scale. I myself have known instances in which their penetrating criticism has been of immense service to inexperienced writers by way of suggestion and encouragement.

After the "reader" comes the reviewer, the public critic, anonymous, but fearsome. Reviewers, like publishers, must be distributed into good and bad. The reviewer is not always a leper; far from it. We all know that there are reviewers who are gentlemen—courteous, just, forbearing; and we also know that some critics lack both penetration and generosity, and some of them owe the con-

tinuance of their lives to the thickness of the arras behind which they write their anonymous abuse. Some of them are supernaturally clever. They can review a book without reading it. A glance at half a dozen pages is enough for them. They see the style and taste the quality in sips and dribbles, and away they rush to their treasury of epithets, their stock-in-trade of peppermint compliments or diluted cursing. They seldom support their judgment by illustrative quotation. They make cruel fun which pleases themselves, and then they write anonymous articles in condemnation of vivisection. In the degree in which a reviewer is severe he is bound to show the justice of his severity by fair quotation from the book which he is reviewing. To deal in epithets only, the pettifogging exercise of dealing out anonymous adjectives, is to degrade the function of honest and competent criticism. Macaulay held up Montgomery's "Satan" to contempt, but in every instance he allowed the "poet" to speak for himself, and thus to prove that he had not been unfairly judged. The Edinburgh reviewers endeavoured to bring Byron into contempt, but with splendid energy he turned his sword upon them, and gave their carcases to the fowls of the air.

Jeffery's review of the "Excursion" I have always regarded as the poorest effort at funny criticism to be found in literature. Wordsworth will probably live when Jeffery will be forgotten. It is very questionable whether a review permanently affects the position and influence of any book. It is related that one of Tennyson's books achieved a circulation of ten thousand, but that in the case of a following book, which was criticised severely in an influential review, the sale fell short of five hundred. The limited circulation, however, was not due to the review, but to an attack which Tennyson was supposed to have made upon a popular statesman. Macaulay was accustomed to say that the fate of a book depends upon what is in it, and not upon what is said about it. This is a commonplace which may be applied around the whole circumference of human effort.

It is becoming more generally known, probably in consequence of the spread of popular education, that reviewers are in reality not anonymous demi-gods, but ordinary mortals like ourselves. When it is remembered that a reviewer is only a fellow-creature his influence is limited by his individual competence or incompetence.

So long as he is regarded as a deity residing in a paper house whose windows overlook the universe, and who has private telephonic communication with angels, good and bad, he must necessarily be regarded as a most formidable person. When it is known that he wears clothes and pays taxes, he will gradually come into the enjoyment of the degree of influence which is properly due to him. Many a review would ruin its own influence if signed by the name of the writer. Young authors should not be overmuch affrighted by nameless reviewers. They are sure to find encouragement, provided their work is good, in the criticism of upright and competent reviewers. For the honour of literature let us rejoice that there are critics, in no inconsiderable number, who are able to appreciate the quality and value of literature.

It must always be remembered that reviewers have not escaped the kind of criticism which they have inflicted upon others. The pity is that the reviewers could not have been criticised and exposed by name. It is an extraordinary circumstance that journalists of all kinds are about the only persons who are permitted

to work anonymously. We have no anonymous statesmen, no anonymous generals, captains, lawyers, or clergymen; nor have we any anonymous doctors: all these professional men are registered and accessible. We might carry the inquiry further, with the result that we should never find a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick-maker carrying on his business anonymously. You can get at a prime-minister, but who can get at a newspaper editor? However, the baser sort amongst them have been trounced in nearly every form of satirical prose and poetry. Hear Lord Byron on the matter:

> "As soon
> Seek roses in December—ice in June,
> Hope, constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
> Believe a woman or an epitaph,
> Or any other thing that's false, before
> You trust in critics."

Nor is the opinion of Churchill much more lenient:

> "Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
> They damn those authors whom they never read."

We should expect from the mystic and gentle Coleridge a more reserved and

balanced judgment, yet even he does not hesitate to use the avenging lash :

> "Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, etc., if they could; they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics."

Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, said in the House of Commons, "It is much easier to be critical than to be correct"; and, indeed, he went still further, in Lothair, when he said, "You know who critics are?—the men who have failed in literature and art." Who expects severity in Oliver Goldsmith? No man who knows the spirit of that gifted genius. His remark upon critics is thoroughly in harmony with his buoyant kindliness and sympathy :

> "Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
> And be each critic the Good-natured Man."

The brothers Hare, in their "Guesses at Truth," innocently remark :

> "Reviewers are for ever telling authors they can't understand them. The author might often reply, Is that my fault?"

Perhaps the severest thing that has been

said about critics in modern times was said by Russell Lowell:

> "Nature fits all her children with something to do—
> He who would write and can't write can surely review;
> Can set up a small booth as critic; and sell us his
> Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies."

Pope's "Essay on Criticism" (the Bible of critics) abounds in maxims and epigrams which all reviewers would do well to consider. But the root of the whole mischief of malignant criticism lies in the practice of anonymousness. Many a man who is a coward when face to face with an author can be very courageous when quite sure that critic and author are separated by a thick blank wall.

CHAPTER XIII

CONTROVERSIAL REMINISCENCES

THOSE readers who care to make themselves acquainted with the special religious environment of my youth should read a book issued under the title of "Tyne Folk."* In that book I have described many local characters and given many illustrations full of local incident and colour. Specially I have given a detailed account of my connection with an early controversy which raged under the name of Morisonianism. From the beginning I have belonged to the Congregational body, my father being at one time a deacon, or, as the office was then called, a manager, of the local Congregational church. The doctrine of that Church was severely Calvinistic, the Calvinism sometimes rising (or falling) to the Antinomian level. During

* "Tyne Folk: Masks, Faces, and Shadows." Published by H. R. Allenson.

one pastoral vacancy the pulpit was occupied by a minister of what was known as the Morisonian school. The Morisonians were exactly the opposite of the Calvinists. They preached a universal redemption, and offered terms of mercy to the outcast and humanly lost. This doctrine was so abhorrent to the Calvinists that they used every means in their power to prevent an invitation from being given to the young Arminian. They were, however, outvoted, with the result that the Morisonian divine accepted the pastorate and scattered the Church. Some went to the Presbyterians, others went to the Wesleyans; I went to both. I have, therefore, been parenthetically both a Presbyterian and a Wesleyan, and consequently I have had an opportunity of seeing something of the working of both these ecclesiastical systems. Most of my off-time was spent amongst the Wesleyan Methodists; I used, indeed, to say with great licence of speech that I have been almost everything in Methodism except President of the Conference. In process of time the young Morisonian was driven away from his pastorate, the result being that those of us who had been scattered amongst other denominations came back to our original fold. In consequence of this episode I have

often been asked whether I did not begin amongst the Wesleyans? I did not. I have just explained exactly how circumstances shaped themselves. I do not know that any crime would attach to a man who began his religious life as a Wesleyan Methodist; at the same time, it is due to the facts of the case that I should explain my temporary defection from the local Congregational church. No one can have an adequate idea how furiously the controversy was conducted. Families were divided, old associations were broken up, equable tempers were disturbed and exasperated. In all these controversies I took my full share without ever saying one word that could be construed into a limitation of the divine mercy. I have always believed that Jesus Christ is able to save unto the uttermost, and that the salvation of the Cross is offered to all men through all time. It was my father who was a Calvinist, and in those days it was customary for fathers to rule their households with distinct authority—verily with a rod and a staff.

From that time to this I have been, in a sense, a man of war, though my review of the whole polemical course exonerates me from

the self-accusation of ever having made one intentional assault upon any man's personal integrity. I have seen how possible it is for controversy to degenerate into personality, and I have also seen how possible it is for controversy to be conducted instructively and profitably.

A very notable instance of courteous and useful controversy occurred during my Banbury ministry. Mr. G. J. Holyoake visited Banbury and delivered a short series of addresses on Secularism. I went to hear the lectures, and to my surprise I was suddenly led to take part in a discussion which was frankly and even graciously invited by the lecturer himself. Mr. Holyoake's excellent habit was to state his own case in the clearest possible manner, and then to invite inquiry or discussion. I was only twenty-four years of age, yet I was so overpowered by the impression that I ought to seize this opportunity that, almost before I knew it, I was on my feet asking questions and raising difficulties. The discussion lasted three whole nights and was conducted in the most public manner. From beginning to end Mr. Holyoake did not utter one offensive word, nor was there one offensive tone in the eloquent delivery of what he had

to say. Mr. Holyoake illustrated some of the highest phases of public controversy. To hear Mr. Holyoake—that is, to listen to him without prejudice—was to receive an education in public speaking and high-minded debate. During the discussion I remember an instance which for the moment utterly paralysed my mental attitude. In debate the speaker must answer in a moment, or the public will consider that he has been worsted in the fray. We might make excellent answers to our most practised opponents if we could take a week for the preparation of our reply. But not a day is allowed, nor an hour, nor a moment; we must reply instantaneously or be regarded as foiled and undone. The question which Mr. Holyoake suddenly put to me was, "What did Providence do for the martyr Stephen when he was being stoned to death?" How to answer the inquiry I did not for a moment know. The case seemed to be wholly against the idea of a divine Providence. As things are commonly intrepreted, it was perfectly clear that divine Providence took no part in the protection of Stephen. How, then, could I reply to my acute and eloquent opponent? I frankly say that I followed the example of Nehemiah and "prayed to the God of heaven." Presently it came to my turn

to reply. Everything as to the effectiveness and usefulness of that discussion depended upon the adequacy of my answer. The answer was not mine. In my heart of hearts I believe that in the same hour I was told by the Spirit what to say:—

> "The question has been put to me, 'What did Providence do in the case of the martyr Stephen when he was being stoned to death?' If God takes care of His saints why did He not take care of Stephen? What did God Almighty do but leave Stephen to his fate? I think that the Almighty did more than at first sight may appear upon a casual reading of the record. He did not visibly appear to the murderers; He was not audibly heard by any man in the crowd: He did not send a visible angel to deliver the martyr in the hour of his agony: but on these grounds it would be an infinite mistake to suppose that God did nothing for His servant. I tell you that in that moment of suffering and helplessness God enabled Stephen to say, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' *That* was what the Almighty did; and when

> the true value of spiritual ministry is known, it will be allowed that in working this miracle of forgiveness in the spirit of the martyred man, God did more for Stephen than if He had sent a legion of angels to protect him from the ruffianism which wrought his death."

That was my answer. That was an answer which came into my heart straight from the Holy Spirit. Again and again during these forty years I have looked at that reply and I endorse it now as the sublimest answer that God Himself could give to the superficial and impious criticism of unbelieving men. The people saw it in this light. Never was reply more enthusiastically and more unanimously endorsed. The answer had an electrical effect upon the congregation, and in a large degree it settled the issue of the debate. Mr. Holyoake was most courteous; he advised some of his secularist followers to hear me preach, and they accepted his suggestion, with the result that some of them became members of the Church of which I was pastor.

I have known a good deal of debate and have watched anxiously many of its develop-

ments. I deliberately place Mr. Holyoake at the head of all religious disputants. I heard his discussion with a very sharp and witty opponent. If I could have heard the debate without seeing the disputants or hearing their words—that is to say, if I could have judged only by the spirit and temper of the men—I should have said that the Christian was the infidel and the so-called infidel was the Christian. When the Christian advocate sat down I had no conception of the meaning of Christianity, but when Mr. Holyoake resumed his seat I had a tolerably complete view of the theory and purpose of secularism. Christians had every reason to be ashamed of their champion, while the secularists had reason to be proud of their eloquent and tranquil expositor. Religious controversy has nothing to hope from mere sharpness, or satire, or verbal reprisal; it has everything to hope from a profound and clear exposition of the central verities of Christianity.

I am far from saying that there are not times when it is lawful to "answer a fool according to his folly." Sacred history has shown that there are times when the followers of Baal may properly be bantered and flouted. In a small way I myself have found the ad-

vantage of a little mild chaffing and mockery. As a matter of fact, my hearers have often smiled approvingly during my pulpit ministrations. I have never discouraged the expression of feeling at my Thursday morning service, where we have sometimes taken a little more liberty than is supposed to be permissible during Sabbath ministrations. I remember an instance in illustration. At one of my Thursday services I was speaking about the foolishness, as well as the impiety, of some of the excuses made by irreligious men. The text was the incident connected with the making of the golden calf. Poor Aaron attempted to excuse himself to Moses, saying, in effect, that he was never so surprised in his life as when he cast the rings and ornaments of the Israelites into the furnace, and "behold," said he, "there came out this calf!" I showed the folly as well as the wickedness of such excuses, and probably I so painted the confused and bewildered Aaron when he was face to face with his calf as to excite the approving laughter of my hearers. Such laughter would be in admirable keeping with the picture which had been placed before their imagination. But some men do not like laughter in church, even on a Thursday. They have condemned laughter

as irreverent and frivolous, not knowing that there is a time to laugh, and that laughter itself may be an element in worship. One of my hearers was magnanimous enough, and orthodox enough, to write an anonymous letter to the newspapers regarding this breach of congregational decorum. Though the writer did not sign his name, he did sign his real initials. I read his letter and replied to it, concluding my remarks as follows :

> "Your correspondent must be a fellow of infinite wit, for, having attacked me on the subject of Aaron's calf, he facetiously signs himself 'A. C.'"

That man never wrote against me with these initials any more. His friends so frequently reminded him of the "A. C." and Aaron's calf that he desired a discontinuance of their irritating references. Another man attacked me for having been most blasphemous in prayer. The poor wretch was simply uncontrollable in his resentful excitement. In my prayer I said, "Disgrace not the throne of Thy glory: remember, break not Thy covenant with us." My assailant was as hot as the furnace which Nebuchadnezzar the king enkindled in his

infinite fury. He denounced me as a blasphemer, demanded to know how long this kind of address was to be permitted. He said that such words were a disgrace to the Christian pulpit. I replied to the infuriated creature in very brief terms. I said his reproaches must not be levelled against me, but against the man to whom I was indebted. I had certainly said, "Disgrace not the throne of Thy glory: remember, break not Thy covenant with us," and I admitted that the terms were unusual and severe, but I would stand aside and let my great original defend himself. I then referred him to Jeremiah xiv. 21. I heard no more from that incarnate fury. I suppose that, having bankrupted his business and gone into the unseen, out of which he should never have come, he is continuing his controversy with Jeremiah, and that when he has settled with the prophet he will take up his parable against his Dissenting successor.

Of all the petty controversies in which I have been called to take part, the pettiest was the bitter assault which was made upon me when I accepted from the Corporation of London a pulpit—value three hundred guineas—for the use of the City Temple.

For more than two centuries and a half the church of which I am pastor has been resident in the city (proper) of London. Two centuries and a half! The church was founded by Dr. Thomas Goodwin, chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, one of the members of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and by common consent one of the first scholars of his day. From the time of Goodwin the church of which I am pastor has never gone beyond the bounds of the City proper. It is therefore in very deed a City church. When we sold the site of the Poultry Chapel, which we bought from the Corporation more than seventy years ago, for two thousand pounds, and which we sold in 1873 for more than fifty thousand pounds, the question arose as to a site for the new and greatly enlarged structure. We were determined, if possible, to keep within our old bounds. With the assistance of Mr. Deputy Fry—a name which I must for ever hold in grateful recollection—we secured a position on the Holborn Viaduct estate. After being more than two centuries in the City, and after having kept up intimate relations with the Corporation during the whole of that time,

and having finally bought a plot of ground for which we paid the Corporation of London more than twenty-five thousand pounds, it was moved in the Court of Common Council that the Corporation of London should present a pulpit to the City Temple. To my great surprise and corresponding pleasure the Corporation voted three hundred guineas to defray the expense of the City Temple pulpit. The resolution was intended to be an expression of good-will towards the church which had faithfully adhered to the City through so long a continuance of years. All this seems natural and simple enough. If the Corporation had reduced the price of the land three hundred guineas, who could have found any fault with such a concession? The site belonged to the Corporation, and the Corporation could put its own value upon it. The Corporation could, indeed, have sold the land for half the price we gave for it. But when it turned out to be the gift of a pulpit, some Dissenters were thrown almost into a panic, and the letters they wrote to the papers made them the laughing-stock of other critics. By-and-by the *animus* of the whole antagonistic movement was disclosed, and the opposition lost all interest when

Dr. Binney publicly came forward, and, with the authority of his long experience and high character, supported me in the view I took.

My chief controversy has been upon matters connected with the development of Congregationalism. My brethren and I have not always taken the same view of Congregational polity. Once for all I may say that from the beginning until now I have been a member of the "Independent" ministry. I do not believe there are any "small" churches or any "weak" churches. I am more and more convinced that we should be very careful what epithets we attach to the term "church." In the highest interpretation of things the Church of Christ is one, though the term "churches" has apostolic precedent for its use. It is, in my judgment, impossible to amalgamate Congregationalism with any other system of Church government. Congregationalism is unique. It is neither isolated nor unneighbourly; it is destitute neither of sympathy nor of brotherhood, but it is bounded by certain lines that cannot be blurred without losing all distinctiveness and influence. Congregationalism has always

seemed to me to be rather a spirit than a body—rather a principle than an organisation; and this I said in the Congregational Union, as can be proved by its own records, many years ago. Many brethren have taken another view of Congregational polity. They have sincerely thought that Congregationalism should be organised and consolidated, and could usefully take upon itself some of the aspects and responsibilities of the highly organised Churches. But as I have already pointed out, organised Churches have organised creeds, and an organised apparatus within which all denominational questions must be considered and settled. Each Congregational Church settles its own questions in its own way. No Congregational Church has any authority over any other Congregational Church. The very uniqueness of this polity makes amalgamation absolutely impossible. But it does not destroy brotherhood, nor does it interfere, to any serious extent, with co-operation; it is one amongst many, but it is one, and its loss of oneness would be loss of power. My chief opponent in this matter of Organised Congregationalism was Dr. Hannay, the greatest secretary, beyond all doubt, that ever served the Union. His

mind was of statesmanlike range and quality. His eloquence was closely reasoned, and his temper was most sympathetic and forbearing. Out of sight he was the greatest Church debater I have ever listened to. Though we lived in friendly conflict all our days, I think I can show by the following letter that our mutual esteem was not impaired by our political antagonism. This is one of the last letters which Dr Hannay ever wrote :

"*Nov. 5th*, 1890.

"My Dear Parker,—

"Many thanks for your kind letter of yesterday with its unexpected enclosure—unexpected, but most welcome. The printed address greatly added to my regret that I had been denied the opportunity of hearing it. I have heard many things from your lips, and read many things from your pen, with high admiration —some of which I felt I was not quite educated up to; but my assent and consent to your address of last night, in every word, is unqualified. It has come too late to be of use to me, but I hope that those who have a future before them as preachers will lay it to heart. There is a great deal of good fun in it, but also a great deal of serious truth even in the most riotous of the fun."

I have endeavoured to conduct all my controversies without injustice or bitterness,

though I must say that my language has not been wanting in colour and emphasis. If, in the pressure of time and incident, I have said any single word that can give needless pain to any honest man I deeply regret the utterance of that word, and I hereby now, in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, withdraw it, and beg that it may be forgiven.

CHAPTER XIV

MAD FOLKS MAINLY

THIS may be the time to bring together a few incidents which could not have been easily inserted chronologically in the foregoing pages.

When I was assistant to Dr. Campbell at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, he requested me to call upon an invalid member of the Church, and to explain that he himself was unable to visit her. I was, as may be recollected, twenty-two years of age, very thin, with a large head thickly covered with the darkest brown hair, and wearing a collar as high as Mr. Gladstone's, and a white neckerchief that lacked nothing of amplitude or display; put upon all this a tall silk hat and you will see what a figure I cut in the early 'fifties. At this time of life, and in this garb and fashion, I went upon my pastoral journey.

I found that the invalid's room was at the very top of a five-storied house, and that the last part of the stairs was more like a ladder than anything else. Imagine the tall silk hat, the thin white face, the long dark hair, and neckerchief enough for a whole denomination! When I ascended to this perilous height I found the invalid alone, and quietly, no doubt nervously, sat down by her bedside. Presently she turned her head in my direction, looked at me steadfastly in a most expressive way, and then calmly said, "I have a strong desire to kill somebody." Imagine the rest! Imagine the face, the hair, the neckerchief, the tall silk hat suddenly disappearing down the ladder without so much as one word being said on my part! May I here make the mild remark that in my judgment when invalids have a "strong desire to kill somebody" they ought not to be allowed to receive their visitors in solitude? There are times when a third party is essential to security and comfort.

In my early ministry in Manchester a total stranger wrote to me that his wife was very far from well, and that a pastoral visit from me would be a great comfort to her. I remember how the floods of rain came down at

Manchester on the day on which I received this letter. Every omnibus was full, no cab was available, yet I felt that in a case of such urgency I ought to face the situation and see the poor creature without delay. From Old Trafford to Plymouth Grove was a considerable walk at any time; on that morning of storm and flood it seemed to be a walk without end. At length, after an exhausting struggle with the elements, I reached the address which had been indicated. The door was opened in reply to my knocking and bell-ringing by a quiet-looking woman whom I mistook for an upper servant. On inquiring if the lady could be seen at that early hour, I was told that the lady herself had just opened the door to me, and she inquired the object of my call. Having been cautioned by her husband not to mention his name, I could merely say that having heard she was not well I thought I would like to express my sympathy with her. The subdued-looking creature invited me into her front room. I had hardly sat down when she said: "I have seen the Lord" (at this point my flesh began to creep as did the flesh of old Eliphaz); "yes, I saw Him in Oldham Street Chapel. There was a sword thrust through His side." At this moment, being, as before, quite alone, I sprang

Dining Room at Tynehome.

towards the door, and, having opened it, I am afraid I said something to the effect that I would call again on another occasion. Is it right for people to invite ministers to visit invalids in such circumstances? Is it right to withhold every hint of the mental condition of the person you are requested to visit? I will do myself the justice to say that no young man ever went more quickly out of any room than I went out of the two chambers in which my peculiar clients were found.

In some respects the most painful case which ever came under my pastoral attention was that of a brother minister. He is dead and forgotten now, so there can be no fear of exciting his apprehension. He wrote me a long letter giving me a full outline of his personal career, and sent me testimonials and proofs bearing upon the success of his ministry. I never read words of penitence more poignant than were to be found in his pitiable, but most pathetic, statements. He adopted the wise policy of leading me gradually forward step by step until he had established himself, so far as the letter went, in my confidence, and having done this he told me in one thrilling sentence that he was an undetected criminal,

and then he asked me what advice I had to give him in such painful circumstances. I was never so nonplussed. The undetected crime had been committed many years before. The criminal had lived a long and penitent life, and had on every hand drawn to himself the appreciation and the confidence of those amongst whom he laboured. The man had voluntarily put himself into my hands. I had no information but what he had himself supplied. Could I take the weapon which the poor fellow had put into my hand and thrust it through his heart? If the intelligence had come to me in any other way the case would have been wholly different; then my course would have been absolutely clear. Had the crime been only a year old the case would have stood on a very different footing. But years had intervened between the crime and its confession, and those years had been marked by every evidence of humiliation, penitence, and strenuous endeavour after restoration. Every man must treat such circumstances upon his own responsibility. For my own part I took the side of mercy, and allowed the poor fellow to pass away without using against him the tremendous instrument which he had voluntarily put

into my hands. I do not know how far I was right or wrong. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

Curious reports are sometimes circulated about public men. I cannot recollect an instance in which any report about myself was true. An unknown friend wrote to me from a northern county stating that he had heard about me the following particulars:

> "You were invited to open a chapel in this county. You replied that your fee would be a hundred pounds. Your terms were accepted. When the day came it was a day of awful rain and tempest, so that very few persons were able to get to the chapel. The office-bearers pointed out the circumstances to you and asked whether you could reduce your fee; but you replied that a bargain was a bargain, and that you must insist upon the fulfilment of the contract. How much of this is true?"

I took a pencil and wrote upon the letter itself as follows: "Up and down, through and through, in and out, a lie." It is in this way that reports become circulated about public men, and I am sorry to say that in this way the reputations of public men are momentarily discredited. My

unknown friend took the proper course in the circumstances; he came directly to myself, and from myself he got a direct and final reply.

I never read anonymous letters, yet on one occasion I received an anonymous letter which I was obliged to read. How impossible! Yet it was not only possible, but actual. The letter read to this effect:

> "I am a member of the Church of England. One of my eight sons brought me a newspaper in which there was an article upon yourself and your ministry. I read that article on Saturday night, and it was so violent in its abuse that I determined to go to your church yesterday to see the man about whom such things could be stated. Accordingly I went, and I thank God for what I heard from your lips both in the prayer and in the sermon, and I beg to enclose you an expression of my gratitude and appreciation. The article was so calumnious, and written in so bitter a spirit, that I must in this way express a totally different view of yourself and your work. I enclose a Bank of England note value one hundred pounds."

It will thus be seen that I was obliged to read even an anonymous letter. Such an enclosure must have an explanation worthy of being read. In such circum-

stances I am willing to suspend my rule in the matter of anonymous letters. I announced the whole of the circumstance from the pulpit of the City Temple on the following Sunday, and said to my people, "Will you be kind enough to pray that the man who wrote the article may keep on writing, and that the man who read the article may keep on responding!" I often think it is a great pity for people to waste their postage stamps on me. If they have anything to say and will give their proper names and addresses, they may rely upon my serious attention; but if not, their letters will, without perusal, be thrown into the fire, even though they bear such names as "A Well Wisher," "An Ardent Admirer," "A Seat-holder." When a man is ashamed of the name which his mother gave him, his letters are not likely to do me any good. Anonymity is not modesty, though it may easily be either impudence or cowardice.

In my early days I preached at a little Cambridgeshire village, and not many months ago I received a letter from the pastor who is there to-day, from which I make the following extract:

LIBRARY
GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

"I visited an ancient couple—each about eighty-five — in this village. The old man used to lead the choir at the time referred to, and played a 'cello, or a clarionet, or a violin, — all in turn. Our conversation turned upon you. The old lady asked,

"'Well, did you hear Mr. Parker yesterday?'

. . . . .

"'My old man was saying he wondered how long it was since Mr. Parker came here,—I do mean, when we hoped we should get him for our minister. "Why," I says, "I can tell you that. It's forty-six year." And I'll tell you how I know. [This to me.] Our Frank was six months old, and we taught him to "hold up for Parker." When our Naomi come home from chapel the first time Mr. Parker preached she said: "Oh, mother, we have had summat this morning; I never heard such a sermon in my life!" Well, I didn't pay much attention to that, but when my husband came in he said the same thing. All the folks was a-talking

next week, and saying: "You vote for Parker." "I shall hold up both hands for Parker." And amongst us we teached Frankey; and when anybody said to him, "Hold up for Parker," he held his right hand up as high as he could and stuck up his little finger. Then we'd say, "Both hands for Parker," and up went his other hand. And' (she continued) 'I believe we should a had him if it hadn't a bin for old Mowbray.' 'Why,' I asked, 'what did he do?' 'Why, he went about among the people, shaking his old head, and saying, "You may depend 'pon it there's summat wrong; a clever chap like that wouldn't come to a place like this if there wasn't summat as we don't know."'"

I give this extract as an illustration of a really graphic power on the part of the old lady. She represents a peasantry that is by no means destitute of shrewdness. It will be a great mistake on the part of any young man to suppose that he can put off a peasant congregation with his poorest compositions.

The people will soon tell the minister whether his gospel is from heaven or whether it is some petty invention of his own. Paxton Hood told me of an incident which illustrates this very graphically. A young man had been reading an elaborate essay to a rustic congregation. The essay was ethical rather than evangelical. The heads of the peasants dropped upon their breasts in sign of sleepy indifference. There was not a word in the essay adapted to such a congregation. At the close of the effort the old ploughman who gave out the hymns sprang up and said: "Hymn 546. My friends, let us sing a bit o' Gaspel, for we've heerd none:

> "'I sing my Saviour's wondrous death,
> He conquered when He fell;
> "'Tis finished," said His dying breath,
> And shook the gates of hell.'

Now, friends, let us sing a bit o' Gaspel." This old man held no collegiate appointment, but he had a fine instinct as to the spirit and purpose of true preaching.

At the City Temple I have many arrangements for ringing bells, shutting doors, and calling assistants. One of these arrangements might have got me into trouble. I had a

plan of opening and locking my own vestry door without rising from my seat near the window. I had merely to pull a rope, which raised a bolt, and, behold, the thing was done! Pull the rope, and up comes the bolt; drop the rope, and down goes the bolt and locks the door! How exceedingly neat and how easily worked! One Sunday night Miss Glyn, a once popular actress, called upon me (as she frequently did) after the service. During our conversation some one knocked at the vestry door, and then attempted to turn the handle and enter, and lo! the door was locked. This was simply astounding! Somehow, in a way absolutely inexplicable to me, the machinery had gone wrong, and this was the result! If any charge had been brought against me, what explanation could I have given? Not a tittle! What defence? None. What jury could have acquitted me? None. What body of strangers could have accepted my denial under such peculiar circumstances? None. I was in the vestry, Miss Glyn was in the vestry, the door was locked, and a friend had to wait until it was opened! Escape was impossible,—doom was inevitable! At least it would have been so but for the fact that my wife was also with us in the vestry, and that it was she who pulled out the bolt and

admitted the wondering visitor! But if she had not been there, how then? The incident is worth relating in the hope that it may throw light on many a misjudged case. Always lean to the side of hope and give the utmost benefit of judgment to every person who is accused or suspected. I should have been just as innocent if a third party had not been present, but circumstances would have been against me. Appearances would have had their weight! Some people always believe evil because they want to believe it, and because their own hearts are bad. Personally we may be able to despise such contemptible assailants, but there may be circumstances which give colour to their calumny. Better acquit twenty guilty suspects than condemn one honest man. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

AN ALBUM

CHAPTER XV

MR. GLADSTONE

WHAT little I knew of Mr. Gladstone was brought about in a somewhat curious way. I knew that he had read "Ecce Deus" because he had written to me kindly about that work. I ventured on the strength of his letter to ask whether he would give me a card of admission to the House of Commons on the occasion of a debate on the Irish Church, and to my surprise he arranged for my occupation of a seat which seemed to be on the floor of the House itself. On that occasion I heard Mr. Gladstone for the first time. For him the subject was a difficult one, because his statesmanship and Churchmanship seemed to be in some degree mutually opposed. Long after this I published a booklet entitled "Job's Comforters; or, Scientific Sympathy,"—the object of the

booklet being to show what science, when it strictly confines itself within the four corners of its own books, has to say to a man like the Job of the Bible. My remarks took the form of a satire. I describe a modern Job and his modern environment, and I send to him Huxley the Moleculite, John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee, to comfort him out of their books. As the first edition had been practically exhausted, I wrapped a newspaper label round the booklet and addressed it to Mr. Gladstone, simply thinking that if it caught his eye well and good, but if not no harm would be done. To my surprise the publishers received a postcard within a day or two asking the price of twenty-five copies of "Job's Comforters." On the card being handed to me, I at once directed that twenty-five copies should be sent as a present to the great statesman. That was the beginning of our closer intimacy. I do not remember ever meeting Mr. Gladstone without his referring in agreeable terms to that little book. When Henry Ward Beecher was my guest, Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, wrote me a note asking that Mr. Beecher and myself would take breakfast with him at Downing Street.

The illustrious preacher was only too glad, as was I myself, to have an opportunity of thus meeting the greatest man of England at close quarters. I can never forget the reception which Mr. Gladstone gave to his visitors, who mustered in considerable numbers, and represented considerable variety of religious and political opinion. Judging by his manner, one would think that he had no experience of care or anxiety or worry of any kind. The impression produced upon us was that he was a man of leisure, and in fact that he was rather looking round for some kind of pleasurable occupation. Yet on the very night of that day he and his Cabinet placed their resignation in the hands of the Queen.

During the conversation which took place at the breakfast-table Mr. Gladstone said, interjectionally rather than deliberately, "By the way, a prayer has been printed and sent to me, praying not only for my removal from office, but for my personal destruction, certainly in this world if not in the world to come." Mr. Gladstone then handed the prayer round, with the remark that it could not be fitly read aloud. When the prayer had gone the round of

the table, Mr. Gladstone added, "I have no idea who can have written such a prayer." In a few moments I ventured to say that I knew the writer of the prayer, and that he might have the name if he wished it. By a curious relation of circumstances I had come to know the author of what I cannot but regard less as a prayer than as a blasphemy. In a moment Mr. Gladstone's great eyes were upon me in a distinctly interrogative attitude. I then gave him the name, and instantly he exclaimed: "I can quite believe it! And the writer would be perfectly honest and sincere. She would mean every word of this awful petition. Her hatred of popery was simply a fanaticism. I can never forget into what horror she was thrown when, at one of our Thursday morning breakfasts, I appointed her to sit by the side of a Jesuit priest." This is a happy illustration of the spirit of the man. Instead of denouncing the writer, he recognised her sincerity and good faith, though he was evidently comfortable under the conviction that such a prayer would not go higher than the ceiling of the room in which it was written. There was no sign of anger, no hint of even momentary

annoyance; on the contrary, there was a desire to explain the profanity on grounds favourable to the fanatical and misguided suppliant.

When we left Downing Street Mr. Beecher said to me, "None of our great men could have done what Mr. Gladstone has done this morning." Nor did I wonder that Mr. Beecher should pronounce such a judgment when I recalled the scope, the variety, the importance of all the topics upon which Mr. Gladstone had touched — arguing the question of Home Rule, explaining difficult verses in a Greek drama, descanting upon American politics, analysing the figures of an election which had just taken place, and making many a playful reference to current events. When I said to Mr. Beecher, "How would Mr. Gladstone be received in America?" Mr. Beecher at once replied, "He would never be able to get into the United States." I inquired why. Mr. Beecher answered, "Because there would be so many people down to meet the ship that it would be impossible for him to land; it would be quite possible that the crowd would stretch from New York to Chicago." Then Mr. Beecher added, "Not Queen

Victoria herself would meet with a warmer reception in my country."

Two or three little anecdotes illustrative of Mr. Gladstone's powers and methods came under my personal notice. Sir Hugh Owen, when chief clerk of the Poor Law Board, told me that he once had occasion to spend two days with Mr. Gladstone, and that Mr. Gladstone would never take a single reckoning as correct until he had gone through the whole calculation himself. He took nothing for granted. He examined and cross-examined the chief clerk so pointedly and thoroughly that at the close of the two days' intercourse Mr. Gladstone, according to Sir Hugh Owen's own statement, knew more about the Poor Law of England and its practical working than Sir Hugh himself knew. Thoroughness was the characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's work. He never touched a subject on the edges. An American friend of mine spent an evening with him and told me afterwards that one would have supposed that Mr. Gladstone had no interest outside American politics. That same American friend began the study of Dante, and it so happened that he met Mr. Gladstone in Paris at the time when he was carrying under his arm the works of the

Italian poet. Mr. Gladstone noticed the large volume, and, on finding out what it was, said to my friend, "Work at it until you know it thoroughly, and until you are able to talk about it to the Italians in their own language."

On one occasion I crossed the Atlantic with a fellow passenger who had been Mr. Gladstone's private secretary. I do not know how far it is true that a man cannot be a hero to his valet, but certainly Mr. Gladstone was a hero to his ex-secretary. I learned from my fellow passenger that two or three men in positions similar to his own were in the habit of taking breakfast with Mr. Gladstone once a week. Their habit was to read up certain subjects and to question Mr. Gladstone upon them. They, of course, were well prepared, whilst Mr. Gladstone was taken at unawares. On one occasion the subject was the round churches of Ireland, but they soon found that Mr. Gladstone knew more about the round churches than they did. On another occasion the subject was the culture of roses, their varieties, the environment suited to each, and other relative questions; but here again the young fellows found that Mr. Gladstone could instruct them

upon the cultivation of their favourite flower. Mr. Gladstone took the chair at a lecture upon the history and the manufacture of china, and at the close of the lecture he corrected every statement of the lecturer, and gave the lecturer information of a valuable kind upon the ceramic art. Truly Mr. Gladstone was a dangerous man to contradict. You had to be very sure of your facts before submitting them to his scrutiny. It was an awful moment when Mr. Gladstone put on his spectacles and took a piece of paper out of his pocket, and a still more awful moment when Mr. Gladstone called for a volume of Hansard while some opponent was speaking in the House of Commons. I can never forget how he once told Lord Randolph Churchill that in future the noble lord had better confine himself to opinions rather than enter into the sphere of facts. The advice was undoubtedly bitter, but it was given with an illuminating and paternal smile.

I remember once walking with him in the grounds of Dollis Hill. He was talking to my wife and telling her the story of Jack Sheppard, and giving her a skeleton history of the times in which he lived. "I think," said Mr. Gladstone, "that people would never

have caught Jack if he had not ventured out to attend the funeral of his mother." He then said to her, "By the way, there is a curious book which I daresay may not have come under your attention; it is entitled, 'The Female Spy; or, The Jesuit in the Family.'" My wife said she had read the book, whereupon Mr. Gladstone expressed his surprise and his pleasure, and went over the principal points of the book as if he had committed it to memory.

Mr. Gladstone was twice my guest: once in the City Temple, and once in my house in Hampstead. In 1877 he delivered from the platform of the City Temple an address on the subject of Preaching. That address was a precious treasure for memory and heart. It was a classic delight in its composition and its language. It was an anthem in prose. In the course of his brilliant address Mr. Gladstone gave sketches of great parliamentary speakers and pulpit orators, such as Richard Lalor Sheil, Henry Melvill, Dr. Chalmers, Newman, and others; each was sketched with the hand of a master. His knowledge of the subjects connected with preaching simply astonished all experts in that art. Mr. Gladstone spoke about preaching as if he had never spoken on

any other subject. When he sat down he whispered to me that he had an appointment in the House of Commons, and reminded me that I had promised to send him there. That promise I had not, of course, forgotten. When he went down to the carriage which was awaiting him at my vestry door, he spoke so kindly to some poor people who were waiting for him that they were quite fascinated by his most gracious recognition of their presence. I could not but wonder why he was going to the House of Commons at that early hour, and I learned from the journals of the next morning that Mr. Gladstone had at that very hour received a deputation upon some matters connected with the protection of Plumstead Common! At eight o'clock the same night (if I remember rightly) Mr. Gladstone presided over a lecture on the Tomb of Agamemnon, by Dr. Schliemann. Other men may have been able to speak upon preaching, to advise about Plumstead Common, to say something pertinent on the subject of the tomb; but where was the man who could talk upon all these subjects with the same wealth of knowledge and the same mastery of circumstances?

I can never forget the solemnity of Mr.

Gladstone's manner when I called upon him in Harley Street to ask him to come to the City Temple and take part in the Conference on Preaching. I wanted to say to him bluntly, "Now, Mr. Gladstone, clearly understand that you must keep this promise at all risks and costs," but of course such a speech was impossible, yet in some hesitant and haffling way I gave him to understand that everything depended upon his being there; whereupon, in a solemn and judicial tone, as if he was sentencing me to be hanged, he said, "Nothing that is not of an inevitable character shall prevent my being there." And there he was! When he came into the vestry, one or two of us were waiting for him. He put his elbow upon the marble mantelpiece and at once began to say that the Eastern question, in its then state, was "the biggest thing" that had happened in our day. He spoke about the Eastern question immediately before going into the church to speak upon Preaching, as if the Eastern question were the only subject in which he took any interest.

The second time Mr. Gladstone was my guest he came to Hampstead to address a

meeting of Nonconformists on the then aspect of the Home Rule question. We knew by the cheers of the outside crowd that Mr. Gladstone had arrived, and we hastened to give him a cordial welcome to our little house. He noticed everything as he came along the passage and into the reception-room. He pronounced an opinion upon the marble bust which my friends had presented to me. He inquired who painted the portrait of my wife which hung in the dining-room, and then he said to my wife and her venerable father, "I was saying as I came along from Dollis Hill, 'Job's Comforters' is a satire which Dean Swift would have admired." All this as if he were simply paying a morning call! Then the guests were introduced to him one by one, and to the gentle and tender-hearted Mrs. Gladstone. Afterwards we adjourned to a marquee which had been erected in the garden for the occasion. At the close of the luncheon Mr. Gladstone spoke in his most fluent and most graphic style for more than an hour. I believe the speech occupied more than two columns in the morning newspapers. Not one bitter word did he say. During the luncheon my wife had remarked how sorry she was that Mr. Bright

had taken the course which he had adopted. "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, "we must think of all the great things he has done for the country." No recrimination, no attempt to reduce Mr. Bright's *status* or influence! That was the real Mr. Gladstone, —the great-hearted, ever charitable chief of statesmen.

On going out of the dining-room, my wife gave Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone a cup of coffee out of Irish china. We can never forget the smile with which he said, "What hope would be given to the Irish people, even in the direction of their manufactures, if they were under Home Rule!"

About Mr. Gladstone's learning there can hardly be two opinions, though some purists —perhaps they ought to be called pedants —have not left the supremacy altogether unchallenged. Though I am without the slightest claim to be heard on such a question, I may give it as my opinion, from what I have heard of Mr. Gladstone's conversation, that throughout his erudition there seemed to run a strong seam of what I may call commercial or political sagacity. He was a scholar amongst scholars, yet with a

difference. Whewell and Jowett, Lightfoot and Pusey, Newman and Stanley, represent quite another aspect of pure letters. These great scholars seemed to stand far back from the common turnpike utilised by the world's traffic. They lived on the highway, and yet their houses stood well back from its noise and dust. When you met Dean Stanley you fancied he had just, for an ill-spared moment, hurried away from the cloister, and that the sooner he got back to monastic solitude the more thoroughly satisfied he would be. It was otherwise with the illustrious statesman. Whenever I chanced to meet Mr. Gladstone he seemed to be on his way to the House of Commons. If he had Homer in one pocket, he was sure to have a Blue-book in the other, and somehow it seemed difficult for him to keep the classics thoroughly distinct from the politics. Probably it was this urgent air of his that suggested to Mr. Disraeli a characterisation of Mr. Gladstone which was very pertinent and strikingly comprehensive. On one occasion when Mr. Gladstone hurriedly passed Mr. Disraeli on the stairs of the House of Commons the observant Jew said under his breath, referring to Mr. Gladstone in his rush to the House, "Ardent creature!"

That was the man in two words! That was the man both as a politician and as a scholar. When I read his Homer I feel that he longs to be in the House of Commons, and that his Homeric work is merely recreative and interstitial. At his own breakfast-table I have heard him make references to Æschylus which were curiously, but most characteristically, mixed up with an analysis of certain election returns which had just been published. Æschylus was only an "aside" in an urgent political calculation. The distinct impression left upon my mind was that if Æschylus and an election agent were both announced as visitors, the election agent would be nominated as the first to be heard. Mr. Gladstone does, indeed, acknowledge in the third volume and last page of his Homer that "to pass from the study of Homer to the ordinary business of the world is to step out of a palace of enchantment into the cold grey light of a Polar day." No doubt of it; yet it would be a larger and better defended palace than any that has yet been built that would keep Mr. Gladstone out of the "cold grey light" of the House of Commons. I do not wonder at his partiality for Homer, because Homer was the poet of action. Where so much is

said about battles and races, cities and politics, Mr. Gladstone was sure to be at home. I have read all his criticism, and I have been amazed at the number and variety of his allusions and quotations within the whole range of classical learning; yet I never could get away from the impression that he was very anxious to see how things were going on at the House, and that he would have had no hesitation, had circumstances suggested or permitted it, to make an election speech on the steepest slopes of Olympus. Mr. Gladstone saw the political aspects of life everywhere. In the Greek Army he saw the State in uniform, and in the kingdom of Priam he found a congenial field for political analysis and criticism. In estimating Mr. Gladstone's scholarship it must never be forgotten that it was extensive as well as intensive; in a certain sense we might go further and say that it was extensive rather than intensive. What Mr. Gladstone did in Homer he could have done in Dante, in Virgil, in Goethe, and in Racine.

I have often been struck with Mr. Gladstone's peculiar power of speech. I do not refer to what may be called the

higher aspects of his oratory, but to some minor aspects which have come under my own observation. I have counted fourteen lines in one sentence—fourteen lines of the parliamentary type used by *The Times*. His answers to questions were studies in eloquent verbosity. A favourite text of mine is, "I will appear unto thee in a thick cloud." This very well represented Mr. Gladstone's policy in answering a certain class of parliamentary questions. In a lecture upon Mr. Gladstone I ventured to paraphrase one of his replies. The simple question was, "When will the right honourable gentleman lay these papers on the table?" And my paraphrase ran thus:

> The right honourable gentleman inquires when the papers will be laid on the table of the House, and I have to assure him that, according to the best of my belief, should circumstances so combine as to favour the policy which we have in view, the probability is, unless something wholly unforeseen should occur, and I can imagine nothing that can possibly take place, unless it be the unlooked-for incident of a European war, or such a commotion

> of the celestial bodies as will shake the thrones of civilisation—the probability is (I dare not use a stronger word) that the papers will be laid upon the table of the House precisely when it suits the convenience of the Government.

I have heard Mr. Gladstone once when it seemed to me utterly impossible that he could emerge out of the confusion of his sequence of relatives and antecedents, yet in every instance he has finished his paragraphs with the precision of a perfect sculptor. I have always recommended young speakers to use sentences of which they could see the end from the beginning, and I would repeat that advice, except in the case of the Gladstones who are sufficiently gifted to find a way into daylight through the most tangled verbal forests. I have sometimes contrasted Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone in this matter of rhetorical involution. Mr. Gladstone was the creator of parentheses and qualifications innumerable, whereas Mr. Bright went in the straightest possible way to the point he was aiming at. Mr. Bright himself said that the difference between Mr. Gladstone and himself was that Mr. Gladstone went to the port he was aiming at by calling at every bay

and creek on the road, whereas he (Mr. Bright) went direct from one headland to another. When I heard Mr. Bright at a great meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, I reported to a friend who asked me what I thought of the speech that to my mind Mr. Bright was not eloquent, he was embodied Eloquence itself. When I heard Mr. Gladstone I thought of him as incarnate Power, the very spirit and force of Intellect.

The only time when (if I may be allowed the expression) I trembled for Mr. Gladstone as an orator was when he had to propose to the House of Commons the erection of a national monument to Lord Beaconsfield. I found myself utterly unable to imagine how such a task could be done by such a man. I remembered that Gladstone and Beaconsfield were lifelong opponents. They looked at all political questions from diametrically opposite standpoints. They faced one another night after night and year after year as determined political enemies. No sooner was the one elected to power than the other tried, might and main, to throw him down and to throw him out. Yet the one had to propose the erection of a national monument to the other. How could it be done? If Mr. Gladstone had been

called upon to pronounce a malediction upon Disraeli the course would have been clear. But by the exigencies of office and its natural responsibilities, he was actually called upon to propose that a national honour be accorded to his most illustrious and most determined antagonist. The next morning after the proposal I eagerly scanned the proceedings of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone's speech occupied (to the best of my recollection) most of two columns of *The Times*. What the speech was may be gathered from the first sentence of the seconder of the resolution. That seconder was none other than Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Opposition, a Conservative of whom any country might be proud. We may be sure that Sir Stafford listened with the utmost sensitiveness of attention. How the speech of the great Premier affected him is made clear by his first sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the monument has been already erected." A finer compliment was never paid to this species of parliamentary eloquence.

"We ne'er shall see his like again." English politics have not been the same since the removal of the immortal statesman. What is the matter with the political life of

England? The grimness of the answer is in its bitter accuracy. English political life is irreligious,—that is the solemn and awful reply. Mr. Gladstone was religious, Bismarck was religious, and their religion was the secret of their power. By religious I do not mean anything of the nature of cant, sentiment, or superstition; but a sound, honest, glowing faith in the personal sovereignty of God. I distinguish between theology and religion as I distinguish between the changeable and the unchangeable. Have our statesmen a God? Are they men of prayer? Do they walk by faith and not by sight? Are they students of the inspired Word? To say "Yes" to such inquiries would be not only to ignore the plainest of facts, but to ignore facts which some of the statesmen have themselves avowed. Taking Front-Bench Liberals of to-day, is there a single name which carries moral weight in the country as a whole? There are scholars, able managers, experienced wire-pullers, honest patriots, and expert fence-sitters; there are even churchgoers, and early communicants, and anti-ritualists,—but where are the Cromwells who trusted God, the Gladstones who reverenced His name, and the Brights who steeped their speeches in the very spirit of the Bible?

Liberalism cannot live apart from high moral conceptions; apart, indeed, from distinct and aggressive religious convictions. Liberalism can no longer live when it has cut itself off from conscience, or when it has abandoned the practice of prayer. Of course all this will be laughed at and bitterly derided. That, however, shall not deter me from the expression of my opinion. Statesmanship is not a game of dice. Nor is it a banquet of many and costly wines. Nor is it a clever bid for place and pelf. It is an aspect of the kingdom of God,—a supreme act of religion working in a political and patriotic direction. Shoot an eagle, stuff him with feathers, replace his eyes with glass and his beak with putty, if you would see an image of politics divorced from faith. Mr. Gladstone was a man of prayer. Through and through Mr. Gladstone was intensely religious. His mind was capacious, his learning was large, his eloquence was unsurpassed; yet he would never have been the man he was but for his steadfast and glowing faith in God.

I may here present an extract from my diary in which Mr. Gladstone's name occurs in another relation, and because several names occur which I cannot otherwise classify;

By the special favour of the Prime Minister I was permitted to occupy a seat in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, May 9th, 1871. I was glad of the opportunity on several grounds. First of all, a resolution upon Disestablishment was to be moved, and of course there was an almost certainty that some of our principal parliamentary speakers would figure on the occasion. The scene was certainly full of interest. Facing each other sat hundreds of Conservatives and Liberals, all excited by the question of the hour and all prepared for the tug-of-war. Sitting quietly in my corner under the Speaker's gallery, trying to find out which were Conservatives and which Liberals, I had great difficulty in doing so. In general appearance they were very like each other. They looked about equal in station and intelligence. Surely "they were all honourable men,"—*all*. From their appearance no one could tell which were Conservatives and which Liberals. All men are Conservatives when they are asleep, and probably it is the same when they are silent. "Presently," said I, "some one will speak, and his speech will to a large extent classify the whole House." So it was. Mr.

Miall responded to his name, and then I saw pretty clearly who was who. One thing surprised me—viz., the considerable sprinkling of young men on the Conservative side. It is generally understood that all Conservatives are more than fifty years of age, and that they have some difficulty in moving themselves from one place to another. This impression was entirely removed from my mind on May 9th. Many of the Conservatives are young, strong men, active in limb and clear in voice, and gifted with rare power in the matter of saying "No, no," to any doctrine which they disbelieve. But Mr. Miall is speaking. I do not know Mr. Miall except as a public man. I never spoke to him. What I say, therefore, is said without prejudice either favourable or unfavourable on merely personal grounds. Mr. Miall's speech was, in my opinion, excellent in spirit, chaste in expression, but here and there misdirected in argument. Had the question been, "Shall we *now* establish any denominational form of religion in England?" many of his pleas would have had decisive weight; but he did not sufficiently grapple with the fact that all history brings with it a peculiar set of

difficulties, and that in some cases, as in the Established Church, those difficulties may assume all the impressiveness and authority of a moral argument. So far as Mr. MIALL's argument was abstract, it was in nearly every respect (except in its illustrations) invincible. The comparison, for example, between an Establishment of Science and an Establishment of Religion was, in my judgment, unworthy of the general substance of the speech. Science claims no authoritative Revelation. Science is at best but an Inquiry; Religion claims, at least, to be a Law. Mr. MIALL may be perfectly right in contending that Religion should not be established by Act of Parliament, but we fail to see that his reasoning is as sound as his conclusion. Moreover, the illustration was beside the mark, because the question was not, Shall we *establish* a Church? but, Shall we *dis*establish one? And it was not shown by his illustration that it must be right to destroy one thing because it would be manifestly unwise to create another. The debate on May 9th showed clearly to my mind that in the House of Commons the question of disestablishment must not be argued on religious or metaphysical grounds.

Three things must be proved: (1) that the nation has outgrown established Churches; (2) that established Churches have failed to do the work to which they are specially devoted; and (3) that they can be disestablished without endangering any interest which affects the security and progress of the nation. Prove these three things, and there will be no occasion to go into collateral matters; prove anything else, and the political citadel will be left untouched.

Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S speech was a charming piece of practical blundering and logical fallacy. Had I known nothing about the question but what I heard from Sir ROUNDELL, I should have concluded (1) that somebody proposed to *destroy* a great Christian institution; (2) that it was proposed to silence every preacher in the Episcopal Church, to exile every clergyman from the country, and to paralyse a vast system of beneficent activity; and (3) that the religious life of England was being threatened by some murderous hand. It may be said that this would be the effect of disestablishment; but Sir ROUNDELL declared that if the Church were disestablished she would put forth greater efforts than ever. So she

would. She is more than a political engine. She is a great Christian institution, and as such she would survive all changes of her merely political condition. Sir ROUNDELL drew a flattering picture of a country parson. Well, who wants to injure a hair of his head? Mr. MIALL did not propose to kill the clergy, but to liberate them. Sir ROUNDELL said that the Church has done a great deal of good. Well, who denies it? Mr. MIALL would rejoice to see the Church doing good on a still larger scale. Sir ROUNDELL said that the Church had stimulated Dissenters to do much good. True; and is it not also true that Dissenters have stimulated the Church to attempt great Christian enterprises? Sir ROUNDELL never grappled with the real question. His speech was neither an argument nor an answer, it was merely a piece of fancy-work very nicely done. There was, however, something pitiful in the fact that so able and so sincere a man failed so utterly to see the merits of the greatest question in politics.

Mr. DISRAELI showed how possible it is to talk well without reasoning well, and what fine exercise it is to aim at nothing

and hit it. Without laying down any great principle, or suggesting a solitary argument in defence of the political supremacy of the Established Church, he contrived to entertain and enliven the House. He made, however, one important admission—viz., that if logic governed the Commons it was very probable that the motion would be regarded as a necessary supplement to the Act affecting the Church in Ireland. There he was unquestionably right. In the long run logic gets its way. Rhetoric is a pretty toy, but logic is the staff of life. Mr. Disraeli is not a logician, yet even he can understand that every addition made to the strength of Nonconformity hastens the liberation of Christ's Church from State patronage and control.

Mr. Gladstone was not himself. There was something in his mouth which impaired his emphasis. His vision, too, was out of order; he looked at the question through a cloud, and mistook shadows for mountains. On this subject his moral instincts will eventually get the better of his political prejudices, and he will gird himself to the crowning work of his marvellous and most beneficent career. Mr. Gladstone is pre-

eminently the man to deal with the political bearings of all Church questions. His heart is sound through and through, and his courage is equal to his most urgent impulses. He said nearly everything worth saying on the subject in one sentence: Before parliament can be persuaded the country must be converted. Every chapel built helps the end, so does every member added to the Churches of the Nonconformists, so does every penny given by the heart of grateful love. Nonconformists have their work clearly marked out,—it is pre-eminently a *religious* work. It must be admitted, however, that the debate in Parliament did great good. It gave importance to the political aspects of the question. It tested the sincerity of many professed Nonconformists. It gave unwilling listeners an opportunity of hearing some unpleasant, but most impressive and telling truths; and it gave politicians to understand that when they renew their appeals to the electors they will, in many instances, have to prepare an answer upon the question of Church establishments.

Churchmen and Nonconformists are now rapidly understanding each other better than

they have ever done. They mingle with each other in social circles; they read each other's literature; they inquire about each other'swork;—this must tend to the development and appreciation of a noble yet uncompromising charity. I am well aware that these lines will go into the study of many a clergyman of the Established Church, and I am confident that they will be understood as the expression of a sincere desire for the continued strengthening and success of all that is truly Christian and useful within the boundaries of the Established Church. Since coming to London I have had much reason to speak highly of clergymen. They have most cordially sustained me in my public work, and in many ways have shown a spirit which proves their preparedness to sympathise with movements which are conducted beyond the orbit of the Establishment. In these incidental ways men approach each other, and become disarmed of unreasonable and mischievous prejudices. They will yet get much nearer, and one day they will emulate each other in saying, "One is our Master and all we are brethren."

In many respects the most impressive

and memorable public ceremony I ever attended was the funeral of Mr. Gladstone. As all the world knows, that funeral took place in Westminster Abbey; indeed, in an evident sense, all the world took part in that solemn function. The occasion which brings together both Houses of Parliament, the literature, the science, the music, and the commerce of the world, and which constitutes into one community for the time being all classes of society, could not be other than historical, highly picturesque, and nationally significant. The occasion has been described with such minuteness of detail that it is not necessary for me to attempt any sketch of the whole proceeding. On two points, however, I may permit myself to make an appreciative remark. The first point is that no Nonconformist took any part in the national function. Archbishop, bishops, deans, rectors, vicars, and clergymen of every degree were properly there in great numbers. How could any Nonconformist be present in such an assembly? Think of the highly exalted company,—the Archbishop, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, her Majesty's judges, and her Majesty's family;—how could any Dissenting

minister expect to be officially associated with such ecclesiastical dignity and splendour? By right of what wedding garment could a Dissenting minister have put in an appearance? But is it true that no Nonconformist took public part in that grand festival of appreciation and sorrow? On reflection I correct myself. A Nonconformist took one of the most impressive parts in the solemn ritual. I am not sure that his name was given on the programme, but the fact of his anonymousness does not deprive my memory of one of its most thrilling recollections. The Archbishop, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, the leader of the House of Commons, the leader of the Opposition, her Majesty's judges, and her Majesty's family, together with ten thousand others, sang, as if with one voice, to the accompaniment of organ thunder,

> "Our God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home."

Right nobly and gloriously did the grand hymn sound and resound in that echoing and re-echoing Abbey; and that hymn is

by a Nonconformist, none other than Dr. Isaac Watts, one of the foremost Nonconformists known to history. There is no denominationalism in such a psalm:

> "A thousand ages in Thy sight
> Are like an evening gone,
> Short as the watch that ends the night
> Before the rising sun."

No man was conscious of ecclesiastical division and contention as he took part in the singing of that elevating hymn. All felt the grandeur, the brevity of time, and the solemnity of life.

> "Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
> Bears all its sons away;
> They fly, forgotten, as a dream
> Dies at the opening day."

When I recall the singing of that hymn by all classes and conditions of men, and remember that that hymn was composed by the most eminent Nonconformist minister of his day, I must recall the remark that no Nonconformist took public part in the interment of the illustrious statesman.

The other point which I can never dismiss from the recollection of my heart was the coming and going of the venerable and

venerated Mrs. Gladstone. I saw the whole action to the best advantage. I saw the lady advance with a springing step, as if making haste to join the bridegroom at the altar. The impression which she conveyed by the very energy of her step was that she was afraid she might keep the bridegroom standing there too long, when her loving heart was eager to stand by his side. In a few minutes the scene changed. The venerable lady returned, and I had a full view of her benignant and chastened and beautiful countenance. Oh, the peace of it! Oh, the shining of those grey blue eyes as she lifted them up towards the sky! In returning from the grave she was no longer young—a very Anna in years; she went, a bride; she returned, a widow,—a widow full fourscore years—a bride and a widow in one! She left the great man yonder, knowing that there was a written vow between them that where he lay she would one day also lie. So long as I remember that one spectacle of mingled grief, resignation, and triumph, I shall retain a memory which will save me alike from loneliness and despair.

CHAPTER XVI

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ON October 4th, 1887, I delivered, by request, an eulogy on Mr. Beecher in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. In some respects that was the greatest public occasion in which I have ever taken part. The eulogy extends to thirty-five quarto pages and attempts to deal with all the prominent points in Mr. Beecher's great career. I asked the President of the United States to accept the dedication of the eulogy. This is President Cleveland's reply :

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"*June*, 14, 1887.

"Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.

"My Dear Sir,—

"Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was my loved and honoured friend; and I readily consent to the dedication you

request of your contemplated Eulogy on his Life and Work.

"Yours very truly,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

I asked Mr. Gladstone to allow me to associate his name with the President's, in order that the eulogy might assume somewhat of an "international" character. Mr. Gladstone replied as follows:

"DEAR DR. PARKER,—

"I should consider the Dedication, which you offer so kindly, to be a very great honour. But there are two serious difficulties in the way. (1) It appears to me that a private individual like myself ought not to be, as it were, bracketed or placed upon a footing with the President, who is the head and representative of a great nation, and it occurs to me also that this view might be taken by many in America. (2) The President, by virtue of personal knowledge, is able to speak of Mr. Beecher as his 'loved and honoured friend.' But as I never had the advantage of seeing him but on two occasions, neither of them special with reference

to personal intercourse, any letter that I could properly write must seem cold by the side of the letter written by the President.

"I venture to add that the international character of the work you have in hand seems to me amply asserted by your English nationality, when it is taken in connection with the Dedication to the President and with the subject.

"Believe me,

"Very faithfully yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"DOLLIS HILL, N.W.
"*June* 25, '87."

I account it one of the greatest honours and privileges of my life to have known Henry Ward Beecher. I had long admired him from afar, but when I came near to him in his own house, and he came to be my guest in London for six weeks, my admiration became affectionate and grateful in no ordinary degree. In one of the last letters we had from Mr. Beecher, written from Baltimore, where he had been lecturing, he said, "I am perfectly well; I wonder if I shall ever grow old." He knew not how soon that question would be answered in a glorious "Never."

At seventy-four Mr. Beecher was young in thought and heart and hope, and young he will be evermore. I noticed in the papers which immediately followed the announcement of his decease, which occurred on March 8th, 1887, at 9.40 a.m., that Mr. Beecher had "certain faults, which were largely, indeed, the faults of his fellow countrymen." This was, no doubt, very wrong on Mr. Beecher's part. What right had he to have any faults? His critics had none,—why should he have any? His critics have a creed, a theology, an ecclesiastical theory, a stainless reputation, infinite prudence, and more than divine sagacity: what right had Mr. Beecher to have one solitary fault? Some critics said that his sermons were largely "projections of his own personality." But what a personality it was to project! How many-sided and radiant! how sympathetic! how human! I noticed at the time that Mr. Beecher was to be memorialised in a statue. What a miscarriage of justice! His critics ought to have had a statue. They certainly ought to have something, and I would as soon see them in stone or in salt as in anything else. They are such wonderful men, and have a shooting license over the total acreage of the universe. I expect they will shoot themselves some day,

in consequence of their always aiming at somebody else. It is thus that the avenging heavens attach their penalty to the evil squint.

Mr. Beecher, though an American in and out, having some of the faults of his countrymen, forsooth, had a strong affection for England which he never hesitated to express. During his last visit he was more than ever impressed with the greatness of England and the vastness of London. Driving on the top of a four-in-hand from Piccadilly to Hammersmith, he quaintly said, "London is some pumpkins, I tell you"—a profound Americanism which is supposed to convey wholly unutterable surprise and approbation. Continuing his drive through the green lanes of Surrey, he said, "I suppose this kind of scenery is hardly to be equalled in the world." A day's drive with him showed how large and minute was his observation, though he was far from being one of those fussy travellers who are always jumping from side to side, and are wearing the life out of you by pointing to something that is behind you, or something that you might have seen but for a stone wall twenty feet high, or something twenty miles off

which you might have seen if the day had not been so misty. Trees, hedge-flowers, birds, floral climbers round the cottage window, novel farm implements, unaccustomed methods of tillage, farmyards, roadside schools, all attracted his attention and elicited some apposite remark, without one word of disparagement in all his genial annotation. Disparagement, he evidently thought, was a department of human labour already well supplied with skilled hands, so he went in other directions for occupation. When he came from Liverpool to London, in his final visit to England, he came to my house, and there remained with his venerable and charming wife for six sunny and delightful weeks. In one of our first conversations he dwelt with rapture on the merits of Mr. Gladstone's great speech, just delivered in Hengler's Circus, Liverpool, saying that taking it from end to end he had never listened to anything to be compared with it. When he expressed his appreciation to Mr. Gladstone himself, immediately on the conclusion of the speech, that great statesman replied with characteristic grace, "There is no better judge in all the world of such an effort than yourself."

Speaking of Mr. Beecher's affection for the mother country, I am reminded how strongly he felt upon the question of Home Rule. He had no misgiving whatever as to the necessity and utility of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. His knowledge of the Irish in America enabled Mr. Beecher to speak with confidence respecting the Irish character generally, when it is developed under favourable conditions; and I have heard him invariably bear testimony to the effect that the Irish were marked by the very highest qualities of head and heart when they had a fair chance of showing their real disposition. It was feared by some that if he went to Ireland he would express himself too strongly upon this exciting subject, and a delicate endeavour was made to mitigate the possible directness of his statements, but to no such proposition would he listen. He said, "I have not come to this country to hold my tongue, and when suitable opportunity arises I shall say exactly what I feel upon the questions of the day." When he went to Scotland it was feared that he might offend the traditional orthodoxy of that country. When a hint to that effect was given to him he replied that he could not

consider any suggestion in that direction because his mind was made up on certain issues, and he was determined to bring under discussion questions of the most vexed theological character. He did not come with any notion of propounding final lines in religious thinking, but he was determined that the minds of those who heard him should be brought up to date so far as his own intelligence and conviction could secure that end. Had Mr. Beecher been a mere popularity-hunter he would have trimmed his sails accordingly. What Mr. Beecher was in one direction he was in every other direction. A purer politician probably never lived in America. He had risked everything in order that he might fully explain and vindicate what he believed to be the only true principles of political life. He never made any selfish use of his great political position. President Lincoln did not hesitate to say that Henry Ward Beecher's was the finest mind in America. Yet never once did Mr. Beecher use his reputation as a means of helping any of the applicants for promotion who continually besieged him. "No," said he, on one occasion, "I never introduced any one to Governor or President with a view

to obtaining office for my friends, and I will never do so; I have worked for public ends, not for personal interests."

With regard to his public work I have pleasure in stating that Mr. Beecher valued his preaching far above his lecturing as a means of doing the widest and deepest good. To lecture was a merely intellectual effort, though not without much moral inspiration. But when Mr. Beecher came to preach, his whole nature was enlisted in the holy service; and although he supposed himself never to be excited, it was evident to those who looked closely into the matter that every sermon cost him an immense expenditure of nervous force. I once sympathised with him under the stress to which his public efforts exposed him, saying, "Each of the efforts is so exciting." Whereupon he instantly replied, "No, I am never excited." So he might think; but no man could feel as he felt, and expend the emotion which he expended, without being enfeebled by the severe taxation. Mr. Beecher, though he claimed to have strong scholarly instincts, was not meant for arduous literary work. He must be always in activity, out in the fresh air, driving on to the Far West, plunging into the distant South, coming home

on Friday afternoon to his evening prayer-meeting, preparing himself on Saturday for his great Sunday duty; off again, probably, by the midnight train, on Sunday, to go through another circuit of lecturing. This, which would kill most men, seemed almost essential to the preservation of his health. When he came to sit down to his daily task of literary work the confinement soon told upon him. Hence, according to the telegrams, cerebral apoplexy was induced, and the great worker was withdrawn from our sight at the very time when he was working hard on what would have been the most graphic and most helpful life of Christ ever published in the English language.

We can never forget Mr. Beecher's visit to our house. There was no one particular Mr. Beecher; he seemed to be several men condensed into one. He would lecture to us on the "cat" as a "self-respecting animal," pointing out that if you dropped a soda-water bottle in front of that animal he would make no stir, he would give no sign of excitement or fear, but if you dropped another bottle immediately behind him he would spring ten feet into the air. Mr. Beecher would tell with delight of the way in which he would

excite a little dog that was following him in his carriage, and take delight in the little creature's efforts to spring up to the seat which the driver was occupying. He would amplify such little incidents so as to make them into little dramas. Then some reference would be made to an event of a serious character, and instantly Mr. Beecher's whole expression and attitude changed. He would confront an interviewer and speak to him for half an hour in the most fluent and most eloquent terms, and would then take up the service of family prayer as if he had just come out of the devoutest solitude. It seemed to us that Mr. Beecher always talked in parables, so illustrative was his style of conversational exposition. Whatever he said in argument he finally typified in parable. Mr. Spurgeon has been known to say that Mr. Beecher was "as myriad-minded a man as Shakespeare." In a large sense that was literally so. He often preached on the same text, but he never preached the same sermon. Even when he repeated an illustration it was with variation of colour or figure. Who has preached so often upon Paul's eulogy of love, and yet who can produce two reports of Mr. Beecher's many discourses that can, in any substantial sense, be regarded as identical? I can never

forget the reception accorded to him when he preached his first sermon in the City Temple. But before preaching that sermon he made an appearance in that church which became quite historical. He was present at the Thursday morning service. When Mrs. Beecher and he stood up together to sing the hymn, he supported the venerable lady by putting his arm around her. There they stood, two striking monuments representing old age, yet with a strange light of youthfulness playing upon the head of one of them. I had promised Mr. Beecher that I would not expect him to say anything to the congregation, but that I should be very glad if he would conclude my sermon with prayer, which he graciously consented to do. I had to undertake the delicate service of explaining our arrangement, and I am afraid I was betrayed into expressing the hope that Mr. Beecher would not only pray with us, but say something to us. I am reported to have said: "I have no wish to disturb the uniqueness of any man's position or reputation. I see Mr. Beecher in the audience. Last week there was in England one Grand Old Man, this week there are two of them." The effect was electric. The whole audience sprang up and cheered again and again, creating a scene

remarkable for significance and enthusiasm. When Mr. Beecher came to the pulpit he said: "When Dr. Parker was preaching I said, 'He is a lion!' but as he sought to tempt me into some kind of speech to you, I said, 'He is a fox!'" But he did speak, and in his speaking he created an epoch in the history of my Thursday morning service. On the following Sunday Mr. Beecher preached in the City Temple. The attendance was not so much a congregation as a flood. Every nook, corner, cranny, step, and window-sill was flooded. At one time it was feared that a panic might ensue. People were so thronged and crushed that it seemed impossible for them to breathe. In a few minutes, however, everything settled into order and expectancy. When Mr. Beecher rose the thrilling scene was completed, as it were, pictorially. The noble figure, the flowing white hair, the radiant face, the planet-like eyes, all combined to create a picture never to be forgotten. Then the sermon,—long, wise, tender, full of illustration, and apposite application to daily life, the whole constituting a masterly and brilliant exposition of divine truth.

If we can never forget Mr. Beecher's visit to London, neither can we ever forget our

visit to his charming house at Peekskill on the Hudson. What family prayer we had on the Sunday morning! Mr. Beecher gave out the hymns, read the Scriptures, entered heartily into the singing, and prayed like the father of the house, after which he lovingly kissed every one who had knelt with him at the sacred altar. Next day he would bring out his chariot and horses and drive us up hill and down dale with Jehu-like fury. I am not ashamed to say that the recklessness of his driving made me quite nervous. When he came to know this, he said, "I am sorry I did not know it before, or I certainly would have taken you over some dangerous places." Mrs. Beecher quietly added, "I never have any fear when Henry is driving." I am bound to say that Henry was my only fear, and that I never was more thankful than when I alighted safely at his door.

"Where is Henry now?" would be Mrs. Beecher's quiet question, and the answer would be that Mr. Beecher was dictating an article to a shorthand writer. Shorthand writers seemed to be coming and going all the time at Peekskill. Once we were talking about lecturing, and I expressed my surprise that lecturers in America were so highly paid.

I said to Mr. Beecher, "The best lecturer in England would be quite satisfied if he received fifty dollars for a lecture." I can never forget Mr. Beecher's reply, spoken in a low but significant tone. Said he, "In our country any man who would lecture for fifty dollars would not be allowed to lecture at all." So much for the difference of value of money in one country and another. I am afraid "lecturing" as a profession is going down in America; yet so lately as ten or twelve years ago it would be nothing uncommon for lecturers of Mr. Beecher's standing to receive two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars a night. I remember being in the house of Mr. J. B. Gough, the noted temperance lecturer, when he turned to a visitor and said, "You are going to give me four hundred dollars for my lecture at Philadelphia, are you not?" "Yes," said the secretary; "we shall give you four hundred dollars and make four hundred dollars more for ourselves." These astronomical prices are unknown in England, yet England could well afford to remunerate all her acceptable public men.

When Mr. Beecher lectured in England he was received in the most handsome manner.

Amongst those who wrote to him, or attended his lectures, or in some other way expressed their interest in him were Lord Iddesleigh, the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Canterbury, the Archdeacon of Westminster, Professor Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and innumerable members of Parliament. Of all the meetings which he held I think the assembly of students in the City Temple, London, on Friday morning, October 15th, 1886, was the most remarkable. The rain descended in torrents, yet nearly three thousand ministers, professors, students, and visitors thronged the building. College classes were suspended, professors and students crowded the same pew, and not a few venerable pastors had to be content with campstools in the aisles of the church. Never was Mr. Beecher more lofty in thought, more eloquent in expression, more tender in feeling, and never did I see a multitude of earnest men more thoroughly excited with Christian joy when in their name and at their bidding I, as chairman of the meeting, offered Mr. Beecher the right hand of fellowship in token of thankfulness for reverence and love. The men who then stood up knew Mr. Beecher, knew his ministry, his books, his public controversies, his honours, and his sorrows; they

knew who had stood by him, who had withdrawn from him, who had slandered him, and who had trusted him;—and knowing all, they recognised in him not only an eloquent speaker and a powerful thinker, but an able minister of the New Testament and a loyal follower of the Son of God.

The most exciting incident which I remember in connection with my relation to Mr. Beecher occurred upon one memorable Sunday evening in the City Temple. The great trial had just been concluded in Brooklyn, and Mr. Beecher had come out of it to the inexpressible satisfaction of his countless friends in all sections of the Christian Church. My own feeling distinctly was that it would be most fitting that in such circumstances one Congregational Church should offer its congratulations to another. Why should not the City Temple telegraph a fraternal message to Plymouth Church? I did not conceive the idea of my congregation telegraphing to Mr. Beecher personally; my simple feeling was that one congregation should sympathise with another. Accordingly I drew up a full resolution of sympathy and brotherly love, and took it down to my evening service. Even after I reached the

pulpit I hardly knew what I should do with the resolution. Would the people accept it? Would they be willing to pay for the transmission of the message? Would the feeling of the congregation be divided? Would there be a considerable minority? The value of such a resolution would be immensely affected by the conditions under which it was passed, if passed at all. The public feeling ran so high that possibly an enemy of Mr. Beecher, if such existed in London, might happen to be present, and might attempt to create a scene. All these thoughts and feelings passed through my mind as if in one thrilling moment. The sermon was concluded and the last hymn was being sung by the congregation. At length we had come to the last verse of the last hymn, and this was the moment of agony! What should I do? I had to consider not only myself, but Mr. Beecher. If the resolution should be carried by only a small majority, the fact would be used against Mr. Beecher. If there was a considerable minority, that fact also would not be unknown in America. But not a moment was to be lost. In that crisis I resolved to state the case and leave the issue with God and my people. Having stated two

or three facts regarding the trial, and quoted the issue from the public newspapers, I said I should like the congregation to send a cable message to Plymouth Church. Having read that message I asked those who were in favour of it to signify their assent and to pledge their co-operation by standing up. Hardly were the words out of my mouth before the entire congregation, not less than three thousand in number, answered by a standing vote. Conspicuous amongst those who were the first to rise was Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, the most respected and honoured minister of our order in Scotland. My relief and my grateful joy may be imagined. I recall the incident with thrilling pleasure, and I thank God that I had the courage to ask my people to take so novel and so bold a step. The next morning various Congregational ministers, amongst whom were Dr. Allon, Dr. Raleigh, and Dr. Aveling, met in my vestry, and drew up a resolution of congratulation to be forwarded to Mr. Beecher, the resolution being afterwards subscribed by not a few of the most influential Congregational ministers of this country. Many timid people are afraid to take a decisive step, and consequently many an opportunity of comforting and sustaining

tried men is for ever lost. To the end of my life it will be a peculiar joy that we took the tide when it was in flood. "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

CHAPTER XVII

THOMAS BINNEY

WHAT a man was this! Thomas Binney was more than a Nonconformist; he was, in intellectual acumen, a lord chancellor, a prime minister, an archbishop, a king of men. That I was a fellow-countryman is one of my outstanding honours; we both hailed from the Tyne and we were proud of our river. We talked Northumbrian to one another, and laughed at the rude but graphic lingo.

My limited sketch must deal mainly with incident and occurrence, and hardly at all with the metaphysical and spiritual self which was the real Thomas Binney. I am particularly reminded of this by the perusal of the wonderful letter which he sent to me more than thirty years ago (March 1868, when I invited him to be good

enough to advise me as to whether I ought to leave Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, for the Poultry Chapel, London. The letter runs to twelve quarto pages, and deals with the whole subject as if a judge were pronouncing a judgment from the bench. Mr. Binney begins his letter by assuring me that every man works by the impulse of motives and reasons which are known only to the man himself. Even the frankest statement of reasons for a great change in life he regards but as an outside and inadequate expression of the real reasons which govern the person most immediately concerned. The great soul of Mr. Binney will never be set forth adequately in verbal portraiture and colour. Though well aware of this, I feel no hesitation in reviewing some facts and characteristics inseparably associated with my recollection of a most kingly man.

For a moment let us look at Mr. Binney from a physical point of view. Harriet Martineau used to say that she never saw Christopher North (Professor Wilson) without imagining that the first man, Adam, must have been built on the same heroic and majestic lines. Some such thought

always presented itself to my mind when I looked upon Thomas Binney. Think of a man six feet three inches high without either boots or hat to give apparent increase to his stature. Think of him being broad in proportion. Give him a head which George Gilfillan, the famous literary portrait-painter, described as "storey upon storey of brain,"—a description in which there was no taint of exaggeration. I never looked upon such a head. It was the head of a king and ruler—a kind of living court of wisdom and judgment and majesty. Put upon that head an abundant supply of almost golden hair, giving no trace of a comb any more than is given of such an instrument by the mane of a tawny lion. Set in his face two of the most piercing black eyes that were ever seen. Put upon that face a long noble nose with curled and sensitive nostrils, then add a mouth and chin and jaw expressive of robustness, firmness, sternness, and executive faculty of the highest degree. If you could see all these things exactly as I intend them to be seen, you would not even then see the man until he smiled. I never saw such a smile, not even on the face of Mr. Singleton, mentioned long ago. It was like a dawn, a dawn in summer, a dawn that meant a

day of infinite sunshine. When Mr. Binney came into a meeting everybody in the meeting knew when he had come in. At a great national meeting, on the occasion of some royal event, held in St. Paul's Cathedral, Mr. Binney was not satisfied with the seat which had been assigned him as a member of a Nonconformist deputation. What did my dissatisfied king do? At a little distance he saw a vacancy in a portion of the cathedral set apart for the House of Lords. Mr. Binney went there and calmly sat down in that vacancy, no man doubting for a moment that he was the premier peer of Britain. No intelligent man could pass Mr. Binney even in the streets without turning round and asking, "Who is he?" It was something to begin the world within a framework so stupendous and impressive!

Turning to more important matters, let us look for a moment at Mr. Binney educationally. He had none of the advantages with which even schoolboys are favoured to-day. As a working book-binder in his early youth he had his way to make in the world without fortune and without patronage. He educated himself in a very large and effective sense. He was no idler even in his boyhood.

He must have been conscious of a high destiny, and must have laboured to fulfil it without being able to explain his energy and devotion. He had not what would be called to-day a thorough theological training. Our fathers had to do the best they could with the opportunities, often narrow and humbling, which were within their reach. Nonconformity has never been able to dispense with the labours of untrained, irregularly trained, or inadequately trained preachers and pastors. Richard Baxter said, "I can disgrace no university, for I am of none." Thomas Scott the commentator had no collegiate training. Congregationalists are not unappreciative of Robert Vaughan, John Burnett, Alfred Morris, Thomas Lynch, or Edward White, not to mention many others in some respects equally efficient and beloved. And yet these men had not the advantage of denominational collegiate training. I have never heard, let me say again and again, that the Wesleyan Methodists have been ashamed of their untrained giants, such as Jabez Bunting, Richard Watson, Robert Newton, or Morley Punshon. The Baptists have also been magnificently represented by men destitute of denominational training: need

I mention—John Bunyan, Andrew Fuller, C. H. Spurgeon? We are not to understand that these were uneducated and ignorant men. Education is a large term and should be largely interpreted.

Regarded intellectually, probably the first feature that would strike any man in studying the personality of Thomas Binney would be the largeness and the firmness of his mental grasp. It was impossible to find anything small in Mr. Binney's thoroughly prepared discourses. He seemed to look at the horizon rather than at an enclosed field, or a local landscape. He had a marvellous way of connecting every subject with eternity past and with eternity to come. In this way his subjects were set in their right perspective and colour, though in this way they probably on some occasions lost in immediate popular effectiveness. There were times in Mr. Binney's development of a subject when if you lost one sentence you lost the whole discourse. Mr. Binney's preaching was eminently rational in the true sense of that term. He never degraded faith to the level of reason, he always elevated reason to the level of faith. The ladder which he invited his hearers to climb was solidly placed upon the

earth of history and fact, and acknowledged assumptions, though the head of it was lost in light not to be borne by the vision of men. Mr. Binney's ministry had underneath it like a rock a massive conception of doctrine and spiritual philosophy. It was rarely imaginative, and this he once accounted for somewhat curiously in a conversation I had with him in his latest days. Pointing to his writing-table he said: "I have never had a study facing the south; I have never written in sunshine: so there are no figures and parables and illustrations in my discourses." Herein he did himself injustice, and yet herein he did certainly indicate the northern and least attractive aspect of his public ministrations. But he wrote the hymn

"Eternal Light! eternal Light!"

and yet that very hymn is rather rhetorical than poetical in the Tennysonian sense. It is rhetoric at its best. It is even doctrinal rhetoric! There is a whole body of divinity in it. The holy rhetoric glows into a holy song.

I have spoken of some discourses of Mr. Binney's which were thoroughly prepared. Many hearers preferred his written discourses

to his extemporaneous sermons. I have never been able to accept the preference. When Mr. Binney was himself prepared, when his mind was aflame with his subject, when he had not so much as a scrap of paper to look at, but when he knew the very soul of the theme he was about to expound, then he was at the highest point of his efficiency, his massiveness, and his spiritual splendour. Then what looks of light! What smiles of tenderness! What accumulated argument! What songs of triumph and domination! In his written discourses he was apt to be too verbally accurate to enjoy his full liberty of legitimate popular expression. When he did bind himself down to mechanical limit and proportion the lines were often too formal and severe. His mind was never meant for a cage of words; on the contrary, it was meant to fly with the daring and strength of an eagle. Some of Mr. Binney's discourses were judicial arguments. He spoke from the pulpit as he might speak from the bench of a judge or the chair of an umpire. Some discourses were balanced statements, prepared, as it were, for the consideration of a sworn jury. Beyond all dispute such statements were complete and masterly and luminous. Yet when he was in perfect health of mind and

body his so-called extemporaneous discourses transcended his formal and judicial arguments as the stars transcend the mountains.

From a social point of view Mr. Binney was quite a personality,—quite unique and special. Some persons may be surprised at me regarding Mr. Binney as shy and self-obliterating. In my judgment, however, this was one of his noble characteristics. He was never really at home in large companies. In such companies everybody wanted him to speak, and as if he knew that fact he was almost always silent. I remember dining with him at a famous inn at Greenwich, and how keen was the expectation that he would say something which all the company could hear, but I grieve to say that at our end of the table we could only catch an occasional and unconnected word. But see him with two or three really genial comrades and he carried everything his own way, and everybody wished it to be exactly so. He could say more in a sentence than many men could say in a paragraph. He was full of fun and banter, but in all the merriment there was no bitterness and there was no sting. I can hardly recall the name of any man so appreciative of other men as was Mr. Binney.

No young man need have any fear in preaching before him. If there was anything in a discourse he saw it; if he did not see it you may be perfectly sure it was not worth looking at. I never knew him in conversation try to lower the reputation of any brother minister. He had no gift of detraction. He had no genius for slander. He had not even that petty gift of throwing out little stinging hints suggesting that he could tell more if he were disposed to tell all he knew. Mr. Binney's social qualities no one could really appreciate who had not gone to him in the deepest trouble. Then Mr. Binney was in very deed as a prophet of the Lord. But if Mr. Binney's sympathy was to be elicited in all its tenderness and fulness, the party seeking it must keep back no part of the sad story. If the suppliant for sympathy was a prodigal son, he must tell the whole of his dreary tale, and so tell it as not to awaken the suspicion that he was keeping back anything of importance. Then Mr. Binney would show him the way to forgiveness and peace. Not only would he show him the way back, he would walk with him to the utmost possible extent, and then leave him with a benediction equal to a new hope in life. If the case were one of

bereavement, or loss, or personal sorrow of any kind, Mr. Binney could heal it as with balm from Gilead. The wife of one of our ministers had just lost her youngest child, the baby of the house, and she mourned to Mr. Binney, expressing the hope that she was not acting wrongly in giving way to her emotion. She did not want to grieve God in her sorrow. When she hinted that she might be doing so Mr. Binney said (and the father of the child told me he could never forget the tone), "My dear, it was *your* child." That word "your" was to him an explanation of the poignant grief and its anguished expression. The pastoral career of Mr. Binney was full of such jewels of tenderness and sympathy. In the house of affliction Mr. Binney breathed the very spirit of his blessed and healing Master.

With regard to Mr. Binney's reputation outside his own denominational bounds no man will dispute the statement that he was the typical Nonconformist of his time. I remember a grand caricature of him in which nothing was seen but his magnificent head, and underneath the picture was written, "The head of the Dissenters." It was a very happy hit. Indeed, it was hardly a caricature,

for Mr. Binney's head and face were constructed on such lines that it was impossible to make anything of him but some figure of real nobleness. Dr. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester, beyond all doubt one of the greatest preachers of the world, said on the occasion of his own jubilee, in a speech memorable for wisdom and pathos, "Mr. Binney taught me how to preach." That is testimonial and tribute enough for any man. In that sentence a great monument was erected to a great memory. Dr. John Pulsford, one of the seers of the Church, a student, a saint, a philosopher, said to me, "Mr. Binney had more influence in the formation of my opening mind than any other man." What a tribute! What would not some of us give for such recognition from such men! Talking to Dean Stanley one day, I happened to remark that I was glad he had taken part in the services connected with the burial of Mr. Binney. He immediately replied, "I intended my presence to express my veneration for his character." Speaking of Dean Stanley, I am reminded of an occasion upon which I met Mr. Binney at the hospitable table of the Westminster Deanery. The Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) was present, together with canons, deans, and various

Nonconformist pastors. When we rose to leave the dining-room Dean Stanley, a model host, called out, "The bishop first, now the patriarch" (meaning Mr. Binney), "and now the rest of you as you please." The action, though so simple, had quite an electric effect upon us all. How delicate and expressive the arrangement of the order—the bishop first, now the patriarch, and then the rest of us followed without standing on the order of our going! In the life of Archbishop Tait I came upon a line which may be fitly quoted in this connection. The great archbishop had received a deputation respecting some proposed parliamentary action in the matter of the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. It was a Nonconformist deputation. Only one name is given, so happily we cannot fix the archbishop's depreciatory observations upon the other speakers. The name given is the name of Mr. Binney. "Mr. Binney was there, looking and speaking like a king of men."

I do not remember any man who was to be seen on so many public occasions as Mr. Binney. Whether it was a coronation or an execution Mr. Binney was sure to be there, and he was almost as sure to turn that spectacle

to some public account. At the beginning of his ministry Mr. Binney's sermon was as often a newspaper as a theological discourse. He was, in short, a man of action, a man of affairs, as well as a minister of the Gospel in the usual sense of the term. I have often fancied how deeply interested Mr. Binney would have been in his own funeral! The funeral procession was a mile and a quarter in length; all the places of business on the route were closed; all sections of the Protestant Church were represented. How he would have revelled in the scene, and what a sermon he would have preached on it the following Sunday! Seldom, indeed, within the range of my personal knowledge, has a mind so intensely introspective been so keenly interested in the external phases of daily life.

CHAPTER XVIII

DR. SAMUEL NEWTH

I AM full of sorrow. My friend, my teacher, my comrade is dead—yea, rather, he is "alive for evermore." He was within sight of seventy-seven years of earthly life, yet to the last there was a touching youthfulness about his whole spirit and manner. In one sense he died "in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet"; in another, he was as a "shock of corn fully ripe," claimed by the Owner of the field. He has left no enemies. Those who knew him best loved him most, and amongst them I gladly reckon his students, who to-day honour him and magnify his influence in the ministry of the Gospel. From an early period he was in effect, if not in name, "Professor" Newth. Almost as soon as boyhood was past he was an acknowledged teacher and leader of young minds. An earnest student himself, he made

other students earnest. At school and college alike Samuel Newth was known as an example and a stimulus. Probably there was no keener legal mind in England during the last century than the mind of Sir George Jessel, the renowned Master of the Rolls. Newth and Jessel were fellow-students at University College. They competed for the mathematical prize, and it fell to Samuel Newth. Jessel wondered that he had not succeeded in the competition, and on asking Professor De Morgan the reason, he was informed that Mr. Newth had secured fifty-four marks and Jessel had secured thirty-seven. The instance is worth recalling as indicating a type of mind and a degree of industry within which lay the greatest possibilities of true learning. Dr. Newth was in the richest sense of the term a learned man. I know, from his own lips, that he has occupied twelve different chairs in our Congregational colleges. Dr. Newth always knew more than he was willing to acknowledge, for modesty was probably the most conspicuous feature in his manifold and harmonious character. He was incapable of boasting; and he was equally incapable of doing injustice to the merits and claims of other men.

If I were required to sum up Dr. Newth's intellectual habits, I am not sure that I should not select the word diligence, as indicating the very spirit of his character as a student. He did nothing with a slack hand. Even ordinary appointments in life became to him special responsibilities. He never threw his obligations upon other men, or fled away in a crowd. As one of the New Testament company of Revisers, he for many years illustrated this habit of diligence with great distinctness. If the attendances were published, I should be surprised if Dr. Newth's name were not at the top of the list. He made a conscience of everything. It would seem to be impossible that he could have slurred any work which he undertook, whether it was the making of a catalogue, attendance upon a committee, the classification of a library, the preparation of a mathematical treatise, or even the writing of an ordinary letter. Everything was done as if it were the only thing he had to do. No doubt this made him a severe disciplinarian. He had no patience with indolence, or with any of the methods by which men sometimes seek to evade their duties. His severity arose from the rigour of his own example rather than from the operation

of a mere theory as to industry directed by conscience.

If I were required to sum up his religious characteristics in one word, I should have no hesitation is choosing the word devoutness. I never knew a more reverent spirit. The reverence was wondrously compounded of awe and tenderness. His prayers were full of tears. No one ever touched human sorrow with finer delicacy, or brought to bear upon it richer resources of sympathy and consolation. I have been amazed at the gentleness, the sweetness, the thrilling sympathy of his private and social prayers. There never could be any mistake as to the depth and reality of his spiritual emotion. All his erudition was steeped, as it were, in a reverential spirit. His students recall with grateful delight the short and pregnant prayers with which he began his most abstruse and elaborate as well as more pastoral lectures.

Of Dr. Newth as he revealed himself in the family—his beloved family of ten children —I may not say one word beyond expressing the fact that I never knew manliness so tender or strength so condescending.

Remembering his utter dislike of everything merely eulogistic, I dare hardly add another word. Could he communicate with me at this moment, he would urge me to attribute all the good he was enabled to do solely to the grace of God. He would offer undivided praise to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. He sought no greatness for himself. He knew no sordid ambitions. He had no greater joy than to watch the growth of his students in capacity and usefulness. Again and again he would allude to some eminent minister as "one of my boys," always accounting the honour of such ministers as one of the main sources and reasons of his own personal comfort and joy. We shall miss our friend sorely; we shall miss him at the fireside, in the council chamber, and in every assembly called to consider the welfare of ministerial students. To have lived so as to be regretfully missed is to have lived well. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Dr. Newth leaves a spotless fame and a memory that will be a stimulus to us in all our endeavours to serve the best interests of the Christian Church. In the August of 1897, as we rambled day by day on the Sussex downs, I saw the far-away look come into his

beautiful eyes. We watched the sea together, and wondered what shores lay beyond the deeper waters that in ghostly silence wash the island of the Here and Now, and together we read the book of the summer clouds, standing dumbly before the mystic pages whose signs cannot be wholly read by mortal eyes, and to one another we said most when we said nothing. It was wholly beautiful—so quiet, so fragrant, so like the house of God; yet a mere outline and alphabet of what he now sees in the homeland of the eternal summer.

Such was the address which I delivered at the interment of my venerable and honoured friend. I think it better to insert it just as it was delivered, that something at least of the genuine emotion may be preserved. Dr. Newth and I often talked of an expositor in whose works we were greatly interested. For something like fifteen years Dr. Newth and Dean Vaughan had sat side by side in the New Testament Revision Company. My own connection with Dr. Vaughan was very slight, but to myself most interesting. To my great surprise I received from him a most gracious note respecting my Thursday morning service, which he had once attended

whilst it was held in the Poultry Chapel. His note was characteristically generous and encouraging. Soon after that it was arranged that I should have the honour of meeting him at the house of the Rev. Samuel Minton, M.A., a well-known clergyman of the Church of England. Mr. Minton himself deserves to be remembered as one of the most enlightened and most progressive members of his class. The burning sincerity and the steadfast faithfulness of Samuel Minton I have never known to be excelled. In no poetical sense was he prepared to suffer the loss of all things that his conscience might remain uncorrupted. Mr. Minton was the kind of man of whom martyrs are made. Once let a conviction seize his mind and heart, and it would remain there, whatever consequence of suffering and loss might ensue. Mr. Minton was wont to say that he could ruin any limited liability company in the country by taking shares in it.

It was at Mr. Minton's house that I had the honour of meeting Dean Vaughan, then Master of the Temple. What serenity was expressed in that quiet and noble face! What a gentle voice! What a friendly smile! As

soon as luncheon was ended Mr. Minton started a subject for conversation, expecting each of us to make some contribution to its elucidation. If I remember aright the subject had direct reference to the spread of ritualism. I am not likely to be wrong in this recollection, because if Church questions have ever been raised within the last fifty years they have, either at the beginning or the end of their discussion, touched upon the large question of sacerdotalism. Dean Vaughan was requested to follow Mr. Minton's introductory statement. He said he had no idea that the conversation would be so thoroughly Socratic in its method. He then expressed himself in very cautious terms, yet leaving no doubt about his own love of ritual simplicity. I do not ever remember that he said anything aphoristic, but I do distinctly remember that he deeply impressed me by his intellectual dignity and his spiritual fearlessness and repose. I am, perhaps, more indebted to Dean Vaughan than to any other modern expositor. His books are mines of spiritual wealth. He never overpowers his readers by the weight of his own erudition. His sermons are amongst the very best specimens of expository preach-

ing, and cannot fail profoundly to influence all minds that earnestly desire to know the inner meaning of spiritual things.

I have often expressed to Dr. Newth my disappointment that the Revisers did not take greater licence in their new translation. I had been so fascinated by the rapid, fiery, graphic translations and paraphrases of the Epistles given by Dean Farrar in his "Life of St. Paul," that I wished the Revisers had followed something like the same untrammelled career. Dr. Newth told me that in the constitution of the Company there was a strong conservative element, worthily represented by the Master of the Temple. I was, indeed, aware of Dr. Vaughan's unwillingness to obtrude any merely personal eccentricity of translation upon the attention of the Company. He was quite prepared to handle Demosthenes or Cicero in the freest manner, but he felt that something was due to the New Testament on the ground of reverence and custom and holy tradition. What the Dean did not dare do as a member of the Revision Company he has to a large extent done in the expositions for which he is personally responsible. Some of his translations are

quaint and picturesque in a degree which might not have been acceptable to a body of revisers so variously constituted. Dr. Newth confirmed my impression that Dr. Vaughan was not only one of the most scholarly, but one of the most simple-hearted and devout Christians he had ever known. Dr. Newth was sorry that some place was not found in the Revision Company for the devotional services of its Nonconformist members. Everything of a devotional character was conducted by the presiding bishop, in the words of the Established Church. Dr. Newth would have been satisfied if any one of the Nonconformist members had been invited even to pronounce the benediction. Whatever good might have come from so simple an arrangement we can never tell; but it is happily certain that the association of such men as Vaughan and Newth, Stanley and Moulton, was fruitful in spiritual and social results.

CHAPTER XIX

STIMULATING PREACHERS

OF the many distinguished ministers by whom I was in youthful days most impressed, some special personalities rise at the bidding of my grateful memory. I do not know how far time may have thrown a glamour over the past, nor do I know how I should vary my estimates at this moment, but I do feel that the ministry of fifty years ago had a quality and a force almost impossible to discover in the ministry of to-day. One should not flippantly throw away even the exaggerations of early intellectual and religious life. Some of my pulpit recollections connect themselves immediately with my boyhood, and others are associated with my ripest years; but whether the one or the other, they are as precious treasures not to be appraised in the plain figures of mean gold. Allow that some of

these memories are fictitious rather than real, even the fictitiousness has had an educating and uplifting influence upon my whole life. Quite possibly some of the sermons of half a century ago would not appear to me to be so brilliant if I heard them to-day, but I must for ever think of them as I heard them from their several speakers, and so thinking of them I am a better man for listening to such spiritual and practical eloquence. The men of fifty years ago are not to be judged by the standards of to-day. Being what they were for their own time, we are entitled to infer that they would have been to this day relatively what they were to their own.

Far away in the early shadows I see a man remarkable for physical massiveness and memorable for one of the finest vocal organs I ever listened to. The voice itself was "a song without words." It is almost a pity that there is not some way of doing by the voice what is done by the organ. The organ has no words,—in the technical sense of the term it has no songs,—yet it affects the whole soul with wondrous impressiveness. In the organ we have expression without words, without argument, without the narrowness

and harshness of controversy; yet the organ has an argument of its own—a pathos quite unique—a persuasiveness not to be resisted without conscious injustice to the thrilling appeal. Niagara conducts no formal argument, yet it happily excites the whole range of feeling, setting the intellect itself within a new and effective environment. Orpheus has no contention with our prejudices, yet we stop to listen and go away the better for the haunting music. If we could have "thrill" dissociated from special theological pleading, the great preacher to whom I refer, Dr. Robert Newton, would stand alone in his vocal glory. His was a royal voice. There have been voices profounder and shriller and more caressing, but no voice ever excelled Dr. Newton's in range, in variety, in what I may call all the finer shades of expressiveness. I have heard him pronounce the word "salvation" in a tone which itself was argumentative—almost, indeed, a whole volume of Evangelical theology. If Charles Wesley wished to know how much there was in one of his hymns, he ought to have lived long enough to hear Dr. Newton read it. In my recollection he stands alone for ability to bring out of a hymn all its experience and tenderness and

unction. Reading, I regret to say, has not been cultivated as it ought to have been. In my early days ministers read the hymn from beginning to end, and then they gave it out two lines at a time, and not seldom they gave the people some hint of the special spiritual meaning of the lines they were singing. It would be an error to suppose that such treatment of the hymn robbed it of any of its value; I can testify that this manner of reading a hymn has often had its happy spiritual effect upon great congregations. What applied to the reading of hymns applied in the case of Dr. Newton equally to the reading of Holy Scripture. When I last heard him read the Bible I could have been well satisfied to regard the reading as a whole and final service. The reading was slow, reverent, spiritual, and worthy of the Book which supplied its subject. Dr. Newton was by no means an "intellectual" man: technically he was illiterate, without any shadow of pretence to academic learning; yet there was about him a quality that could not be mistaken for plebeianism or mere respectability. A farm servant to begin with (I have seen the cart which he has loaded with farm produce), he was a gentleman, a

nobleman, a royalty to end with; Jovelike in aspect, with the port of a Kean, with the unction of an Aquinas, yet with the simplicity of a brother and a true apostle of Christ. He made a space for himself everywhere, and probably to no man of his day was the primacy assigned with less of doubt as to his qualification for its occupancy. With the slenderest intellectual equipment, and with absolutely no academical theological training, Dr. Newton had a Gospel to preach —a simple, practical, experimental Gospel; and when men heard it, they knew that it was in very deed no fable of man's invention. Dr. Newton addressed himself to the realities of life. He had the tongue of the learned, in that he was able to speak a word in season to him that was weary. If preaching means metaphysical subtlety, audacious speculation, or dreaming about clouds whilst slumbering on a bed of roses, then Robert Newton had no claim to be accounted a preacher. But if preaching means speaking from heart to heart things concerning God and eternity, sin and repentance, service and sanctification, then Dr. Newton stood out— and stands out to-day in my imagination— with the brightness and repose of a planet. Newton was not a reader of his own neat

essays; he was a spontaneous, direct, and effective speaker, and he spoke with the happier emphasis because he confined himself, to a large extent, within the limits of his own personal experience of divine mysteries and their outstanding effects on the lives of simple-minded and honest believers. Always confining himself to the middle line of human experience and action, he carried with him a whole audience instead of only a section; he preached to human nature in its broadest aspects, rather than to society broken up into sects and classes. This, I have noticed, is the secret of all true popular preaching. Preaching must be broadly human to be popular. You cannot reach the populace through an academy, but you may often reach an academy through the populace. It seems to me in looking back that the old preachers were stronger in personal experience than are the preachers of to-day. They had fewer intellectual temptations to resist. The pew did not ply them with so many curious questions. In my early days preaching was religious; within recent years it has become intellectual, with an occasional religious flavour. Things have quite altered in this respect. The first preaching was religious, with an occasional intellectual

outlook; to-day religion is intellectual, with an occasional religious reference. In some places of worship people have to ask whether they are in a lyceum or in a church, in a hall of science or in a house of prayer. Wherein the pulpit has lost religiousness it has lost power. Robert Newton's name may well stand as the type of man whose first concern it was to seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, assured that all other things, wherever necessary, would be added. The direction and warning given in the Sermon on the Mount apply to preaching as well as to everything else. Jesus Christ would seem to say through the medium of that great discourse: "Take no thought for your preaching, what ye shall say as to words, temporary criticism, flowers of rhetoric, and the idolatry of science: for after all these things do the Gentile artists seek; but seek ye first and foremost in your preaching the kingdom of God and His righteousness, be first and foremost intensely religious, and all these minor tributaries and accessories shall, if necessary—which is very doubtful—be added unto you."

A man in some respects resembling Dr. Newton, and in others differing widely from

him, greatly charmed my budding imagination. I refer to Dr. Morley Punshon. There have been many little Punshons, but not one of them has worthily worn the mantle of the original. Youths are often charmed by impetuous volleys of rhetorical words. In this sense Dr. Punshon stood quite alone, so far as I know, in the Methodism of his day. In Dr. Punshon's preaching there was no hint of spontaneity, by which I mean that nothing was spoken under the inspiration of the moment. Dr. Morley Punshon wrote his sermons from beginning to end, and repeated them with literal accuracy and with energetic and happy effect. Punshon's style was climacteric, being based, in fact, upon the method of James Parsons, of York, the most climacteric preacher of his day. The voices of the two men were very different, yet, paradoxical as it may seem, they were identical. The voice of Parsons seemed to be more a shadow than a substance; the voice of Punshon was that very shadow carried up into power and resonance of a remarkable quality. If Punshon had come first we should have said that the voice of Parsons was the echo, but coming second we can best express the reality by describing Parsons' voice as the ear and Punshon's voice as "the full corn in the

ear." Remarkable effects were produced by the preaching of Punshon. He thought in metaphor. His sentences were examples in sculpture,—sometimes he carved in wood, sometimes in marble, and now and again he seemed to be engraving precious stones. Everything about the preaching was rhetorical, theatrical, external, and thunder-like. It would, however, be a great mistake if any man regarded Punshon's discourses as mere conjuring in words. We cannot read his lectures without feeling that he made the most careful preparation for their delivery. They are full of literal fact, literary allusion, and historical induction. The anatomy was not always seen in consequence of the purple and fine linen, the crimson and gold with which it was clothed. I would accuse myself of great injustice if I did not always think of Punshon's preaching as a very happy influence in my own early life. My youthful contemporaries always anticipated his visits with pleasure, and always remembered them with gratitude. In the matter of influencing all sorts of people Methodist preaching has always had a large range of operation. Robert Newton and Morley Punshon did more than preach in metropolitan pulpits; they went about from village to village and

preached as eloquently and fervently in the smallest places as in the greatest. So much must be said in praise of what the Methodists describe as "travelling preaching." Episcopalians and Congregationalists stand as a rule in one place and minister to one people. It is almost impossible for them to undertake any extensive evangelistic work in the villages. That they do a good deal in this way no one will dispute, but that they do nothing in comparison with itinerant Methodism is a fact about which there cannot be two opinions. The first time I heard Robert Newton was in a town of about three thousand inhabitants; the last time I heard him was in City Road Chapel, London. He was as much at home in the one as in the other. He did not go to a village as if he were performing an act of condescension; he went to it as a mere matter of course, because it was part of what we may call his parish. The necessities of Methodism gave the whole country the advantages of such a ministry,—now in the north, now in the south, now in the agricultural districts, and now in great manufacturing centres. The first time I heard Morley Punshon was in a mining village of fewer than five hundred inhabitants; the last time I heard him was in the City Temple, London.

He would preach the same sermon in the village as in the City. He did not seem to be putting off the village with anything that came most easily to hand; he spent himself as thoroughly when addressing two hundred peasants as when addressing the Conference itself. This always struck me as characteristic of the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon. I have heard him in a chapel which could not accommodate more than three hundred people, and I have heard him in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and in both cases he was equally apostolic and intent upon his purpose. Who can estimate the influence of the great Methodist ministry, ranging over cities and towns and villages and out-of-the-way hamlets? The visits of such men as I have described formed epochs in the history of agricultural England. How the visits of great men were anticipated! What recollections of their services were passed from mouth to mouth! How young men felt encouraged in their best reading and in their best religious service! No imagination can conceive the profound and blessed effect which Methodism has had upon English life. It is one of my happiest recollections that when the Methodist preacher came to a town or village he conducted the whole service himself. I

have known instances in other denominations where one man has given out the hymns, another man has read the lesson, another man has offered the prayer, and another man has preached the sermon. In the case of the Methodist itinerants, such a man as Robert Newton took the service from beginning to end, and was thus enabled to secure proportionate and effective distribution of the parts.

I have taken Dr. Newton and Dr. Punshon as types of a special order of preaching. To their honoured names I must add others which did not, perhaps, to the same extent appeal to popular imagination, though in many respects they represent an intellectual life in no degree inferior. One of the most effective Methodist preachers I ever heard was Dr. Joseph Beaumont, a man who had no roof to his mouth, and who yet managed to do his work as one who had no need to ask consideration or indulgence. Though a Methodist minister, he was a doctor of medicine. He was one of the men to be found in every denomination who have ideas which do not immediately secure popular acceptance. He was an orator rather than a statesman. He saw his subjects sharply and ideally. He was

intensely poetic in his temperament. For these reasons probably he would have made a poor President of the Conference if his brethren had ever conferred upon him that distinction. Many of his *obiter dicta* were too satiric to be quite relished by persons who take daily care of their own respectability. Dr. Beaumont once said: "Poor old Newton! he has not an idea in either hemisphere of his brain." This remark would be made without any ill-nature, yet it is easy to see how it indicates a kind of spirit that would stand in the way of any man's official advancement. Once in a great public meeting the air had become so intolerably hot as to cause Beaumont to cry out at the top of his voice, "Smash that window and let in the Lord!" A very different man was John Rattenbury—emotional, hortatory, and quietly passionate. If his tears could have converted the world, the process would not have been long delayed. He had quite an apostolic love of souls. Rattenbury was neither philosopher, nor orator, nor statesman, and yet it was easy to detect some trace of each in his fervent nature. Different, again, was George B. Macdonald, whose ministry I remember with the deepest gratitude. I remember his playing like a master upon a whole congregation,

bringing them to tears and not a few of them to spiritual decision. When I heard him he spoke with the repose of mastery. He had a plain tale to tell, and he told it in lucid English. He had a great appeal to make, and the very quietness of his utterance acted like a charm upon all who listened to it. George Macdonald gave me the impression of a man who knew his subject, and knew exactly what he could do with it, and who was quite content with the talents which God had entrusted to his care, without troubling himself with any vexatious ambitions.

I knew three of the men who led what was then called the Wesleyan Reform movement. We used to whisper their names as if afraid of being overheard. Their awful names were Everett, Dunn, and Griffith. They were often thought of as three volcanoes about to explode, but never doing it to any great extent. They were what to-day would be called "Progressives." Everything in Methodism was wrong, and they were the men who were divinely called to put everything right. They were all men of ability and of unimpeachable character. They always distrusted—perhaps detested — what they

regarded as the official element in Methodism. They were reformers, agitators, malcontents, and driven before a new conception of things as by a great wind, which might be called Euroclydon. They are better understood to-day than they were in their own time, and I have no doubt would be spoken of respectfully by many of the older men who remember with a shudder the earthquake which they caused. I have heard James Everett say that he never knew any one who could pray with such power and tenderness as Jabez Bunting, yet Bunting's was the policy which Everett disliked and distrusted. I well remember that the pamphlets of Everett, Dunn, and Griffith used to be read almost stealthily, and yet I know instances in which they were read with undisguised eagerness and relish. Probably there is not a quack medicine in the world that is not backed with a hundred testimonials; probably there is not a reformer who has not an overflowing Adullam; probably there is not a crank who has not sometimes been mistaken for a prophet. The Wesleyan reformers were neither impostors, nor adventurers, nor self-seekers. They were thoroughly in earnest. If they were injudicious they could shelter themselves behind

LIBRARY
GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

all the reformers who have led the world; and if sometimes they incurred the charge of egotism, it certainly was an egotism most unselfish and expensive. The movement which these men originated has resulted in what is now known as the United Methodist Free Church, distinguished among the tribes of Israel for intelligence, spirituality, and apostolic consecration.

In connection with these memories it would give me great personal pleasure to put down here my estimate of not a few public benefactors who went by the designation of "local preachers." Their names were, of course, unknown beyond the immediate neighbourhood in which they laboured, and, therefore, to quote them would be to appeal to a very limited though appreciative public. The local preachers of England have always attracted my grateful attention as a body of men who have done, and are doing, the greatest possible good in their respective spheres. Perhaps some of my readers may wonder what a local preacher is, so I may explain that he is a man who visits the villages in order to preach the Gospel to peasants and others, and who, though engaged in business, is enabled to

preach in many places great and small what he knows of the kingdom of God. The local preacher is a voluntary labourer. It must not be imagined that he attains his position without culture and examination; he has to satisfy certain tests before he can be put upon the preachers' plan. Many men engaged in business during the whole week will preach for a dozen Sundays in succession, in a dozen different places. Townspeople can hardly realise what it is for villagers to have amongst them for a whole day a man from some busy centre who takes with him something of the larger world, and thus connects the peasantry with the great far-away public. The local preacher will walk from three to ten miles on a Sunday that he may conduct religious services, without fee or reward. In many ways he acts as a village pastor without either the name or the remuneration of official *status*. Before my mind at this moment I have four local preachers in the north of England, two of whom were magistrates, and the other two occupied strong fiduciary positions. All four had libraries not to be found in the houses of some men who would think it refined and polite to sneer at them. Two of these local preachers were not only deeply read in

philosophy and history, but could also consult the Greek Testament with facility and profit. Of course they were only "local preachers,"—they were not described as reverend. They had not been ordained by official hands. They would be looked down upon with contempt by all persons who considered themselves to be in the direct apostolical succession. By these persons a local preacher would be looked upon as a curiosity,—as something that had escaped from the Zoological Gardens owing to the carelessness of hired custodians. How funny it was that a man should be both a draper and a preacher, or a blacksmith and a preacher, or a farm-labourer and a preacher! What must many a vicar have thought of such curiosities! What could any self-respecting bishop do but smile, more in pity than in contempt, when he heard that a man made shoes on the week-days, and went out to preach on the Sunday? To the official and courtly mind such anomalies would be extremely comical, if they were not scandalously iniquitous. Yet the local preachers of England have done an incalculably blessed work for their country. I have sometimes wished that we were all "local preachers." I have sometimes claimed that I am in very

deed a local preacher myself, and I have sustained the claim by the fact that for more than thirty years I have, as a preacher, been standing in one public place. To my mind Congregationalism has lost great opportunities by not sufficiently developing the public talents of business men. I am a heretic amongst my brethren in many of these things. I would encourage every man to preach to whom God has given the talent of preaching. I would appoint laymen to carry on official work which is often done by ministers. I would have working evangelists and pastors—that is to say, men who in the villages support themselves by manual labour and preach the Gospel on Sundays. I have met a minister who never accepted a penny from any public fund, whose name is on the official list of ministers, but who worked as a labouring man and took from the people what they could afford, and thus pastor and people maintained an independent relation to one another. This cannot by any means be always the case; but I distinctly contend that wherever it is the best thing that can be done, it should be done without any fear of incurring social contempt. I have always been a working man myself. I should be quite prepared,

if Providence so ordained, to go into any village and support myself by some kind of labour, and preach the Gospel on Sundays and at other times, gratefully receiving whatever contributions the people might be disposed to give, on the ground that the "labourer is worthy of his hire." In substance this is what local preachers have always done. They have not done it in one village, but they have done it in the villages of their respective counties. The principle is the same. If the irregular minister could not live in the village in which he preached, he might find occupation within walking distance of it. I am well aware of all the suggested difficulties connected with such an arrangement; but sometimes we have to decide between alternative difficulties, and in this decision I believe fewer difficulties will be found on the side of local preaching without pastoral *status* than on the other side. Throughout my career I have noticed that men never lose caste by being plainly and simply what they are in reality without pretence or affectation, doing their work with an honest heart and as in the sight of God. I may give some idea of the importance which I attach to local preaching, when it is intelligent and edifying, if I say

that if either the "regular" ministers must go or the local preachers, I should certainly allow the "regular" ministers to disappear. I do not want either of them to disappear, I am only speaking about an alternative course, and I give this opinion without fear or hesitation.

Lord Brougham could hardly be classed as a local preacher, and yet on the solitary occasion upon which I heard him he delivered an energetic address on missions to the West Coast of Africa. On the platform Lord Brougham and Bishop Wilberforce were the principal figures. The meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, which, needless to say, was crowded from floor to ceiling. Some idea of the numbers present may be conceived from the opening sentence in Brougham's speech: "In addressing this, the largest assembly I have ever seen under one roof, may I hope that its patience may be in proportion to its magnitude?" There is more in this sentence than first appears. It conveyed the finest rebuke that was ever addressed to an impatient throng. A very learned man had just moved an elaborate resolution, and he moved it in so verbose and halting a way that

the people signified their desire that he should sit down. The learned man was not a discerner of the signs of public meetings, so he took the muffled stamping of thousands of feet as a token that he was being listened to with interest and appreciation. Wilberforce well knew the contrary, and signified the same by many a furtive glance at the tedious speaker. Brougham immediately succeeded, and when the storm of applause abated he uttered the sentence which I have just quoted. The meeting was more than patient with the venerable Demosthenes. The preceding speaker has said something about ancient Carthage, and the master of assemblies followed it up by saying that there was one thing which ancient Carthage had never done, and that was to organise volunteers for her own defence. The point of this remark was, that at the time the volunteer movement in England was in its first and most eager development. Thus from end to end of the speech Brougham, whose snowy head was a kind of Mont Blanc on the elevated platform, constantly touched the intelligence and the sentiment of his enraptured audience. I cannot call the Bishop of Oxford either a local preacher or a layman, but I may refer to him in this connection simply because he

immediately followed the great oration of Lord Brougham,—which was a Demosthenic philippic against the whole policy of Spain. It would not have been surprising if the meeting had culminated in the speech of Lord Brougham, but as a matter of fact Wilberforce carried it to a higher and more impressive level. His speech opened with a reference to Lord Brougham which might well have formed a paragraph in a book consisting of illustrations of rhetoric and eloquence. The Right Reverend Prelate began by recounting the great contemporaries of Brougham's middle life. He mentioned them by name, and paid a fitting tribute to each. Then he said that there were masses of rock which were known to geologists as "outliers,"—rocks that had withstood all the encroachments of the most tempestuous seas; then, turning to Brougham, he said that in the venerable ex-Chancellor they saw a fine example of a living "outlier" who had survived the cataclysm of time. I can never forget the dignity and the power with which this sentence was uttered. Many people were not unnaturally amused at the idea of Lord Brougham being found, through some mysterious accident of Providence, on the platform of a missionary meeting. But he

was found there, and the figure which he made will never fade from my memory.

One of the men who deeply impressed me in my teens was Frederick Douglas, the famed anti-slavery orator. Douglas was the very form and fashion of a man. Tall, black, with large, gleaming eyes and a voice of wonderful compass, he was just the speaker to handle any audience with adequate power. Douglas was a rhetorician. His was not the rhetoric of sentiment, but the passion of a man who had bled under the slave-driver's lash. He might have expressed every sentiment of his speech without producing a thousandth part of the effect which followed his electric tones. In the audience there was a man who stood up and said to Douglas, in an insolent and rasping tone, "You are a liar!" At that moment Douglas took fire. "He calls me a liar!" And then in a torrent of indignation, the like of which is seldom heard, he hurled back with infinite effect the scandalous accusation. The meeting became so excited that its temper could only be appeased by the expulsion of the man who had caused the vulgar interruption.

John B. Gough is a name that occurs to

me in this connection, simply because he also hailed from the United States. I knew Gough somewhat intimately, and the more I knew of him the more I esteemed the integrity and the simplicity of his character. From beginning to end Gough was dramatic; here and there, indeed, he was almost theatrical. Henry Ward Beecher once said to me that if there was anything in an anecdote Gough was the man to get it out. His orations were not all anecdotes, nor were they funny stories, nor were they exhibitions of mere conjuring in words. There was always a substratum of sound and useful reasoning, and occasionally an insight into the philosophy of a question which astonished the people who came to hear sensational declamation. Taking the whole of any single oration I ever heard Gough deliver, I should describe it as quite a marvellous mixture of argument, anecdote, wit, pathos, and thrilling appeal. I do not believe that Gough ever committed a speech to memory, but he repeated his speeches so often as to give the impression that he was going through a formal recitation. John B. Gough has visited my house, and I have visited his, and after many communications with him, direct and indirect, I gladly give it as my opinion that

Gough was not only a brilliant declaimer, but an honest and high-minded man, capable of doing the most generous and unselfish actions.

If I wanted a direct and even startling contrast to J. B. Gough, I would find it in Henry Rogers, the famous Edinburgh reviewer. For several years I was brought into occasional relation to this critical and voluminous essayist. He was President of Lancashire Independent College when I saw him most closely. That an Independent minister might have been editor of the *Edinburgh Review* is no common incident in the history of Nonconformity. For such an editorship Henry Rogers had every qualification. His vast reading, his critical instinct, his penetrating wit, and his infinite capacity for taking pains combined to fit him for that supreme literary function. The three volumes of his collected "Essays and Reviews" show the very wide range within which he had conducted his most careful critical studies. The "Eclipse of Faith" is one of the most powerful defences of the Christian religion which has appeared in modern times, yet that powerful assault upon infidelity and unbelief (published

anonymously) was described in a religious newspaper of the day as, "Another dart from the quiver of the enemy." So much for the literary omniscience which can review a book without reading it. I was in the house of the editor when he came home on the night of publishing that unpardonable misrepresentation, when he exclaimed, "I would have recalled the whole edition of the paper if the printing had not gone so far." So much, I repeat, for a certain kind of reviewing! The infinite mischief of such reviewing is that many people accept it as honest and final criticism. What an Edinburgh reviewer that false critic would have made! Under his influence how wondrously the European mind would have been directed in its choice of literature! No man was more amused with the review than was Henry Rogers himself.

CHAPTER XX

A GROUP OF RECOLLECTIONS

GEORGE GILFILLAN

FROM a very early period I was fascinated by the writings of George Gilfillan, whom I then only knew as a United Presbyterian minister. I had never seen the man, nor had any description been given to me; simply from an independent perusal of his writings I felt that he was a master in Israel. Though I at once venerated and dreaded the power of this brilliant and dashing critic, I ventured to send him a copy of my "Helps to Truth-Seekers," and proud was I to receive a letter full of the kindest appreciation. When I now look at the book and the letter side by side, I cannot but feel that Mr. Gilfillan ceased to be a critic in order that he might be a friend. His "Bards of the Bible" fascinated me as no other book

had done up to the time of my perusing it. The "Literary Galleries" amounted to something like a revelation in literature. Even in my then utterly undisciplined mental state I could not fail to notice that all Gilfillan's geese were swans, all his swans were eagles, and all his eagles were archangels. The only counteractant of such literary dram-drinking was a steady perusal of some dry-as-dust metaphysical volume. One of Hoppus's lectures would have been an excellent alterative. But Gilfillan was the man for the young and enterprising mind. His metaphors, his images, his coruscations, his noble eulogy, and his scorching satire, when taken together could hardly fail to intoxicate the young fancy and overturn the inexperienced judgment. Gilfillan came to preach for me in Manchester; and once, when he lectured there, he had dinner and tea at my house, so we saw the giant close at hand, and weighed him and measured him without coming to exact figures in either case. He was in very deed a big man—big altogether, in head and heart, in physical avoirdupois and mental troy. He only knew a very little part of himself; of his own personality there were outlying districts, almost provinces, which he had not laid under adequate culti-

vation, and which were full of mines and treasure-trove. I am not sure that cultivation, in any pedantic sense, had much to do with Gilfillan's greatness. The difference between him and most other men was the difference between an egg and an eagle. Gilfillan was in his highest moments alight with the glory of genius. He discovered nothing by mere labour; he seemed to know intuitively. He saw from afar. What, then, if in his seeing men found haze, aërial colour, and a perspective that brought parallels to angles and so upset the popular geometry? Gilfillan seemed to start life without any special regard for Euclid; not that he ever spoke disrespectfully of squares and triangles, but to him they were nowhere beside the Gospel-breathing flowers and the Apocalyptic clouds. The Woman standing in the sun was no miracle to Gilfillan; the miracle would have been to find a woman in any other place. Ezekiel, Daniel, and Revelation were written in his mother tongue. He understood them and loved them and simplified them by minor images. Did Gilfillan ever think but in metaphor? Did he ever hear of a syllogism, —that mental porridge of the Scot!—or, hearing of it, did he leave it that he might accept a higher and diviner hospitality?

Porridge or nectar, syllogism or trope, Gilfillan was a well-fed man, so overflowing with life that his touch had healing in it. As a young man I simply revelled in his style, and now that I am no longer young I still find—within all the gay and fragrant florilegium—a strong man's strength and a good man's tenderness. Of course the style is highly coloured: I know it; I admit it; I do not deplore it. Of course is it redundant: quite true—redundant after the manner of old mother Nature, so bountiful and so lavish in all her summer ways. Gilfillan's music is the rush of torrents, or the shout of Bashan and Lebanon in the very riotousness of their pride. The lute and the harp were not his favourite instruments, though now and then he could be placid and soothing in his strains. He loved to see the upheaving of mountains, the salutations of passing comets, and Etna signalling to Sirius. All this was quite in his way. It was a great, rugged, royal way, and not the way of the temperate men who have often smiled upon his mannerism. These are the men who mistake fluttering for flying, and a stone-breaker for a sculptor.

Can I ever forget the sermon Gilfillan delivered in my pulpit in Manchester?

Nothing like it was ever seen under the sun. He took the sermon out of his trouser pocket and laid it in little heaps—not of the whitest paper—on the pulpit Bible, and took it up scrap by scrap, and read each at the pulpit lamp as if he were announcing a bazaar or a tea-meeting. But listen! Shut out the grotesque image of a piece of paper held up to a lamp by a giant in gold spectacles, and listen. How clean-cut each sentence! What a figure was that! What a portrait in few words! What an electric-spark sentence! How long, solemn, subduing the voice, dying in a cadence that has in it the moan of a heart-sob! When he announced the hundredth psalm, the word psalm seemed to become a tune in the saying of it. Yes, it was a grand sermon; but it was execrably delivered as a whole. It might have been some other man's sermon, read for the purpose of showing how poor it was. Yet, listen, listen! You will then be charmed and thrilled and blest. First the shock, then the almost-laugh, then the wonder, then the prayer, then the heart-felt thanks. It was very wonderful, and often beautiful exceedingly.

From a domestic and dining point of view George Gilfillan left us a vivid recollection.

It would be too strong a metaphor to describe our honoured guest as an ascetic. He was not, and his ways were not exactly prim. In the upper room he rubbed his glorious head and face with a towel, and then threw the towel upon a swing-mirror. Coming downstairs, he vigorously stirred the fire with our best tongs, and then threw the tongs under the bars with a fine disregard of domestic perspective. I remember well that on the day of Mr. Gilfillan's dining with us we had an afternoon engagement at five o'clock which we could not put off. Should we ask him to stay to tea? We had to start soon after four, so what time was there for tea? Mr. Gilfillan settled the business for us, for immediately after dinner he drew his chair to the fire and said, "We maun have tea early." Thus do the Invisibles work kindly for us if we will but let them alone and cease to fret about the coming and going of daily life.

To return. Gilfillan's style has been described as turgid, bombastic, and artificial. There are men who can use such words quite glibly in describing other men's literary method. Gilfillan's style may be all they say, but under this style lies the bold and

burning thought, What of that? Besides, Nature has many expressions. Her chariots, like her Lord's, are twenty thousand, and her angels are thousands of thousands. Think of the Ganges rebuking the Atlantic! Think of the bantam regarding the eagle as an exaggeration! "Every man in his own order, and God for us all," should be our motto. Gilfillan had his own royal way, and royally he pursued it. Blessing on his memory! Honour to his high name!

NORMAN MACLEOD

Norman Macleod was physically quite as big a man as George Gilfillan. He had his own qualities, which, though so totally different, were in no degree inferior to those of the great Dundee author. George Gilfillan excelled in imagination, in glow of fancy, in fervour of eloquence, and in intellectual audacity. Everything went up or down before his rushing rhetoric. Gilfillan must have his rhetorical framework, whatever glorification or murder might take place within the furnace-like environment. George Gilfillan forced rhetoric into the service of criticism, and the criticism, often suffered because it was overborne or affrighted by the lava of Vesuvian

rhetoric. If any one should think that my epithets are too fervid, let him study Gilfillan and then give me his calm opinion. Dr. Macleod was in many respects the exact opposite of all this. Above all things he was genial, sympathetic, humane. Dr. Macleod had the great gift of humour; he saw many things from something like a comical point of view. He was a most profound student of human nature in all its varieties and evolutions. This made him the great preacher which he undoubtedly was. He came to preach for me in Manchester at a time when I was in great domestic trouble. When, after the service, I gave him a hint of my affliction, I can never forget the womanly tenderness with which he drew me to him (I was then thirty-two years of age) and talked to me like a pastor sent from God. The sermon had been a wonderful illustration of the power of conversational eloquence, but in some respects the private address was more penetrating in genuine human pathos. When Dr. Macleod opened the vestry door of Cavendish Street Chapel and saw the great size of the building, he stepped back into the vestry and said, "In what tone must I speak in order to fill that space?" I ventured to say, "Adopt a conversational

base, and rise and fall just as you feel your sentiment requires." On returning from the pulpit he said: "Thank you for giving me that hint; if you had not given it I should have roared and bellowed so that not a soul in the place could have heard a word I said. Be sure to tell Alexander the same thing." Dr. Macleod did adopt the conversational tone, and he did rise and fall from that flexible base. The sermon was, I say, a marvellous illustration of what Henry Rogers used to say, that "Preaching should be conversation at its best." The great man talked to us, talked straight into our hearts; spoke about human nature with reverent and intelligent familiarity, and brought redeeming Gospel thoughts to bear with great effect upon our daily life.

On one of my last visits to Scotland I heard an anecdote or two about Norman Macleod which, at that time at least, had never been published. One of them I must give, as it came to me almost directly from the speaker himself. When a very young man, he was preaching in a small Scotch village. On walking out on the following Monday morning, he saw a man unmercifully beating a donkey, but the man did not know

who was walking behind and observing the cruelty. (Here I may note, for the benefit of Southern readers, that in Scotland a donkey is often called a "cuddy.") On turning round, the man saw approaching the preacher of yesterday, whose ministry he had attended, whereupon he exclaimed :

> "Eh, Mr. Macleod, it is just as true as the Gospel what you were saying yesterday, that through muckle tribulation we maun enter the kingdom : naebody can tell the trouble I hae wi' that cuddy o' mine!"
>
> "John," was the lightning-like reply, "if it is a question o' tribulation, I think the cuddy will be there before ye are."

Another story of the great Norman I heard as I rambled on the banks of the Esk, storing Scotch energy for London use. Norman was young at the time of this anecdote. Having preached on the previous Sunday, he went out during the week in search of a farmhouse called the "Dafflin." At the Dafflin he was expected to baptise the latest addition to the family. But Norman did not know where the Dafflin was,

therefore he needed to inquire his way. Fortunately he met a bright-looking herd-boy, who told him that he himself was going on an errand to the town, and would be back in a few minutes, and then he would show the stranger the way, for it so happened that the herd-boy belonged to the very farm towards which Norman Macleod was proceeding. The little herd-boy, with a small bag over his shoulder, came up to Macleod, and the following conversation took place :

"There's gaun to be a fine shine at the Dafflin th' neet."

"Aye; what's going to be up at the Dafflin ?"

"The meenister's cumin' to bapteese the wean. I've got the cookies i' th' bag."

Norman did not tell the boy that he himself was "the meenister" in question but said, "Noo, how d'ye get a livin' ?"

"Oh, I'm just a herd laddie. I split the wood, and carry the water, and bring the kye hame, and do just what I'm telt."

There was a moment's silence,

Then the boy, turning to Norman, said, with a mark of interrogation in each eye, "Hoo d'ye get a livin'?"

"Well, that's a fair question. I asked ye how ye got a livin', and ye telt me; now I'll tell ye how I get a livin'. I get a livin' by tellin' auld folk, and young folk, and little folk like ye the way to heaven."

The little boy stood still and simply screamed with laughter. His laughter was uncontrollable. He was doubled up with laughter. When the tumult of merriment subsided a little, he turned to Norman, and said: "That's a good un." Then another burst of laughter, and then this profound inquiry, "Hoo can ye tell the way t' hivven when ye dinna ken th' way t' th' Dafflin?"

Dr. Macleod was one of the wits of the century. This was one of the elements of his great pulpit power, not that he made much room for the play of his wit in any pulpit exercises, yet through many of his sermons there ran a peculiar light which indicated that he had been watching human nature and coming to large conclusions

respecting it. I shall ever love the memory of Dr. Norman Macleod. He was as a good Samaritan to me when I was wounded on the way. His majestic figure, his summer-like smile, his fatherly and genial voice, his sympathetic eloquence are memories and treasures which no man can take from me.

JOSEPH BARKER

Going back a long way, I find that Joseph Barker was one of the men who had great influence over me in my early teens. He used to come to our town after he had been expelled from the Methodist New Connection and lecture to us in the open air. Many of us had a high time of it when Joseph Barker was our visitor. I never heard any one so singularly quiet and yet effective in debate. His use of short words was quite remarkable. No dictionary was needed to make out the meaning of Joseph Barker's simple eloquence. He was a fine-looking man, slightly above medium height, with a noble head and a quiet but piercing eye. He never raised his voice above the pitch of ordinary conversation. When he was replying to the most impassioned attacks he spoke as if quietly addressing a neighbour over a garden hedge. It was

this singular quietness that had such a happy effect upon many of us. Nothing was done by passion, declamation, or rapidity of utterance. Barker's talk was like a river flowing between green banks with the utmost placidity. We used to delight in hearing his criticisms upon the Christianity which he had abandoned. Barker was great in scoffing. He was peculiarly clear and trenchant in pointing out the glaring inconsistencies of Christian professors. I remember his delivering an address on the steps of the market cross—the same cross at which the bed was offered for sale in payment of Church rates. The hot summer sunlight was pouring down from the afternoon sky. I remember Barker being dazzled by the glow, and saying in his quiet but solemn manner, "I call you to a God of whom that fair sun is but a dim emblem."

Amongst the Methodist New Connection ministers of the time, perhaps the foremost place was occupied by the Rev. Thomas Allin. He told me a story about Barker which was singularly characteristic. It became the duty of Mr. Allin and a brother minister named William Cook to accuse Barker of some breach of orthodoxy. For

something like two hours they stated their case, and strengthened it by many incidents and illustrations clearly showing, as they thought, Barker's guilt. In some way or other they desired to bring discipline to bear upon him. He had been eccentric, erratic, or in some way obnoxious. When the two orthodox ministers had made their statement they sat down, and Mr. Barker was presidentially called upon to give his answer. Mr. Allin told me that Barker's reply was in this one sentence, "William Cook and Thomas Allin have told sixty lies."

The last time I saw Joseph Barker was in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. A great meeting had been called to express sympathy with the North during the American Civil War. Barker was sitting immediately under the front of the platform, and it was expected that he would make an attempt to address the meeting. The Honourable and Rev. Baptist Noel was making a speech, in his own plaintive and gentle way, during which he said, "No man who is listening to me can deny these facts"; whereupon a quiet voice replied, "Yea, I am listening, and I deny them all." It was the voice of Joseph Barker. Instantly he was seized by a number

of Northern sympathisers and ignominiously dragged out of the hall. To me the occasion was genuinely pathetic. Here was the idol of my teens roughly handled and bitterly humiliated. I am glad to know that Joseph Barker returned to the faith which he had abandoned, and died strongly professing his love for Jesus Christ and the everlasting Gospel.

W. G. ELMSLIE, D.D.

It is with but a weak hand I can pay a written tribute to the memory of my ascended friend, yet I am comforted by the thought that even in such weakness there may be an element of pathetic strength. When the announcement of Professor Elmslie's death first came under my notice, I am not ashamed to say that my Christian faith staggered for a moment, especially because, from a human point of view, he seemed to be indispensable to the completeness of to-day's Christian influences. We needed his scholarship, his spiritual energy, his delicate fancy, and his ardent eloquence, and we had come to think that we had such rights in him and his powers that we might quietly reckon them our own for many years to

come. We needed him, too, amongst us as men because his society (always associated with the buoyancy of youth) was so humanising, and his genial temper so free from the acrid humour that is apt to find its mischievous way even into fraternal conversation. Nor was my feeling assuaged as I thought of his life at home,—that sweet home, lighted and warmed by a kindred soul, and inexpressibly endeared to him by the sweetest, quaintest, comeliest boy that ever doubled and glorified a father's earthly life. That such a man should have been taken from us as if by Divine violence—torn from us, rather—when we expected him to go down to old age with ever-accumulating honour, seemed to be an act absolutely without reason or justification. We are all dumb before God. We may hardly even ask a question or abate our sorrow by telling God how great it is. We must seek the sanctuary of great principles, and through the darkened aisles of silence must, step by step, find our way into the temple of praise.

As I have just hinted, his large and nearly unique combination of qualities gave Dr. Elmslie a primacy of singular range and influence; it gave him, too, a catholicity

which ensured him cordial welcome far beyond Presbyterian limits, and which, without destroying his denominational identity, made his acceptance of extra-mural work at once natural and agreeable. In Congregational and Baptist pulpits he was always hailed with delight. The speech which he delivered in the City Temple on the occasion of a Baptist missionary meeting was an admirable specimen of varied power, showing, as it clearly did, that he could seize the momentary incidents of an occasion, and make them contribute to the elucidation of his main theme with very happy effect. Listening to sentences which fell into such close and rhythmic sequence, one could not but feel that the speaker was an energetic reciter of his own eloquent compositions; but the inweaving of words which his predecessors had just spoken, and the felicitous allusion to events which had just occurred, entirely modified this painful impression by giving one to feel that the speaker was independent of his memory and in full accord with the action of his larger faculties. I have sometimes said that in any magazine or newspaper I could easily point out the contributions of Professor Elmslie. By what signs could

I fix his literary identity? Given an article that flowed like a full river through scenery that changed within every few yards, that narrowly escaped redundance by timely restraint of expression, that was tinged with the colour of large and varied reading, that punished an adversary by sparing a life of which he had been made ashamed, and especially an article which took a liberal view of all well-meant though ill-directed service, and without hesitation I would claim it as the work of this Presbyterian Apollos.

That finely chiselled and finely pencilled Greek forehead explained it all. It was the head of a poet. No stigma of vulgarity was there. Every line was a threadlet of chastened life. No doubt the Professor was a scholar; yet without being more he would have been less. A scholar may be a burden to himself and a difficulty to his friends; but in this case the scholar was overshadowed by the man, the poet, the minstrel; and all who knew him felt that his scholarship was but the pedestal on which the breathing sculpture rested. Such a forehead is always associated with a fine sense of proportion, and Professor Elmslie was no

exception to the rule. The Professor could subside. Some men are monotonously strong. In Dr. Elmslie there was a graceful undulation of power; a coming and going, after a tidal manner; a movement as if by solar action. I have played with him as if he had been a boy. I have laughed with him as if life had suddenly become holiday. I have also stood back from him, in admiration of his knowledge and his genius, as if the whole space belonged to him by every right. It is not too much, therefore, to say that such a man had not only a fine sense of proportion as a classical quantity, but also in the sense which relieves intellectual strain, and finds in playfulness the natural alternative of toil.

In his estimate of other men, Dr. Elmslie was at once critical and appreciative. I never knew him severe. In a sentence he could indicate a large opinion; but whilst an index-sentence was enough for his criticism, he wanted many a page for his appreciation. No kinder hearer ever listened to a sermon. He saw what perhaps the preacher himself never suspected in the quality of the discourse, and he was not slow to encourage and inspire the minister

to whom he had gratefully listened. It was especially noticeable in Professor Elmslie that he cared but little for sermons that were merely intellectual or argumentative. He described them as hard. Intellect and argument he was the last man to underrate; but in a Christian sermon he would desiderate the holy human feeling which fittingly belongs to the most pathetic religion known to mankind. His ideal sermon would be at once strong and tender, unassailable in criticism, overwhelming in feeling. In his own case the feeling would not infrequently be in the manner of delivery rather than in the verbal expression of emotion. The hearer felt the speaker. The orator took his audience at the spear-point, and held it by right of strength. No man could doubt the earnestness of that burning speaker. A friend who heard his last sermon at the City Temple said of Dr. Elmslie, "He preaches like one who has a message to deliver, and will soon be gone"; a remarkable instance of prevision as well as a fine tribute to the preacher's Baxterian zeal.

In the all too premature departure of my friend was there not something more than space for mourning? Should we be content

to utter our threnody and disappear? The Christian can have but one answer to such inquiries. In that solemn event a great message went forth to Presbyterian ministers and students, and especially to the students whose Elisha has ascended. Who will fill up his measure of service? Who will close the ranks, so as to give the enemy no advantage? If we cannot be great we can be good. If we cannot acquire his power we can emulate his faithfulness. Were I permitted to address Presbyterian students throughout the world, I would solemnly yet joyously exhort them to study the life and methods, the spirit and service, of Dr. Elmslie. Better die at forty-one, having lived virtuously and self-sacrificingly, than go on in ease to a nameless and pithless old age. Nor is the lesson limited to Presbyterian lines. From this premature grave there goes forth a warning and a challenge to every minister and student, and blessed will he be who answers the glowing appeal in its own spirit. Christ wants us all. He can use every talent and faculty. Christ has a right to us all. For us He died, and for us He lives, and will live evermore. Even now, then, let us one and all give ourselves in holiest love to the service of Elmslie's Saviour.

R. W. DALE, LL.D.

In 1852, as already stated, I was the assistant minister of the Tabernacle in Moorfields, under the pastoral care of Dr. John Campbell. On one occasion, as the pastor was renewing the communion cards for the year, there came into the vestry (I see them quite vividly at this moment) a tall man and his wife, plainly and neatly attired, to whom Dr. Campbell said: "I have just returned from Birmingham. It is a great thing for your son that he has secured the confidence of Mr. James." The father and mother were quietly pleased with this intimation, and in due course took their leave. The matter was nothing to me at the moment. Since then it has been a pleasant and cheering memory.

In 1851–2 the Tabernacle was a hive of Bible-classes. One of them was conducted by a *Times* law-reporter, and another by a local solicitor of good standing. A young member of one of those classes (I am not sure which) told me that they had just lost their most promising member, a youth named Robert William Dale. "A splendid speaker," he continued; "could talk by the hour, and contradict the teacher."

One summer evening I was preaching in the Tabernacle-yard to a large congregation of passers-by. I regarded them all as strangers. Many years afterwards Dr. Dale told me that on that summer evening he was one of my congregation. What impression was made upon him will appear later.

In 1853 I settled at Banbury, about forty miles from Birmingham, and there I soon learned that the great Congregational man of the circuit was "Dale of Birmingham." How to get that great man to Banbury soon became an anxious question. A year or two passed before I could pluck up courage to write to him. Then another year; and when I did write I got a note signed, I think, "Bessie Dale," the outcome of which was that Mr. Dale favoured us with a visit and a sermon on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of a larger chapel. Never was a prominent man kinder to an obscure one. I think he must have dressed down to the occasion, for certainly a less pretentious hat and coat were never seen on the head and back of a Dissenting minister. Not one of us realised until he had left the town how gracious and charming a visitor we had entertained. Quite a sense of vacancy was felt

by our little circle, yet a sense of wealth, for we encouraged ourselves to believe that we had gained a friend. As a young minister I was transported with delight. It was a new era for me. I then saw something of what might be possible in the use of the Christian pulpit, and went to work with new and glowing determination.

Some years after this Dr. Dale was invited to the pulpit of Cavendish Street Chapel, but did not see his way to accept the invitation. In course of events I went to be minister of that chapel, as I have already related, and remained in office rather over eleven years. During those years Dr. Dale came to deliver the annual address to the students of Lancashire College. At the festival, which always accompanied and crowned that event, Dr. Dale made gracious reference to Cavendish Chapel and myself, saying: "When I was considering the invitation to Manchester, I said to my dearest earthly friend, 'If I do go to Manchester, the man to succeed me at Carr's Lane is Joseph Parker, of Banbury.'" When he said this I could not but wonder whether his father and mother had spoken kindly of my ministry, and whether a happy impression had been made upon him by that open-air

sermon one summer evening in the front yard of Whitefield's Tabernacle.

Like everybody else, I was perfectly conscious of Dr. Dale's intellectual power, yet I may say that I was even more struck by his solicitous and almost punctilious courtesy. That courtesy never failed him. I was invited to preach a missionary sermon in Carr's Lane Chapel on a week-day morning. The sermon was not connected with the Congregational denomination, and the chapel itself was only lent for the occasion. Dr. Dale wrote, in view of my visit, that he had a public engagement in London which would prevent his receiving me, but he knew his assistant would gladly take his place. This may be a little thing in itself, but it is pregnant with meaning and suggestion. More than this, a year after the event he asked me if I had been well looked after on the occasion of my visit to Carr's Lane. A man who took so much notice of comparatively small affairs was not likely to be wanting in thoroughness in the larger concerns of the ministry.

The nature and scope of his sermons will confirm this view. Every word was written.

Every sentence was a piece of verbal sculpture. His sermons were not miracles of strength at the beginning, falling away paragraph by paragraph into feebleness and syncope. The last sentence was as strong as the first; the steed of his eloquence, if I may so put it, went forward to the end in a great bound of rampant strength. The level of power was always high. To some persons a little intermission of force would have been agreeable, but intermission there was none; from first to last the strong man went over rough ground and smooth ground at the same impetuous and irresistible speed.

Dr. Dale's religion was emphatically the religion of sublimity. He was overpowered by his own sense of spiritual wonder. When he prayed he saw the "angels and archangels and all the company of heaven." The seraphim that glow around the Throne were to him alive, active, dazzling, and blinding in vital glory. God was "august"; eternity was an infinite dream; the Day of Judgment was the very ghost and fear of life. The whole intellectual march was stately. It was accompanied by red banners, and military music, and every sign of heroic and righteous conquest. When the high monotone ceased,

men felt that no clarion could do more. The argument was complete; the battle must be fought.

This was the Dr. Dale of the pulpit—the orator of the great occasion. And, strange to say, this was the Dr. Dale of his own earliest days. If he did not "grow" in the ordinary sense of that word, it was because he was from the beginning a great and commanding power. Some of us have had to labour and tug and try again, and only after much blotting, erasure, and interlineation have we been able to show a fair copy of painful commonplace; but from the first Dale was thorough, massive, and sufficing. I know his sermons. I heard him forty years ago, and I heard him three or four years since, and it was the same mighty and regnant energy. I once asked him why he read his sermons, and he said because "my command of words is such that as a young man I could preach standing on my head. To be condensed is my object in writing my sermons. If I spoke extemporaneously I should never sit down." He had, indeed, an extraordinary gift—I do not say an extraordinary range—of language. His style was not after the type of the

rainbow, it was a gathering of stars. Dr. Dale's sermons were no love-letters sentimentally read; they were the marching orders of the day, clear, definite, and leaving no room but for prompt and unreserved obedience.

But there was another Dr. Dale some of us like to think of. Who so social, so fond of humour, so willing to join the family game, so ready to be a child once more? I do not at this moment remember Dr. Dale showing any implacable aversion to engagements and enjoyments condemned by misunderstood and misapplied Puritanism, yet I never saw him in any mood or relation which would have been incongruous with an immediate exercise of religious rites and usages. His very laughter was religious. In his freest conversation he was never censorious. Never did I know him utter one wounding word. On the contrary, I have known him speak graciously of some whom others ignorantly and peevishly condemned. He had no gift of worrying. Once I asked him what to do in the case of a man who was a "heretic" and had settled near me. "Call on him," said he; "he is good, even if he is not what we

call exactly orthodox." That was the other Dale; that was the balancing quality.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY

I HAD often heard of Professor Huxley looking in at the City Temple and taking an apparent interest in the public service. On the strength of this I ventured to ask him to attend one of my Thursday morning conferences, and to deliver an address. I may explain that these conferences took place immediately after the Thursday twelve o'clock service, and that they embraced many different subjects which were likely to interest the public mind. Lord Shaftesbury attended one, Lord Cowper-Temple attended one, Mr. Gladstone attended one, and various other leading men took part in these public conversations. It occurred to me to suggest that Professor Huxley might read a paper upon "What Science *cannot* do," and I ventured to submit this subject for his consideration. Having explained to him our plan, he wrote me this answer:

"DEAR DR. PARKER,—Few things have struck me with so curious a sense of unexpectedness as your invitation to deliver an address in the City Temple. I cannot lecture upon the subject you name, but I am prepared

to give an address upon 'What Science *can* and cannot do!' It must be understood that I deliver my address without any introduction, and leave the platform without any inquiry and discussion. . . ."

Of course it was impossible for me to accept these terms. The City Temple testifies to certain great doctrinal truths. The trustees of such a building have no right to permit it to be used except for purposes in harmony with the trust. There was some risk in permitting Professor Huxley to deliver any address in a building so defined and limited by legal covenants, but I thought everything would be made clear by our reserving the right to reply to anything which might be said by any of the distinguished visitors who might take part in our conferences. I replied to Professor Huxley accordingly, making it essential that we should have the right to reply or to ask questions, or in some way to put the Christian view. This condition he would not accept, so the proposed arrangement came to nothing. Professor Huxley was an agnostic,—an able, honest, and reverent agnostic. If all agnostics were as reverent as Professor Huxley was, they would greatly promote the elucidation of their distinctive views. Professor Huxley was the author of the word

"agnostic." His wonderful face was itself a sermon,—no frivolity ever turned those solemn dark eyes into an expression of silly merriment. I do not know whether Professor Huxley himself was a musician, or a critic in execution, but he always responded with something like enthusiasm to the appeals of thrilling music.

EPILOGUE.

AND so we come to the quiet and the glow of the sunset. We have never seen just this light on the hills before,—this solemn purple, this crimsoned gold. No; this is unique. There is no call to battle in this subsiding light. "Sunset and evening star" are not the signals of war; they are signals under which we would, in our weariness, foregather with Christ, that He may break bread with us after the journey of disappointment and partial shame. What we missed at Jerusalem we may see at Emmaus. Who would willingly die in the furnace-like city? Better die in green Bethany, or near the cool Siloam brook. It is even so that God often takes His workers away from the tumult and the noise, and sends them into the quiet village, whence they may the more clearly see what I now call Yonderland. I like to think of it by that name. "Yonder" is a

Bible word, occurring where all the great words occur—that is to say, in the book of Genesis, and "land" is a word which occurs in the same infinite poem; so I put the words together and think of heaven as Yonderland, the summer-city, the garden of God, the divine ideal of home. It is just over the coldest of all rivers—the last river—the Jordan on whose thither banks stands the Tree of Life. "Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon." When my Saviour accuses me of sin and folly and unfaithfulness, owning the justice of the accusation I shall take Him to Calvary, show Him His own blood, and ask if that grace be not greater than my sin.

"Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

Mine has been a poor life, full of sin, red with guilt, marred by daily failures, the morning vow always lost in the evening shame; yet God, the gentle God, will pity me: He will not leave my soul in hell nor suffer His penitent one to see corruption.

Yonderland outlines itself in morning and evening clouds, and talks to me in breezes which have wandered through heaven's own summer gardens. In dreams when sleep is

deepest I sometimes hear its freemen sing. It is a fair land. I have heard that its inhabitants shall no more say they are sick, neither shall there be any more pain. They say old friends foregather there, and see one another more clearly than they could see on earth, and that they together follow the Lamb to living fountains of water. They say that in Yonderland there are little children, but no old men—hymns through which no sob can break,—there no setting sun, no scattering storm, neither shall there be any more sea. I am glad to have heard of Yonderland. Without it the present world would often be intolerable,—with it, this life is a burden without weight. My mother sang of it as "the better land," "the happy land," and she will not blame me for calling it Yonderland, for I mean all that she meant and more than on earth she ever dreamed; but now that she is there she knows what our words cannot tell and what our faltering ecstasy cannot express.

I am nearing Yonderland. Soon, mayhap to-morrow, to-night, I may see the King! So near is Yonderland. Even if this is reverie it should be followed by great practical issues, for it should soften the

heart, enlarge all social charity, and ennoble the gentlest affections; it should perform all the kindly offices of sunlight; it should make the distressful present endurable. When I think of Yonderland forgiveness becomes easy, and hope for the worst of souls becomes brighter. So much may we owe to a world we have never seen,—the all-uniting world of Yonderland! What a land of reminiscence it must be! How man will say to man, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." Then will it be seen that even the kingdom of earth is like unto a grain of mustard-seed.

I hope to tell the inhabitants of Yonderland that the earth is advancing towards a plentiful harvest of holiness and love and brotherhood. I hope to be welcomed by many a comrade who did not quite understand me down here in the cold grey clouds of time.

> "We shall know each other better
> When the mists have rolled away."

We shall then have no remembrance of jealousies and angers and selfish rivalries. The language of Yonderland has no words for base emotions,—it is a pure tongue, and speech undefiled. I want everybody to be

there. Oh, promise me not to fail of the gate!

We are now in the body-land. We are to subdue our own flesh. Blessed be God, we know that the body is but for a moment; the condemnation of death is upon it; every string of this rough harp has to be broken and torn out, and then the spirit-strings will come into play—the strings invisible—the strings which only the spirit can strike into the infinitely delicate music of light. The body is a rough and pitiless foe. It is incarnate seduction. It cannot rest until it has thrown down the soul; but it will not have time to complete its fell purpose, nor strength, if we flee to the Rock of our Salvation—the spear-wounded side of the world's only Saviour!

INDEX

Agnostic, The word coined by Professor Huxley, 412
Airey, Rev. William, 11
Alexander, Rev. Dr. Lindsay, 329
Allin, Rev. Thomas, 395
Allon, Rev. Dr. Henry, 164, 329
Anonymous journalism, The temptations of, 223
Atonement, The, 118
Authors, The expectations of, 225; and publishers' "readers," 233; and their critics, 238

Baines, Edward, Letter from, 194
Banbury, Opposition to Dr. Parker in, 135; a happy pastorate there, 137; some results of the ministry in, 140; Mr. G. J. Holyoake lectures in, 248; Dr. Dale preaches in, 405
Barker, Joseph, his simple eloquence, 394; great in scoffing, 395; characteristic anecdote of, *ib.*; interrupts the Rev. Baptist Noel, 396; his return to the faith, 397
Beaconsfield, Lord, on critics and criticism, 243; his characterisation of Mr. Gladstone, 290; Mr. Gladstone proposes the erection of a national monument to, 295; as an orator, 303
Beaumont, Dr. Joseph, 366
Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward, received by Mr. Gladstone, 278; his opinion of the latter, 281; Dr. Parker's eulogy of, 311; Mr. Gladstone on, 312; the critics of, 314; his affection for England, 315; on Ireland and the Irish, 317; President Lincoln's opinion of, 318; as lecturer and preacher, 319; Mr. Spurgeon on, 321; his first sermon in the City Temple, 322; on the remuneration of lecturers, 325; addresses an assembly of students in the City Temple, 326; successfully issues from the Beecher-

Tillotson trial, 327; on J. B. Gough, 379
Bible, The, proves its own inspiration, 116; moral sublimity of, 117
Binney, Rev. Dr. Thomas, lays the foundation stone of the City Temple, 164; speech of, at the *déjeuner* which followed, 185; supports Dr. Parker in the controversy over the City Temple pulpit, 186, 258; a wonderful letter from, 331; from a physical point of view, 332; his smile, 333; educationally, 334; intellectually, 336; as a preacher, 338; from a social point of view, 339; his sympathy, 340; "the head of the Dissenters," 341; and Dean Stanley, 342; Archbishop Tait on, 343; funeral of, 344
Bright, Right Hon. John, Mr. Gladstone on, 289; the oratory of the two men contrasted, 294
Brougham, Lord, his bad penmanship, 234; on a missionary platform, 375
Brown, Rev. J. Baldwin, 127
Byron, Lord, on critics and criticism, 242

Campbell, Rev. Dr. John, denominational influence of, 73; a favourite riddle concerning, 74; educational influence of, on Dr. Parker, 78; his character, 79
Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, Dr. Parker invited to preach in, 142; negotiations concerning the pastorate, 144; its institutions and influence, 146; known as "the carriage road to heaven," 147; generosity of its members, 154; their unfailing sympathy, 158; George Gilfillan preaches in, 385; Norman Macleod's visit to, 389; Dr. Dale invited to accept the pastorate, 407
Chartism, Fear of, 15; its influence in out-of-the-way places, 53
Christ, His Incarnation, 88; the twofoldness of His nature, 91; fulness of His Godhead, 108
Christianity, The truth of, proved by its discipline, 94; not tolerant of mental indolence, 95; and socialism, 96; must be preached in its own spirit, 176
Church rates, Distraints for, 40
City Temple, The, laying of the foundation stone of, 159; emphatically a *city* church, 166; the *déjeuner* after the laying of the foundation stone of, 180; controversy relating to the pulpit in, 255; Mr.

Gladstone gives an address on "preaching" in, 285; Henry Ward Beecher's first sermon in, 322; address to students in, by Mr. Beecher, 326; Professor Elmslie's last sermon in, 402; Professor Huxley invited to lecture in, 411
Cleveland, President, Letter from, 311
Common, Andrew, J.P., at the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 160; his kingly character, 202; death of, 216
Conder, Rev. Eustace, Speech of, after the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 183
Congregationalism, Uniqueness of, 258; Dr. Parker's views regarding, 259
Cooper, Thomas, lectures at Hexham on Milton, 56; visits the City Temple, 57
Corporation of London, their gift of a pulpit to the City Temple, 255
Critics and their ways, 233; Byron on, 242; Lord Beaconsfield on, 243; Lowell on, 244

Dale, Rev. Dr. R. W., as a young man, 404; kindness of, 405; invited to Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, 406; his courtesy, 407; his sermons and prayers, 408; why he read his sermons, 409; his graciousness, 410
Davidson, Rev. Dr. Thain, Speech of, after the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 183
Dawson, George, lectures at Hexham, 60; at the City Temple, 63
Dickens, Charles, his editorial generosity, 237; "the supreme philanthropist of his time," 238
Discipline, Evangelical conception of, 93; proves the truth of Christianity, 94
Disestablishment, A debate on, 299
Douglass, Frederick, 378

Elmslie, Rev. Professor W. G., his great qualities, 397; speech at a Baptist missionary meeting, 399; his literary identity, 400; his finely proportioned character, 401; his ideal sermon, 402
Evangelical position, The, 84; and socialism, 98
Everett, James, 369

Foster, John, on the existence of God, 87
Free Church of Scotland, The, and Dr. Robertson Smith, 123
Fry, Deputy, at the laying of the foundation stone of

the City Temple, 163; his valuable assistance in procuring a site for that church, 256

Gilfillan, Rev. George, Some characteristics of, 383; a memorable sermon by, 385; from the domestic point of view, 386; his rhetoric, 388
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., "Ecce Deus" read by, 277; his appreciation of "Job's Comforters," 278; receives Henry Ward Beecher, *ib.*; a terrible prayer for the destruction of, 279; his thoroughness, 282; his varied knowledge, 283; and Jack Sheppard, 284; gives an address on "preaching" in the City Temple, 285; speaks at Hampstead on Home Rule, 288; and John Bright, 289; "a scholar among scholars," *ib.*; his Homeric studies, 291; his peculiar power of speech, 292; contrasted with John Bright, 294; proposes the erection of a national monument to Lord Beaconsfield, 295; a man of prayer, 298; on Disestablishment, 304; funeral of, 307; on Henry Ward Beecher, 312
Glyn, Miss, 273
God, John Foster on the existence of, 87; the most intelligent conception of, 109
Gough, J. B., 379
Greely, Horace, his illegible writing, 235
Grossmith, George, 214

Hall, Rev. Dr. Newman, 160
Hannay, Rev. Dr., Letter from, 260
Hexham, its historical associations, 3; Dissenting life in, 41; Chartism in, 54
Holyoake, G. J., Dr. Parker engages in controversy with, 248; courtesy of, 252; wreath from, 214
Hood, Rev. E. Paxton, 160
Hoppus, Dr. John, 76
Huxley, Professor, invited to lecture in the City Temple, 411; letter from, *ib.*; his reverence, 412; author of the word "agnostic," *ib.*

Incarnation, Mystery of the, 88; grace and power of the, 89
Irving, Sir Henry, 214

"Job's Comforters," Mr. Gladstone's appreciation of, 278

Kossuth writes in Mrs. Parker's album, 205

Lecky, E. H., on the sphere of the minister's wife, 139

Liberalism, Character of modern, 297
Local preachers, value of their work, 370
Lowell, James R., on reviewers, 244
Lynch, Rev. Thomas T., 130

Macdonald, George B., 367
Maclaren, Ian, 214
MacLeod, Rev. Norman, preaches in Cavendish Street Chapel, 389; and the "cuddy," 391; in search of the "Dafflin," *ib.*; his wit, 393; as "a good Samaritan," 394
McLaren, Rev. Dr. Alexander, wreath from, 214; his tribute to Thomas Binney, 342
Miall, Edward, Early reports concerning, 39; forms the "Anti-State Church Association," 40; visits Hexham, 44; speaks on Disestablishment in the House of Commons, 300
Minton, Rev. S., Speech of, after the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 184; his burning sincerity, 351
Morisonianism, 246
Morley, Samuel, Speech of, after the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 181

"Negative" preaching, 100
Newth, Rev. Professor Samuel, at school and college, 346; his modesty *ib.*; intellectually, 347; his devoutness, 348; in the family, *ib.*; his dislike of the merely eulogistic, 349; and his students, *ib.*
Newton, Dr. Robert, his wonderful voice, 357; as a preacher, 360
Noel, Rev. Baptist, 396
Nottingham Congregational Institute, Foundation of, 148

O'Connor, Fergus, defends an ex-Wesleyan minister, 50; popularity of, 51; decline of, *ib.*

Palmer, Sir Roundell, 302
Parker, Emma J., her characteristic quality, 198; her mastery of languages, 199; her pleasure in giving dramatic recitations, 200; her manifold intellectual life, *ib.*; domestically, 201; anecdotes of her girlhood, 203; on James Chalmers, 204; her schooldays, 205; as a minister's wife, 206; the "pastor at home," 208; a great reader, *ib.*; her ascension, 211; her "Summer Sonnets," 217; extract from her will, 218
Parker, Rev. Joseph, boyhood in Hexham, 5; schooldays, 27; reads the Greek Testament, 34; at "Ebenezer

Seminary," *ib.*; father of, 36; listens to Thomas Cooper, 57; hears George Dawson, 62; a family anecdote concerning, 64; purchases the "Speeches" of Charles James Fox, 65; recites at the fruit *soirée* at the Independent chapel, 66; youthful environment of, 69; seeks the advice of the Rev. John Campbell concerning his future, 70; enters London, 72; interview with Dr. Campbell, 74; preaches in Whitefield's Tabernacle, 75; attends University College, London, 76; career at Whitefield's Tabernacle, 78; tender spiritual experiences, 81; doubts and fears of, 82; some chief points in the ministry of, 84; on heresies and heretics, 115; settles at Banbury, 134; meets with opposition there, 136; some fruits of the pastorate there, 140; various offers declined by, 141; invited to preach in Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, 142; negotiations concerning the pastorate, 144; literary work in Manchester, 147, address to, Manchester, 147; founds Cavendish College (afterwards the Nottingham Congregational Institute), 148; redeems the liabilities of his father, 149; invited to accept, but declines, the pastorate of the Poultry Chapel, London, 150; receives a letter of appreciation from the Cavendish Chapel officers, 151; presentation to, 153; finally accepts the call to London, 157; at the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 161, 164; speech afterwards, 191; an irreparable loss, 197; through weary days and sad, 210; on author and publisher, 223; on critics and their ways, 233; in relation to Morisonianism, 245; among the Wesleyan Methodists, 246; controversy with Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 248; replies to a difficult question, 249; on "answering a fool according to his folly," 252; and the controversy over the City Temple pulpit, 255; in relation to Congregationalism, 258; personal appearance of, in the fifties, 262; remarkable experiences of, in Manchester, 263; the recipient of a painful confidence, 265; never reads anonymous letters, 268; reminiscences of an early visit to Cambridgeshire, 269;

in an awkward predicament, 273; first brought into contact with Mr. Gladstone, 277; visits the latter with Henry Ward Beecher, 278; entertains Mr. Gladstone, 285; on John Bright, 294; on modern Liberalism, 297; present at a debate on Disestablishment in the House of Commons, 300; sustained by clergy of the Established Church, 306; at the funeral of Mr. Gladstone, 307; delivers an eulogy on Henry Ward Beecher in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 311; his affection for Mr. Beecher, 314; visits the latter at Peekskill, 324; the Beecher-Tillotson trial, 327; on Thomas Binney, 331; friendship with Dean Stanley, 342; on Professor Newth, 345; friendship with Dean Vaughan, 350; on stimulating preachers, 355; on local preachers, 370; friendship with J. B. Gough, 379; intimacy with Henry Rogers, 380; entertains George Gilfillan, 386; Norman Macleod, 389; influenced by Joseph Barker in early life, 394; on Professor Elmslie, 397; on Dr. Dale, 404; preaches in Carrs Lane Chapel, Birmingham, 407; Professor Huxley, 411

Parsons, Rev. James, contrasted with Morley Punshon, 362

Poultry Chapel, London, The pastorate of, offered to and declined by Dr. Parker, 150; some of its attractions, 153; acceptance of the call to, 157

Publishers, Authors, in relation to, 223; value of efficient, 231; religious, 232

Punshon, Rev. Morley, His voice, 362; as a preacher, 363

Raleigh, Rev. Dr. Alexander, 159, 329

Rattenbury, John, 367

"Reader," the publisher's, Ability of, to decipher caligraphy, 236; mistakes of, *ib.*; successes of, 237

Reviewers, Self-sufficient, 239; limitations of, 240; Coleridge on, 243; Lowell's criticism of, 244

Rogers, Henry, 380

Singleton, Rev. Michael, 8

Smith, Rev. Dr. Robertson, 121

Socialism, True and false, 96

Somerset, Lady Henry, 214

Southey, Robert, invests in the Three per Cents., 36

Spicer, Mr. W. R., Letter from, 195
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., on Henry Ward Beecher, 321; as a preacher, 365
Stanley, Dean, and Thomas Binney, 342; "a model host," 343
Stephens, Rev. Joseph Rayner, 47; and the Wesleyan Conference, *ib.*; defended by Feargus O'Connor, 50
Sterne, Laurence, his denunciation of criticism, 233
Stoughton, Rev. Dr. John, Letter from, 194
"Summer Sonnets," 201, 217
"Supernatural," Objections to the use of the word, 85

Tait, Archbishop, Anecdote of, 229; on Thomas Binney, 343
Tennyson, Lord, his peculiar caligraphy, 234
Thomas, Rev. D., Speech of, after the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 189
Toole, J. L., 214

Underhill, Rev. Dr., Speech of, after the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 191
United Methodist Free Church, The men who originated the, 368

Vaughan, Dean, A characteristic note from, 350; his intellectual dignity, 352; as one of the revisers of the New Testament, 353

White, Rev. Edward, Persecution of, 124; speech of, after the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 190
Whitefield's Tabernacle, Dr. Parker's career at, 78
Whyte, Rev. Dr. Alexander, 214
Wilberforce, Bishop Samuel, 377
Wright, Mr. Henry, Speech of, after the laying of the foundation stone of the City Temple, 184

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

OTHER BOOKS BY DR. PARKER.

"DR. PARKER *would have been a great orator amongst the Dominican Friars.*"—ISAAC TAYLOR.

"DR. PARKER *has a clear eye, a fluent style, and a marked capacity for a kind of dramatic interpretation which is not very common. The dialogue is direct, trenchant, now and then resonant in its forcefulness.*"—DEAN ALFORD.

I.

THE PEOPLE'S FAMILY PRAYER BOOK AND MANUAL OF PRIVATE DEVOTION.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO. *Price* 10*s.* 6*d.*, *bound in cloth.*

Hundreds of short prayers. All family occasions provided for A litany for little children. Short services for Sundays at home. Special prayers for the sick-chamber. Passages of Scripture indicated for family reading. Registers of all family events. Spaces for autographs of fellow-worshippers. The whole constituting a family record of great and permanent interest. Having regard to its size and quality of workmanship, this is the least costly of all Prayer Books.

Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER WHYTE, of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, says:—"I know nothing like it. To my mind it stands alone as a Book of Family Prayer. I will praise it as I have opportunity. It is full of strength, depth, richness, tenderness."

II.

WELL BEGUN

NISBET & CO. *Price* 5*s.*

A book for those who have their way to make in the world. Fathers should present this book to their sons. The book is a Guide to Business, Study, Companionship, Marriage, and the Higher Conduct. It is a companion volume to the Family Prayer Book. The book abounds in counsel gathered from not a few eminent business men of the present century. It characterises many men of business, and suggests topics for a pulpit course of lectures to young men.

III.

PATERSON'S PARISH:

A LIFE-TIME AMONGST THE DISSENTERS.

BURLEIGH. *Price* 5*s*

IV.

TYNE FOLK:

MASKS, FACES, AND SHADOWS.

ALLENSON, PATERNOSTER ROW. *Price* 3*s*. 6*d*.

This book should be read in connection with the Autobiography, as it deals largely with Dr. Parker's earliest ecclesiastical associations and companionships.

V.

STUDIES IN TEXTS:

FOR FAMILY, CHURCH, AND SCHOOLS.

IN SIX VOLS.

MARSHALL & SON. *Price* 3*s*. 6*d*. *each. Vols. I., II., III., IV. now ready.*

The *Independent* says :—"The volume is characterised by the vigour, suggestiveness, and illuminating insight which have made Dr. Parker's fame as a preacher world-wide."

The *Free Methodist* says :—"No man of this generation has a clearer grasp of the Evangelical truth, and no man has such an apt method of its presentation. There are passages in this book which are among the best Dr. Parker has given us."

VI.

CHRISTIAN PROFILES IN A PAGAN MIRROR.

HURST & BLACKETT. *Price* 3*s*. 6*d*.

The *Daily Chronicle says* :—"The pith of the book is the pith of Dr. Parker's preaching, and every lover of the great preacher will be delighted to have words of his under any form, and will be thankful that after fifty strenuous years his bow abides in strength."

THE CITY TEMPLE PULPIT

SERMONS

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

COMPLETE IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

Price 3s. 6d. each net.

"After reading these sermons by the famous preacher whose reputation is so world wide, we feel here indeed we possess the results of sanctified genius. Dr. Parker lights his own fire and his originality is extraordinary. He is a Bible-inspired man. In fact, his love of the Bible comes out in every line. The prayers at the beginning of these sermons are full of pathos, directness, communion with God. The sermons amount to twenty in all, and it were difficult to say which is better than another. All are so good, rich, and helpful."—*Christian Leader.*

THE PULPIT BIBLE

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

Handsomely bound in Persian, £2 2s. net.

"Dr. Parker's fertilising brain finds suggestion in almost every clause both of Old and New Testaments. It is certain that thousands of sermons will grow out of this seed, and that many a hard-pushed minister, who has not sunk to borrowing or picking the brains of other men, will bless Dr. Parker for thoughts that stir his own mind and set it in motion towards preaching. . . . Dr. Parker's latest gift to the public is certainly not his least valuable, and he may reasonably cherish the satisfaction of knowing that he has produced a volume which will not only keep his memory green for ages to come, but will also be of inestimable service to many."—Dr. MARCUS DODS in *British Weekly.*

"There is a great amount of valuable matter in this volume. We have put 'The Pulpit Bible' at the head of our 'gift-book notices' because it would not be easy to find one of more dignified form and greater usefulness."—*Spectator.*

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE

By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES, 6s. EACH.

Subscription Price, 17s. 6d. per Set, payable in advance.

FIRST SET: Vol. I., Genesis; Vol. II., Exodus; Vol. III., Leviticus to Numbers XXVI.; Vol. IV., Numbers XXVII. to Deuteronomy; Vol. V., Joshua to Judges V.

"There is a manly directness, a force full of faith, a variety and resource of illustration in these discourses, which constitute them, almost without exception, sermons of a high order of the expository kind, and we can recommend our readers to get the volume for themselves."—*Literary Churchman.*

"In the second volume of 'The People's Bible' Dr. Parker expounds and enforces Divine truth with the same vigorous grasp of thought and mastery of language as are found in the volume of Genesis."—*Leeds Mercury.*

"It is unquestionably written in a very attractive and telling style. It is pervaded by a vein of fine ethical sentiment, and filled with a spirit of deep religious earnestness."—*Scotsman.*

"In this volume are to be found many illustrations not only of his mastery, but of his other gifts of clear exposition, illuminating illustration, and practical appeal."—*Manchester Examiner.*

"The fifth volume of Dr. Parker's 'People's Bible' is equal in interest to any of those already published. It displays quaint, skilful, and practical application of Old Testament teaching to modern life."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

SECOND SET: Vol. VI., Judges VI. to I. Samuel XVIII.; Vol. VII., I. Samuel XVIII. to I. Kings XIII.; Vol. VIII., I. Kings XV. to I. Chron. IX.; Vol. IX., I. Chron. X. to II. Chron. XX.; Vol. X., II. Chron. XX. to Esther.

"'The People's Bible' continues to show that Dr. Parker has still the old industry and enthusiasm, as well as the strong common sense, which he displayed in the former volumes."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"The chapter on the 'Old Material for New Builders,' which opens the volume, is in the Doctor's best manner."—*Sheffield Independent.*

"The 'Handfuls of Purpose' are fuller than ever, and have in them the seed of countless sermons."—*British Weekly.*

"No page of these books can be opened which does not reveal the power of the preacher."—*Christian World.*

THIRD SET: Vol. XI., The Book of Job; Vol. XII., The Psalter; Vol. XIII., The Book of Proverbs; Vol. XIV., Ecclesiastes to Isaiah XXVI.; Vol. XV., Isaiah XXVII. to Jeremiah XIX.

"For a spirited reading and interpretation of the thoughts and arguments of the book, we know of nothing to be put in competition with it."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"In it there are the same copiousness and variety, the same poetry, and wisdom, and wit, the same brightness and sparkle, the same breadth, and humanity, and tenderness, and knowledge of human nature as in its predecessors."—*Scotsman.*

"An acute and interesting exposition."—*Christian World.*

"In the successive volumes of 'The People's Bible' we see Dr. Parker at his best. Noble thought, sparkling expression, subtle humour, delicate sarcasm, homely simplicity, tender sympathy, glorious aspiration, poems in prose, elevate and strengthen, counsel and warn, encourage and comfort, the reader's soul."—*The Christian.*

FOURTH SET: Vol. XVI., Jeremiah XX. to Daniel; Vol. XVII., Hosea to Malachi; Vol. XVIII., St. Matthew I. to XI.; Vol. XIX., St. Matthew XII. to XXVIII.; Vol. XX., St. Mark and St. Luke.

"This volume of 'The People's Bible' will rank with any of the previous ones, valuable as they are. Indeed, some may place it before them all."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

"Will probably be better liked by its readers than any of the preceding seventeen volumes of this great work."—*Leeds Mercury.*

"This volume deals largely with our Lord's Parables, which Dr. Parker handles with remarkable felicity."—*The Rock.*

"The new volume is one of the best we remember to have seen. It has all the characteristics of Dr. Parker. It is vigorous, and often racy."—*Methodist Times.*

"Dr. Parker's mind is like a well, which, the more it is drawn upon, yields the more."—*North British Daily Mail.*

FIFTH SET: Vol. XXI., St. John; Vol. XXII., Acts of the Apostles I. to XVI.; Vol. XXIII., Acts of the Apostles XVI. to XXVIII.; Vol. XXIV., Romans to Galatians; Vol. XXV., Ephesians to Revelation.

"The book of the Acts furnishes an admirable field for Dr. Parker's special powers, and he accordingly appears in it at his best."—*Christian World.*

"No one who has not at any rate looked through this volume can form any idea of the wealth and power of thought and feeling to be found in its 460 pages. Again and again one meets with bright flashes of thought from a mind that seems intimately acquainted with human life and human nature, and reads these wonderful epistles as addressed to men and women of to-day."—*Leeds Mercury.*

"There is much in the work which will be helpful to ministers and others able to discriminate and to judge between 'things that differ.'"—*English Churchman.*

All the Sets may be ordered at Subscription Price, but the Volumes of the different Sets must not be assorted.

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.